

Words to Make a Story Out of

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual

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Michael Sean Strickland

Words to Make a Story Out of

A Schizomythic Narrative of Exile

(I)

“With utmost grace and vividness...”

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual | 0.1



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κακὸν δ' ἀνεμόλια βάζειν

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Words to Make a Story Out of

(I)

“If I were not perfectly sure of my power to write and of my marvelous ability to express ideas with the utmost grace and vividness...”

— V. Nabokov, *Despair*

TO GLOM A PLAYFUL PLAGIARY’S glib gloss from the guileless glebe of a newly fledged Wörterbuch (*Nouveau Lexique de l’Angliche*, Bruges, Maison Belge des Idiomes de la Cordillère Tétrastique, n.d.) had been, and still remains, the very sigil of my intent, but, alas, at that spot where *glom*, omnivorous mogul of slow moans in old loggias, should logically have been aglow and a-gloating in the calm glad glade between *glockenspiel* and *gloom*, there was nothing but a moldy lacuna. — “Mais non! Vois-tu? Ça n’existe pas, ce mot-là! Tu ne peux pas traduire *Blickt* et *blicken* par *glomming* et *glom*!” — Who can glean, and who mollify, the glacial glower and glouting glare that suddenly mottles and gnarls and besmirches a Creole beauty’s formerly glabrous glabella? Her glaucous ocular orbs had been glazed half-closed in expectation of the pungent golden sap my glossolalic gander — “The copper-glimmer of thought gloms the sandpattern...” “The glomming presents syllables in airy smoke...” — was on the very verge of gilding her from croup to crop, from chine to chin, from calque to calyx with; the glistening glove-like glottis of her glossophagine organ was in the very act of globbing and glutting my gleaming gladiolus — “The glomming has the airy finger of the treatise in common with what it gloms...” — bidding not just this, my mongrel golem’s uncommon glomus — “In the glomming and the glommed there must be an identical ebb in order that the one can be a glomming of the other at all...” — but her own giddy glutinous glia to brew a potent glandular flux, a gonadotrophic *olla podrida* of deluxe

pedomorphic glucocorticoids and deliriously puerivirile glycolipids such that the stratified squamous epithelial tissue glimmering in the delicious dell (did I mention how the clathrate cloth of my glittering glamour girl's saffron frock glommed and clutched and suggestively cloaked the compact naked form of her gynandromorphic gluteals? and that the tender bobbin poking through the long thin leaves of her gamy gallant cleft was as radiant and vibrant as a chaste nubbin of austral starlight glimpsed through the dancing silhouetted verdant blades of *Podocarpus glomeratus*?) of my gutsy glaistig's bare cloaca (her deltaic oracle's dank adyton, indeed!) was mucilaginously glowing, was nephologically swelling to receive the glaireous gift, the glossematic bolus of hendecachorionic medoids gurgling up through the clenched vestigial fistula, the fecund canular flume, of the textual delectus — "In order to be a glomming, a doorcrack must have an ebb in common with what it has glommed..." — but it was botched and boggled, what should have been glommed and gobbled. Instead of the gnomon, the gimbal, the glaive, the gloriously pinioned tumid glyph — "The glomming thumbs a human syllable in airy smoke..." "The glomming is a mouth of windiness..." — there was an ominous glitch, a flaccid glum glissando.

LIKE THE GLINT AND CLAMOR of a distal enemy's panoply on the distraught glebe of heterolexical agon, the glum blank my slutty buff glossaire slackly drew at *glom* distressed me like that restive critical literalist who, unable to penetrate the showy serrate breastwork of form and content in order to trespass in the serenely cherubic *clôture* harboring the staggeringly lush secret ineffaceable garden wherein frolic the gnostic joys of an author's intent, "tympamise la densité de sa prose cadencée et trop léchée" (M. Anglarès, *Traité des Maladies Écrivassières*, Le Mans, Editions du Pays de la Loire, 1987, p. 213). And yet — and yet! The flat brown lunate pods of a stately miel-y-plátano-scented árbol known to us New Lexicans as *granadillo rojo* but to the phytophilous autochthones who stroll mournfully through and across and atop the rustling russet shells of withered chestnut leaves agglomerating in the frilly byways of *Bayle*, and then crunch along the grovelling gravel des chemins brumeux du *Littré* and into the creeping crepusculum du *Grand Larousse*, as *Dalbergia glomerata* Hemsley — the flat brown lunate pods of that singular sylvan specimen (like me, a Tetrastic intruder) were dangling and jingling athwart the preternaturally warm east wind like the beige ankle bangles of troglomorphic yakshis or alluring *lares rurales* curveting their kohl-rimmed snare-dance of perfidious thrall (Circe's δόλιος κύκλος which so beguiled randy wily Odysseus) amidst the hiving lithe anthophilic bullets (*Apis* or *Bombus* spp.) that were heatedly intromitting their pollen-dusted crinosities into the gaping throats of the suggestively

named ganteline, or clustered bellflower (*Campanula glomerata* L.), clumps of which were tardively girdling with their livid solferino skirts of damask glomerules, not just the amber flanks de cette espèce de feuillage arborescence, but also, I noticed, the verre églomisé of Ecadence, a lambic locus, lager lugar, gueuze gebouw, Trappist Stätte, Abbey Ort, kriek huis, and sundry lieu de frites flamandes which, like the turgid mycelia of *Glomerella* fungus marbling the frieze of our espaliered audience of golden reinettes and drooping aments, had insinuated itself (s'insinuait) into the very fretwork of the bucolic glebe, which now, I realized, was far more vile than guileless, and far less beloved than the phantasm of gambol and glee my naïad's spell and my recently therapized *smara* (gold-and-cinnamon *infusion d'ambre à gélatine* your true senimalist brews somewhere between occiput and blepharii) had conjured out of the vesperal depths of the autumnal gloam. The sweet green blades of cocksfoot (*Dactylis glomerata* L.) growing there, which I had envisaged (envisageais) untangling strand by strand with my deft digits, were berimed and scumbled with the fuliginous bristly sporulae of smut (*Peronospora conglomerata* Fuckel, 1863); the gibbous tagmata of the sleek pillbugs (*Glomeris marginata* Villers, 1789) I had longed to palp in the very act of stridulating were blighted all over with blebs and aphids; the dark humid savage loam of the glode the glade the glen the glebe and for all I knew, the entire globe, was a domesticated terrace of Belgian paving stones peopled with bustling constellations of fairy lights and wrought iron furniture, into the nearest cluster of which my disenchanting houri delivered my deflated legs and detumescent instruments (folio, sextant, bodkin, log, quill), unburdened herself of a firkin of what passes for faro in these parts, let flutter down from her slender fingertips a wan leaf of legalistic haiku invoking time date price (a hefty chunk of your average enlisted man's pay!) of and for her services, whether consummated or thwarted, whether fulfilled or suspended, and consoled her wry disdainful insatiate grin with a heady sprig of Durango root (*Datisca glomerata* C. Presl) she plucked from a hidden recess of her bodice from which a faint bouquet of mouscaille chevaline wafted along with quelques hennissements lugubres: a telescopic echo of the hedge-leaping equids de l'hippodrome d'Auteuil off towards where the moon, the galaxies, the sun, etc. did and still do "rise" from vis-à-vis the antiquated symbology devised to fabricate the phenomenon in question.

Instead, however, of disappearing, as I had expected, into the working entrance of Ecadence, la serveuse (for that is what my vivid *apsarāḥ* had declined into) stepped up to the arbored gazebo where a duo of Teslaphonic goons awaited thrumming and droning in the onstage umbrage, able-bodiedly (to coin a mot) strapped on the animalistic bulge and wheedle of a Boschesque glomeration of bagpipes and, just before commencing the epicyclic boutade with a concentric tetrachordal flageoletic bleat, spat out her sprig and shouted into the clavate phallus of amplification, “Nous sommes [a rising frantic arpeggio of sibilant feedback flares like a rampant grimalkin, is deftly snuffed with a professional jerk], nous sommes les Surfeurs de la Glèbe!

§ 3 | La cuna

“LA CUNA!” SHE CROAKS between bleats, like a maelstrom glede (*Haliaeetus cataegistrus* Gmelin, 1788) soaring and screeching and plucking piscine prey from the cyclonic *boucle* of an Austronesian Charybdis. “La cuna!” she snarls against the ululant syncopation, and from the blissom glout of her scrumptious ovine lips emanated synaesthetic bliss more voluptuous than any divinely debauched performance ceded by all the wily spent maenads of Sodom, Glaednir, Tanagra, Seleucia, Florence, Cades, Cappaducci, Bolarum, and etc. “La. Cu. Na! Luna de mi vicio, fosa de la entrada. Mi seña, mi silla, mi sombra, mi soll!” No Romano-Teutonic *Wörterbuch* needed I to glom her bons mots unter den dunkeln, keck-andächtigen Ulmen (olmos embrujados por la sombría y chula *transe studieuse*) und Äpfeln knackend kauderlich (manzanos chipés y lurking baragouinement), for she, languid melismatic natural she, scutched, scatted, ran, rutilated, and propped up le tortu, ardent, castillan *relâchement* of the lyrics with an austere occlusive precision and a crisp vocalic chiaroscuro reminiscent of the cymophanous tongue my mother used to lull me to sleep with in the seaside land of my pupation. What sort of dithyrambic locus of proleptic paramnesia had I stumbled upon in the very *cœur champêtre* (bucolic heart) of the Bois? (Its jack declares “Ecadence” in all caps, yet there’s no space for the missing letter.) My pentad of textual tools perked up, the hackles of my sensitive muscoli auriculares flared, and, despite the larboard slant to the gunwale of the petite table where I had been installed, I transcribed her

dreamy sad intense palabras, mouthing them aloud as if, loyal fan that I was or were, still am, and indeed shall ever be, I knew them, and was singing along. Oh, the vicious moon-vice of the cradle, could any phrase more pithily capture the friable pitch of entry, the hollow ganoid plunge of intromission? “Fosa de la entrada!” Sign, seat, shadow, sun. From the sombre pillars of polyrhythm and curtained, startled portals of polyphony her accompanists stepped forth: not goons, but stunning nymphs like she! “Les Surfeuses de la Cuna,” rather, they should be called. Les Serveuses! I get it! [Like lurking alligators of *arrières-pensées* do such boisterous flood-logged *boutades* of esprit d’escalier, pushy knobs of clunky resophastry, bonk and thud against the inordinately long, deep, wide, shallow, short, narrow (choose one) keel of the faithful chroniclist de la vie quotidienne’s trusty bark.] “La-cu-na: el nido de la noche nadando las nalgas de numerosas niñas a través la pantalla para nacer hasta las narices de la nuca.” Night’s nest swimming in the nautch nates’ slurry of innumerable nymphets, up to the very neck, the nostrils even, as across the screen of birth being born giving birth? something something a contrapuntal roulade sans descant bade me arrest my scribbling and look up to glom her and her sidekicks’ curiously choreographed anapaest strut as they approached the zenith of the cadenza: two slack-kneed-and-anklutzy, for the nonce, lurches of the left leg, it seemed, for every mordant swipe of the right. I, mon cher journal, was, dans un mot, transfixed! Yet a nether *frisson* urged me to annul my desire for her, for them, for more Bier, and for some Fritten, yes, Fritten, as Durst und Hunger ich hab, and to seek, instead, relief for my, as my gradus ex Montparnasso says, *vessie* (“L’urine sort de la vessie par l’orifice dit urétral, stance chevrotant dont l’ouverture est commandée par un *rjumuška* y résolu sphincter, et est évacuée par l’urètre.”). I sheathed my impedimenta and stood. “La. Cu. Na.” O, how I longed to glom in my splayed chafed cheiropalps the ample ampullae of her vivid hips! Or hers! Or hers! Or — a flirtatious nudge by one of their more telluric avatars jarred my avaricious elbow as, without pausing to validate any of my needs or wants, she not ungracefully circumnavigated the uneven cobbles of the terrace and reentered l’estaminet belge, casting a rather unservile gesture, somehow both askance and backward, at me, a gesture that seemed to positively blare, “Suivez-moi!” Translation: “Glom me if you dare!” How fitting, then, that the very morsel I have chosen — despite the cow-eyed

“fâcheuse lacune,” comme disait my great uncle, Dr. Tartis of Lyons, a puckish erotologist, that stares blankly from all too many a pristine lexique or dog-eared *slovar* (a sort of bushy-tailed *glossaire* of soft sighs and slavish symptoms) — to be the anastomotic quoin of my lexical glaiks, so to speak, for its ability to convey senses not unrelated to the Scots *glaum* or *glam*, the Sanskrit *glāha*, the Romani *džanglo* — *glom*: a savvy gambler, a cunning sage, a wise thief learned, like Arjuna and Odysseus, in the ways of guile and gauntlet — antique virtues, archaic arts, tantric delusions — how fitting, then, that *glom* should have glommed itself — for “thoughts do,” like the rotund cud of currency, secreted between smock and skin within a pouch attached to a neck-bound lanyard, which your average enlisted man pays to extricate himself from the same sale histoire his sordid amour propre had initially expended to indulge in, “glom (*blicken*) l’épaule du mot” — into the verschlechtert, caudal, stirnrunzelnd nave of the buvette flamande where the buxom, gleeful, bicochlear playmates sinned! And so thus I stood, entered the dark well of the café, and followed her undulant retreating pizzicato past cashier and counter and tables and booths and goggle-eyed patrons and a view through a Dutch casement into a bustling cuisine belge and out through a low door (“We make to ourselves glommings [*Blicken*] of doorcracks”) across an entropic courtyard où “il me fallut,” to quote one fictile penman’s adysplastic model of mnemonoclastic prose, “l’accompagner dans un petit pavillon treillissé de vert, assez semblable aux bureaux d’octroi désaffectés du vieux Paris et dans lequel étaient depuis peu installés ce qu’on appelle en Angleterre un lavabo et en France, par une anglomanie mal informée, des water-closets,” only to be greeted, among the glagolithic shapes of nightclub-iconic shadows — “accroupis comme des sphinx” indeed! — and gurgling shards of lurid porcelain idols inhabiting the redolent slabwork and moldy grouting of that dank chaplet of *lares nymphales*, by a betrayed lacuna of harelipped barbate hope. I resigned myself to putting the hypogean space through its all too sublunary paces. “The glomming (*der Blick*) gloms (*blickt*) windiness by thumbing a humanness of the leaf and nonleaf of sandpatterns.” But, with rigging retoggled and girdle recinched, as I approached the totem of the tap to asperge my soiled digits in a timid trickle of eau most definitely non potable, I glommed a crescendo of tripletted diaereses in the caesura of mutual glares cast, not askance or leeward this time, but,

for one brief engorged gap (“the airy glomming [*der luftige Blick*] of the doorcracks is the object”) between the fall of the curtain behind me and the finely tessellated void of the mirror before me, utterly, unabashedly, irrefutably windward: areolae, axillae, superb oculi cascading in a phantom-glittered sestet of chestnut (*marron*) antiflares, a sepia-mantled synchoreosis highlighting the moonbright cortex of her irreproachable empire of breasts, wings, face.

§ 4 | Oracle

WHAT BEGUILING RESONANCE deceives the clear-eyed visage cradled in the wall-slung rigol-mirror with the tawny naked shoulder glimpsed in the naos (cella) of the naïad's temple, synchronizes the random ogled areolae with the clenched vestigial fistular sequelae of acrid oleaginous lust, and thus links the limbic locus of despair and desire and our basest compulsions with a *bémol* gap in the heterotextual delectus of a nephelophrenic mnemophrast? What plucky *lares viaticis* glom the copperglimmer of thought (think images of things real or imaginary that shall or have come to pass — while typically this bravura penman's style displays eminent adjectives, it does not disdain, lament, espy with horror, nor even spurn your monosyllabic locutions [thing, come, pass, real] favored by the workaday clavierist) to the time-cracked means by which we draw thought, whether clear or obscure, out of ourselves (think tracings of coal dust, ramifications of coral, leachings of acorn and taro, and whatever else we may wish to accede, endorse, or attribute to the glosser's alibi, clou, compromiso, Prüfung, scholia, and so on and so forth)? What mephitic impulses telescope the bucolic sandpattern of moonlight and stars into the dank airy mucilaginous adyton of the Creole oracle herself, momping about somewhere outside the backdoor of the groaning decaying cabinets d'Ecadence in the darkening shade of that arbre magique mentioned *supra*, rhythmically fondling and mouthing the snaky coils and scrotal sac of what I recognized as the humble *gaita tixputana* of my childhood, an instrument whose billowing air bladder was

of tender goatskin sewn and whose polished bite- and finger-shafts were hewn from solid cylindrical chunks of that stately miel-y-plátano-scented árbol known to us New Lexicans as *granadillo rojo* but to the phytophili-ous autochthones who stroll mournfully through and across and on top of without even bothering to avoid crushing the rustling russet shells of withered chestnut leaves along the allée des Fortifications, past the hedge-leaping equids of the hippodrome, and then crunch along the grovelling gravel of the chemin des Gravilliers totally unaware of the grapplings and the gropings, the passion and the panting, going on abaft and abow, aloft and athwart, alongside and midships of them in the creeping crepusculum and the receding gloom — it is known to them — incurious, insensitive, indifferent *them* — as *Dalbergia glomerata* Hemsley? And to what Pythian spell do we owe the glaireous gift of that vision of her blowing and squeezing and coaxing, thus, from that throbbing organ, a reedy, breathy sort of samba accompanied by the aeolian caxixis, ganzás, maracas, and chocalhos dangling from the ligneous lord of the glade? (I note now that the musky scent and ardent echo of that infrequently encountered tree mingles in my memory with the tangy, ting-ly, bead-like odor of *Syncarpia glomulifera* (Sm.) Nied., 1893, and that Pushkin’s mother was known to the Francophone *élite* of Courland as “la Belle Créole.”) “The face of deluded objects ist ein Blick (*glomming*) des Wortes.” Her irises, I saw, were dilated from a trance-inspiring potion partook, partoken, and partaken yet of by only the divinest of naiads and most obliging of nymphs, at the base of which oracular solution a substance called *glomusha* (extract of *Datura stramonium* L.) writhes and coils *nāga*-like, and I bade her untie the drawstring of my bursting bursa, engorged as it was with a bulging bolus of doughboy’s dough, a capacious cache of skirmisher’s cash, a tumid packet of what passes for your average enlisted man’s pay in these parts, and *res gestae ab aeterno* all over the abscissae of our ardor such that on the x-axis the larvae of our evolving love metamorphosed, according to Haeckel’s canniballistic law, from tiny writhing tadpole into gawky erect ostracoderm, from moping meterophagous caecilian into the ant-harboring thorny trunk of an African acacia, and, on the y-axis, Maeterlinck’s blue bladder of bubbly “shockin’ pleasure” (according to the script) relaxed its musculus sphincter vesicae and, concomitantly, at the other end of the tether, did the same for its musculus sphincter urethrae, letting the cerulean liquid of

our embrace flow like a dancing hillock of windswept sassy rock lupine hypnotizing the warm cloudless forenoon of childhood bliss, while on the z-axis, both pairs of our musculus sphincter pupillae [under the sympathetic impetus, no doubt, of the aforementioned psychogenic potion] unhitched their jaws to choke down the entire egg-sac of foveate reality spanning a whole shelf of our bodies' Baedekers charting the stromal locales and homologous silky parenchymal seasons most propitious for catching a glimpse and snatching a glom and hatching a glut of Asia's bombycids, Europe's bombyliids, the New World's bombycillids, and all the whelks of old-time Oceania, and now here's where things get a bit more, as they say, "louche," "hot," "transcendent" [Printer: A diagram portraying the 11-fold symmetry of the situation would be helpful for the dimensionally impaired — NDLR], for, while the q-axis displayed something like the praetorium in which Caesar Augustus was ensconced whilst on campaign in Chaldaea, the r-axis showed, and, in fact, still shows Daedalus and his eponymous construction along with the howling beast gyring its scolecoïd gimbal into the luscious wabe of the depraved maenad trapped therein, the s-axis [verb here] something having to do with the Paracelsian etyma, spendthrift in evidence, plain-proportioned in theory, with which drowsy Linné tamed a spurious neotropical dreamscape of baroque butterflies sipping hallucinogenic nectar from the florid gorse of the verdant stage across which bejewelled bothriurids scamper and pose, rampant, affrontant, embraced, telsons erect, chelae sejant, the t-axis busied itself with proclaiming the Nicaean creed along with a litany of details about moths and more butterflies, the v-axis involved a cobra's uvula, a bear's shadow, and the nighttime sky as perceived by a bottom-dwelling fish of some sort, the ϕ -axis revealed a paederast's polychaete shame upon catching sight of the combined beauty of Mae West's magnificent bosom, the polygonal splendor of Pearl Mae Bailey's supercilious gaze and zygomatic perfection, the lithe Pre-Raphaelite grace of pubescent Polynesians, and the russet octomantic clinch of effusive orangutans *Seliony-pruchaskalo* (conditioned) in Prince Pavlov's laboratory, the ξ -axis tried out testae, thecae, tibiae, tracheae, tenebrae, wrens stalked by an ocelot, thrushes at which a stoat chortles hungrily, herons that clout anoles, touch thrashing snakes, and hunt loaches torpidly eyed by coral bright trogons warbling amidst the *Pfaffia glomerata* of the Pantanal, and, ultimately, it is hoped, the ψ -axis

convulsed convened convector and coveted vulvae, vaginae, vertebrae, venae dorsales penis profunda, venae labiales anteriores, venae labiales posteriores, venae dorsales clitoridis superficiales, venae profundae clitoridis, and a tetrapetalous coracle bading our adventurous ingeminate cloacae traverse the corolla of blue-eyed dawn nictitating behind the nocturnal burka to rearrive at my table, my seat, my heterolexical tools of promiscuous textuality.

§ 5 | Medoi

“EN MEDIO DEL IDIOMA tengo miedo. Sí, lo tengo, y se ha ido de mi.” Thus did that cyclical siren aux yeux fougueux sufflate and sing whilst I, suffused by the magnificent sense of leisure and power and utter temerity that the mere, salient, and mundane (ecce homo, indeed!) act of having extravasated the endometrial ichor, glomerular sanies, innately spasmed rheum, and bilious effluvia (no, my impudent ephemeris, you did not spy anal sediment caking the rusty saddle of my panties, but something far more delicate) from one’s immodest innards in the claustrophobic locus ordained for that purpose grants, continued to glom a magnanimous portion of my attention upon the idiomorphous, respiratory voice of the *binious nasillard* that proceeded, as it were, from the schoolhouse depths of my New Lexican nymphancy, all the while admiring, say, the fantastic, indelible, and, just where it should, bulging line of slacks which no mere enlisted man’s pay, nor even a visiting lexical ecological consultant’s sumptuous per diem, could afford to have had pressed into the high-class serge of the mufti mantling the distinguished-looking *habitué* to my right who glommed with approval the tangled sutras of the magniloquent essay — “If the finger of the treatise is an airy finger, the glomming (*Blick*) is called an airy glomming (*luftig Blick*). Usw....” — anent the hollow hub of hysterogenic fear inherent in the rostrocaudal medoid of promiscuous textuality, the sex-axle of plurilingual pleasure, I continued to stitch with my golden nib into the margins of the chercheur armoricain Médoire Anglarès’s monograph on the manatees of the

Medean Sea (*Les Lamantins de la Mer Médoise*, Le Mans, Éditions du Pays de la Loire, 1973) around which the whirling wheel of words empirically clumps and clusters and churns out the whole partouze of literary genres that have ever echoed, flounced, gargarized, and bemired themselves in humanity's organs of audition, orality, and oculonasal introspection, and I, a lovely lone diomedean figure installed à une petite table au milieu de tous les yeux fourmillant sur la terrasse d'Ecadence above which bucolic *Uşas* began to splay and sentimentally splash her promised medusoid sepals, as viridian, as hirsute, as rubricaudal as Jean-Louis Thuillier's *Cerastium glomeratum* (Fr. *céraiste aggloméré*, Cat. *cerasti aglomerat*), a rampant weed endemic to these parts that sheds its tiny, saw-toothed, anemochoric fruits to the ericoid-maned, promiscuous winds of dichogamous fate, felt them resonate in all the bearings in all the hubs of all the chakras of my being, from my feet to my fingertips, from my medulla oblongata to my median umbilical ligament via my medulla spinalis and down, thus, to the very eidolon, apologue, calen-ture, imprimatur, even, of my entire thorny knotty gnarled and unruly project, a diagram in *code impromptu* of which, as I've alluded to somewhere or other, would take the form, if we exposed Rimbaud's conjecture to Rao cinedimensional clitalysis, of a muscular medoid pumping heterolexical chyle throughout the entire hendecachorionic viscera of that zeozoëtic conglomeration of *stuff* we abstruse dimorphs call "polydinom-ic reality," viz., a multi-dyadic monerization qua pleiodynamic eroding of the kakodaimonic reticulum of sensoria cnidempirica, while she and her enviously uniformed seraphs pinched, pivoted, fingered, thrummed, and chanted in some sort of idiomatic harmony, "En el mundo de mi odio, no hay miel, no hay lima, no hay hielo, no hay ron, sino por los meros nudos del mar en que se duermen las sirenas." But before I continue, allow me to command, with the power of my per diem, more potent stuff to confront the dense matinal psychomachy that tends to stalk me at this hour. S'il vous plaît, ma jolie jeune fille, un verre de rhum avec de la glace. Non, non, merci. Noirâtre des néotropiques, s'il est possible. Sans citron, s'il vous plaît. Sans menthe et sans sucre aussi. Merci.

§ 6 | IPSI

ALTHOUGH THE STUDIES of intentional plagiarism, sometimes involuntary (IPSI), as well as involuntary plagiarism, sometimes intentional (IPSI), in which I had engaged at the Institute for Paperism and Senimalistic Investigations (IPSI) in the city of my ontogeny had been intense and meticulous, the fruits they bore turned out to be largely insipid. More inspiring was the work I performed under the supervision of Prof. See Law at the Institute of Psycho-Sociological Investigations (IPSI) in that same lugar. There we studied the various reactions of baby animals (pika pups, stoat kittens, possum cubs) to the administration of intense pain, sporadic or incessant (IPSI). It was while I was ensconced in that institution's peaceful and scholarly intellectual ethosphere that I submitted my paper sur les "Plagiats intentionnels (PI) et plagiats involontaires (PI)" to a conference on translexicality held at the Institute of Lexical Ecology (ILE) in Owlstain, Flouz., to which I subsequently became attached and continued to combine my intense interests in both plagiarism and sociophysiology and the rest is, as they say, until my translation to Lutèce where, just the other day, I came across one of those "inversions troublantes qui suggèrent avec force que le réel n'est qu'un miroir servile de ce qui est déjà survenu dans les romans" (*op. cit.*, § 2.67), c'est-à-dire, a curious instar of IPSI in, of all places, rue Ernest Psichari, in the seventh, just off the oak- and Japanese maple-lined *boulevard* de Las Robles (*sic*), with its Appalachified placard not even

bothering to cater to the autochtones: Investigators of Parasitism and Symbiosis International (IPSI), history.



“just off the oak- and Japanese maple-lined *boulevard de Las Robles*”

§ 7 | ILE

IN THE HEART OF THE FLOUZIANIAN capital, Owlstain, the Institute of Lexical Ecology (ILE) shares the sprawling grounds of Château Methuen — a triangular island of learning and enchantment in the heart of the Flouzianian capital, Owlstain, whose hypotenuse is formed by the Owlstain River, the adjacent side by Mare Nostrum (on the saxatile shores of which the gracile sirens do dwell and dream while sunbathing lesbians smile indulgently), and the opposite by that fluviatile locus of Flouzianian dace ecesis cheekily dubbed by locals the “Lowstain” — with its sisinstitutions ISOCPHYS and CACA, the Institute of Sociophysiology and the Center for the Analysis and Clitalysis of Altarity, respectively. Here I found that my dual interests in plagiarism, whether falling under the category of involuntary plagiarism, sometimes intentional (IPSI), or intentional plagiarism, sometimes involuntary (IPSI), and sociophysiology, were deemed neither alien nor impertinent, but rather were heralded as fertile harbingers prefiguring and confirming the independently established auspices of translexicality, schizomythology, and the clitalysis of heterotextual altarity, to mention only three of the volatile ponds of portable *projets* I so readily plunged into. The fictile textwork demanded, after all, by plagiarism’s factitious dithyramb, as ILE instructs us, is as integral to wordism, senimalism, lesbianism, and paperism as it is to any other aspect of textuality, whether ductile, refractile, promiscuous, or delitescent. Tell that to the sterile pedophiles and senile imbeciles and hostile gentiles and febrile sarcophiles across

the Arathu in IPSI! In the world of my hate, thus, I could no longer truthfully apply the words of the Roman Kaiser Julius — “Ipsi profecti a palude ad ripas Sequanae e regione Luteciae trans Labieni smilaces atque contra castra considunt” — to myself, since no *ipsi* in Owlstain (as far as I was aware) set out from *les étangs* of malarial envy *contra* the camp of the holm-oak-surrounded Labieni where I was not ensconced at all, since I had already hightailed it by way of express aerostat to the lake region of Appalachia thenceward on via brigantine to Lutèce where I currently dwell about as far north of the banks of the Seine as I am now sitting to that same river’s west, at a petite wrought-iron (*fer forgé*) marble-topped table on the vivacious pre-dawn terrace of Ecadence in the Bois where, despite the linguovisual and auroral attractions of the establishment’s anglo-, slavo-, sino-, franco-, germano-, homo-, italo-, graeco-, negro-, nycto-, ailuro-, oeno-, and hippophile clientèle and agile, utterly unservile hirelings (I’m thinking in particular of the versatile bringer of dawn herself, the nubile *étoile* of the petit matin chanting her hispanophone cantabile *missa nitida*), I’m scratching these *mémoires labiles* with the fine-nibbed gold of my vermiculated Pelikan Stresemann 929 into the abaxile fabric of mon calepin habile: “Paris! Paris!! Paris!!! The very name has always been one to conjure with, whether you think of it as a mere sound on the lips and in the ear, or as a magical written or printed *palabra* for the eye. And here is the thing itself (*ipsissimum*) at last, and you and I and he and she, you you- or I my- or he him- or she herself, *ipsissimus! ipsissimī!! ipsissimae!!! ipsissima!!!!* in the very heart of it, to live there and learn there as long as we want, and make of ourselves the nimble assiduous lexical ecologist, sociophysiologist, schizomythologist, nay, superb senimalist we long to be!” “Excusez-moi, meussieudame,” the slim Sabine sapphist intrudes, “mais y a plus de rhum. Surtout le rouge et même le noir quoi. Et quand même on se ferme. C’est l’aube, le point du jour. Et je m’encaisse.”

§ 8 | PI

LET US DEFINE THE PALAVERING insult (PI) as a form of paraleipsis capable of inflicting pain, not by means of prickly phrases, but by the acute gaps between them, such that it is the periods and pauses, plutôt que les sottises elles-même, emanating from the insultress's provocative and invidious articulators *motu proprio* that act as so many pikes and poniards on the sensitive insultee's perceptive and impressionable auditory apparatus. Now, one's primordial instinct upon receiving such a PI is to intone a paralipsical protest in kind, such as: "Now, I'm no solipsist, but I do not deem my request for a glass of dark neotropical rum on ice, without yerbabuena, sin citrus, and sans sucre ajouté to be at all anadipsic in any accepted sense. If the impeccably garbed gent ipsilateral to my sensuous mano escribiendo received a congenially congeneric nightcap avant l'aube, why can't I? Quoiqu'on pourrait me classer, si vous me permettez d'illustrer par le moyen d'un cas plutôt bénin, parmi les *voyageurs aliénés*, par exemple, would my opitulant iatromants so tipsily administer to me the ipecac of insolence, the catnip of abstinence, prohibition's piquant, acrid, intolerable, yet nevertheless insipid ptisan? Mais pas du tout, ma jeune fille, pas du tout! They would, en revanche, par contre, ply me with rumbustious catholicons and aromatic cordials, nurse me with sublime theriacs and fluent panaceas, prescribe to me, in short, the very *elixir vitae* of life itself: the *soma* of the sorghum, the *cachaça* of the cane, the chthonic spirit of the tuber, the *amṛta* of the grain!" Now, when the punctilious insultee is an invasive alien imported

from a distant Tetrastic land where parole I (PI) constitutes the *lingua franca*, and the provocative insultress is a Poldevian intruder who, like the former, has acquired le *langage du pays* of their intercourse (PI), that is, parole II (PII), relatively late in life and at second-hand, as it were; when the former has lived in said PI for hardly a month, and the latter for hardly two years; when s/he who requests his or her wants to be serviced has been swathed, swaddled, dandled, bathed, diddled, coddled, gama-huched, and so on in a third parole (PIII) and educated in a fourth (PIV), and she whose job it is to serve those wants is entirely lacking in compassion, tolerance, mirth, courtesy, amusement, everything, in short, but a contumelious rictus and an inane parody of paronomastic repartie; then, my anatripsic spicilegium, the ensuing polyglottological riposte is generally a prehensile imitation of prolative intelligibility, to wit: My witty parry to her mundane lunge, misconstrued, went unanswered. The situation is further compounded by the differential relations, or degrees of heterolexical altarity, obtaining anent our four paroles PI, PII, PIII, and PIV which we may envision as a tetraramous *arbre à langue*, such that PI and PII are two closely spaced branches placed ipsilaterally on the grandiloquent trunk of *copia verborum*, whilst PIII and PIV jut out either above or below PI and PII, each according to their own unique vector, opposite both to each other and to the dyad (PI, PII) which latter, being what many a phonological investigator would deem dialects of each other, are represented in the scissile marrow of the protreptic interlocutor's posterior insula or Island of Reil as a proficient and impeccable whole, a single langue I (LI) whose rhetoric is capable of attaining peaks (*cimes*, *faîtes*, *sommets*) of eloquence and persuasiveness utterly alien to the ignorant insuperable prolocutrix's datura-addled *matière grise* the denatured contents of which remain as utterly opaque to us as the Cimmerian tenebrity of her dictum, i.e., to shirk, cash-out, and skedad-dle. Langues II and III (LII and LIII) correspond isomorphically to PIII and PIV, respectively. Furthermore, we may represent the total heterolexical altarity of the situation (*sauf* the insultress's obscure matrilingo, which we may discount as some hopelessly distant PIX or PIL or PIC or even PIM) by the use of Solomon's ratio, viz., three wholes plus some infinitely iterative fraction which is greater than one-eighth but less than one-seventh, such that the heterolexical altarity between any pair of LI, LII, and LIII generates a heterolexical triangle of three sides each equal

to one, while the heterolexical altarity between paroles PI and PII which make up LI is equal to something like 0.141592 etc., the sum of these three wholes and a part yielding a quantitative measure of total heterolexical altarity hiving among within and between PI, PII, PIII, and PIV thus equals Archimedes's constant, that is, the Ludolphian number, π . By the way, the passel of aliases — Solomonic ratio, Archimedean constant, Ludolphian number, Baudhayanan complement, Euclidean collop, and so on — all tersely embosomed within the Neo-Phoenician glyph π (*pi*), concisely illustrates the slippery, concentric, coadjuvant, and not infrequently elliptical nature of the complex factitious fictile phenomena I wrestled with in my paper sur les “Plagiats intentionnels (PI) et plagiats involontaires (PI),” the latter being a lexicoleptic symptom (*symptôme lexicoleptique*) of schizomythia; the former, a productive implement of literary composition (*puissant procédé de l'écriture*). Or, as my own plagiât intentionnel (PI) of a passage from a book put out by the Numidio-Roman *diaskeuast* Maisel Bénatrou attests, “Le monde est rempli de plagiaires” (*op. cit.*, p. 51). Furthermore, since the geometrical ratio (circumference over diameter) expressed by the symbol (equals π) is an artifact of the recumbent laminar leiodermtous substrate of its illustration (a fiction, in other words, of the vellum of its divulgation) that hardly begins to accurately circumscribe the lithe velutinous pommels of empirical haecceity (nor, by the way, the lanuginous parenchyma of ontic ubiquity), one would not be entirely amiss if one took this chimera subtending the squamous reticulations of prehensile experience of the inosculant articulations of noumenal quiddity I farce the interstitial cruces of mon œuvre with to be the very totem of my text. She (elle, ella, lei, sie, hun, hon, hân, aval, zuen, auté, tini, igi, kanoju, t'ā, etc.: the generic feminine pronoun I employ should not be lent a less figurative scope or tenor than I intend: think boats, water, souls, waves, species, life, speech: all she) let flutter down from her slender fingertips a pale instrument of pecuniary obligation and went traipsing off into the anile aniline dawn.

TOUT AU LONG DU COURS de l'exercice quotidien de notre sobre travail érudit, viz., the infliction of pain, sporadic or incessant (IPSI), on our soft inmates, Prof. See Law and I typically indulged in the sort of informal psycho-social intercourse (do such precipitous junctures [crises fugitives] of homiletical lenity dampen assiduous lab work? not at all!) that congenial chercheurs de l'âme lésée the world over, no matter whether fieldbound observers of maculose lye welts or benchside adepts comme nous de l'ascèse électrophysiologique, engage in. I told her of my childhood en los barrios altos y bajos de la ciudad, and she told me that she had been born in Lushui on the Salween River of a Lianhua- or Western-She-speaking Lisu mother from the Seu-phá clan and a Na-Yi father from Ningland. I remember the frisson of unvoiced merger as, together, we strapped the next subject into the yellow-painted pillory, then the dimidiate groan, cognate to the solipsistic post-coital *clope*, as our digits, momentarily fused by the joint task, cleaved apart, and the stout whalebone soles of her chappals shrieked with Sichuanese elegance across the linoleum floor to retreat behind the blinkered instrument panel where, in her typical lab costume of chatoyante pèlerine leste, yellow silk blouse and maroon shalwars, she dialed in the appropriate duration and intensity, while I, more proximal to the sacrifice, clad in the flunky's white, and innocent of the settings, made note of the animal's reactions. Presently the melodious-voiced lady emerged, her index finger tapping upon her cigarette, and, whilst I disposed of the victim and readied the cage for the

next, she recalled that she had left Lushui at age twelve to make her way downriver, mostly by wearing out her sandals, sometimes by straddling a mule-cinched pack saddle, past Wan Hsa-la and Pasawng, until, where the Moei enters the Salween, she boarded a fusty enisled sampan which took her to the port city of Moulmein where a Malayan yawl waited to deliver her to places she was only able to reconstruct in retrospect, with the aid of an atlas borrowed from the library of Ilena Public School 1 (IPS 1) and her father-in-law's knowledge of shipping routes: first, the island of Simeuluë, then the island of Taprobane, then, skirting the Manilao ("Cowrie Islands"), onward through the Gulf of Aden and into the Red Sea where she debarked, Shiva knows why, at As Salif — the luteous scaffold was ready. Perhaps my hand lingered a little too wistfully athwart hers as we bolted the beast to its portable golden Golgotha: one plucked eyebrow jerked quizzically up, and melted immediately back into the shrewd indifference of her shiny forehead — an orientalistic caricature of herself. She tossed and stamped out the butt and commanded, "Proceed!" As she passed into her station, I heard the click of her yellow steel Zippo, the voiced, pursed-lip sip of the inveterate *fumeuse*, and from behind the instrument panel an expurgatory screen of fag smoke rose. Later, our analysis enabled us to correlate the surprisingly spasmodic dashes of the little fellow's forepaws I had observed with a sporadic delivery of relatively high frequency galvanovagues which left a sallow trace, a sort of yellowish-violet bruise, in the correspondingly dislimned synaptase titers obtained from the appropriate myelinated spans in the relevant corticospinal regions. In As Salif she languished and grew pale for, in her precious brogue, "nigh onto a frame of time surpassing my overseas passage until one fine day" she hitched a camel-lift to Az Zaydiyah whence a lorry took her to Jizan where she caught ship up the Red Sea all the way — at last! — to and through the Suez Canal and thence to Marseille where diurnally at the bar-restaurant-tabac La Wallonie du Mer [sic] in the Vieux Port she washed dishes and waited tables tandis que nocturnally in a sweatshop of that same quartier she sewed faux-suede patches onto the sleeves of faux-tweed jackets jusqu'au jour où — "I am so [haptically emphasized proximodistal caress of her dextral digits with my sinistral] impressed that you remember the name of the café you worked in when you were twelve!" "Well, I have been back twice to visit, once with my husband and once with my sister

Lee See, whom I'd been awaiting the whole — we're wasting time. Proceed!" See Law's older sister Lee See arrived from her chalet on the Walensee and paid for See Law's passage on a Texas-bound tramp steamer en route to Owlstain thence across the Arathu to la nuestra ciudad at the Porto Vecho of which she debarked as any common pubescent tourist would, the same irresistibly waifish, ever smiling, and suborbitally plumbaceous jeune fille she had been when she left Lushui, despite the repetitive ravishings bought by endless roll calls of enlisted man's pay and seamanly stipends the whole length of the wanton year (*anno lasciv- iensis*), and was greeted by her prospective husband's father Llywelyn O'Wallis, a Welsh seaman from Swansea; her husband's mother Athena Yellow Steel, a Siuslaw squaw originally from Lestelle, Wyo.; and her husband's sister Leetle Sly Owl Woman whose first words to See Law were, "Máščitaxanxan. Lítūmanl." ('We are sisters. Let's eat.') She went to live with them in their house in the Ilena district of her new homeland's Capital City. She was thirteen years old and the man to whom she was engaged to be married, Wallis Yellow Steel, said to her on his return from the Twin Isles — The names *Wales* and *Welsh*, by the way, and most likely also the *Wal(l)* in *Walensee* where See Law's sister apparently still lives, and the town of *Walenstadt* where the bank her husband wired her bride price to was, and *Wallonia* and *Wallachia* and *Wallis* and *Wahlheim* and *Wilhelm* and *Werther* even (since *Werther* is really *Walter* mispronounced), it seems, all come from the ancient Teutonic root for 'alien.' [I have her benevolent permission to use this propitiously elegant play of fortuitously senimalistic *etimología* in any way I wish.] The man to whom she was engaged to be married, Wallis Yellow Steel, said to her on his return from the Twin Isles where he had been observing the social behavior of the speedy lamantins that rest and nest and romp there, "Kuminčnx txutuháultxanx íamš" ('Not for nothing are you child-bought [i.e. have you been bought as a child]'), and promptly enrolled her in IPS 1, from which she would graduate magna cum laude (I too graduated in the upper reaches of my class at TBS, but I was never wont or one or willing to brag about it) four years later [an event they celebrated by finally consummating their marriage]. It is not unusual for an animal that has been subjected to mild increments of pain, whether sporadic or incessant, to continue to yelp and squeal or at least drearily whimper when removed from the citrine constraints. To avoid confounding the investi-

gator's results, these animals should be destroyed, their assay ignored. The subject of her valedictory address, naturally, was her journey and transformation and desire to continue that journey and transformation by way of higher education (privy to a full scholarship to North Texas-Egyptian University at Beulah [NTEU-B], her honor's thesis delved into the xenophysiological load invasive alien species burden their endemic congenerics with, and she eventually headed east to receive her doctorate [for which she pioneered the technique of installing artificial symplasts into the ependymas of her subjects, measuring, by means of an ascending amplidyne, the diffusion of adenine in response to noxious stimuli] at the Appalachian Mental Institution [AMI] in Shatsbrook in the lab of the well-known Flouzianian sociophysiologicalist and translexicalist Robert Trober [she, in fact, was the first of the latter's "nine dampest lays"], thenceward back to her adopted homeland to head her own lab at IPSI — one marvels at the innumerable details even the most scrupulous of CVs omits), and by having a family of her own so she could pass on to her own daughter (whom, despite her travels, she would raise here in the barrio of the ciudad of the país that had granted her resident alien status), the *bon mot* of Leetle Sly Owl Woman's rejoinder to See Law's inquiry into how a Welsh-Siuslaw sirenologist in the Western Tetrastics managed to procure a Lisu-Nu child-bride from the Nanzhao Protectorate (N.P.): "S'às tlúxyulcanx mità ('He knows thy father')." [Note the use of the clitic of alienable involvement ł.] She coughed, the audience laughed, and I prepared the flavous gallows for another furry martyr.

THE TORRID SENSATION of intense thlipsis procured when one slips into the tentacular pelt of a tight, slick, phocine bathing suit, two-piece preferably, and obligatorily black — *comme deux lianes sympathiques qui vous enserrent* with the sensuous ophidian pressure of their tensile thatchwork — can only be rivalled, I imagine, by the voluptuous, slightly deranged feeling of draping oneself in the dermal vinculum of one's freshly slaughtered sweetheart or sister or mother who first made you wear the damned thing. I recall one day, it was late spring or at least un *fin de semana* sometime during un *été précoce et intense*, when the entire IPSI staff, our directrice incluse, on the spur of the moment (*auf die Eingebung des Augenblicks, sur le coup*), decided to take the rest of the afternoon off, and head to our favorite beach, Playa den Missten, a secluded cove on the leeward side of the Prietan isthmus, fronted by low intensity azurine breakers and backed by a pre-Cambrian rainforest. It had been an intense week of psycho-sociological divastigation, and, like littoralists everywhere, our capacious handbags were already stuffed with the necessities required of such capricious forays: maillot, traje, tricot, goggles, bee salve, sun unction, mosquito balm, quinine, saetae ostenariae, catnip, biscuits, rum, ron, rhum, etc. Preparatory to splaying athwart the argus-eyed laver of the plage, my impressively thick volume of Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* [who/that] *Innately Spasmed*, I first preened the insatiate corvid wings of mes aisselles lisses, then lay supine on my mat, knees up, and, against the delicate grain, fluffed my erect

underplumage to display — tense, manly yet prissy-mien'd, spent à la ménesse qui noie ta détresse toquée in animo between the rougher overtones of my clair-obscur — the paedomorphic mound of my tenderest singularity. I was gunning to stir the ocular delectation of one chain-smoking beach-goer in particular, you see; was angling for the ripe occasion to lure her away from our ipsical colleagues and into the ancient misty maidenferns, there to proffer her the gift of my torn moist maidenhead. Entre mes cuisses laineuses, however, I saw that Lee See, the lone alien of our contingent, with her turgid ears and that greased-eel look typical of the anile avaricious, had condescended to descend from her torre bergachtig donde crece el berro trébol (*Lepidium trifolium* L.), donde la luxure borre todo sauf the bootless adornment of some improficuous pasttime on which she and her species lavish their insipid indolence: culinary orgies (dites “gastronomic events”); gasped admiration (feigned) of one of their group’s recent acquisition of a pet desman, snail, ynambu, or yellow estelmo (a breed of miniature toad); easel painting, invariably “en plein air;” prurient visits, in the guise of “philanthropy,” to sanatoria, leprosaria, famine-ravaged Laponian hamlets, equatorial nature preserves, and other such “exotic” entropia of common misery. (Now, I’m no apologist for the proletariat, but do allow me to insert a not altogether irrelevant citation, the source of which I deem beyond ideological reproach: “These dreamy planned sites of reflective leisure, where the wanderer may sit and, *en plessor*, so to speak, watch birds, study plant life, or stare into pools of uncertain depth where fish are alleged to have introduced themselves, are often the former centres of intensely mad, asphyxiating industrial labour performed under harsh conditions for low wages.”) It was the third in the aforesaid series that occupied Lee See avant la parenthèse, and although the simile, unlike the quotation, is almost entirely inapt, I’m reminded of the Provençal yokels who must have guffawed at Van Gogh, at the poignant discrepancy between the selenian pastoral *vue* before them and the not even amateurish but downright imbecilic impasto the maniac was ejaculating all over la toile fricotée. I don’t recall how that smirch and blemish (for her eminently quotable industrialist of a husband, O’Wallis, or Brian of Woetsel, or something, had also popped in, via *The London Suburbs* (TLS) or *Journal of Tetrastic Littoral Studies* (JTLS) or both, no doubt, from the outer frame of some glen or dale in the Far Hebrides, I think) on my pro-

ject of saline seduction got there, but I did or do know (if that lexeme has any meaning) that no bribe or ruse would serve to separate the sisters from each other, nor the former from their spouses (one ignores *their* corvid shadow until they bespatter the proceedings with the intense aureate *fiente* of temperate ubiety), would suffice to assuage my intense disappointment, and so I took a dip, betowelled and sunned myself, and got drunk with a junior colleague who, instead of inviting me in to post-littorally share her stupendous parts with me and her golden-haired fiancé Pierre (as her responses to my hints had seemed to promise), stupidly dumped me in front of my own collapsed bungalow. “There is a dark, mad mystery in some human hearts,” writes Trober, “which, sometimes, during the tyranny of a usurper something, leads them to be all eagerness to cast off the most intense beloved bond, as a hindrance to the attainment of whatever transcendental object that usurper mania or madness or monstrous something so tyrannically suggests” to one who steps into the sultry downpour of the shower, and, engulfed as if by some surly maenad’s net’s pitiless matraque seinée ostinatamente, peels off la dégrossie, niquée, tenacious membrane, slowly or with a covetous yank, and feels, like the worn faceless *jeton* of yellow steel some insensate seaman spent idly in a Riviera raree show, the ha’penny mass dilate in one’s veins, the roused petrorbical blood piped therein as pungent, incrassate, edematous, and transpierced as *une salade* of mint and pennywort. Through a focal rent in the tissue of the years in which persist — transfixed by the dry spasm and the wet tears — the beach, the sun, the waves, the leaf shadow, and the indomitable blain of my mother bathing the node of larval me under the lascivious gaze of the elders, I burrow my beak and my lips into the parody of the shapely scene blurred and scumbled by Lee See’s daubs, and intensely, desperately, irredeemably, irrevocably taste only the slimy smutty spongy apricot pulp of some indecently stale plagiary of the pleasure I’m still pining for.

BIZARRE, HOW BY MERELY glancing at the lone ophidian glyph of my threadbare corpiño there on the bathroom floor, the flexible hair-like demiurge of the letter formed by my filamentary tanga, I feel echoed in me all that I dare not confront in my own catoptrical coil. No, not bizarre, rather, but — random? uncanny? wraithlike? The right utterance or vocable for how I would like to engrave her very being into the balneatory phloem of my body and carry her about with me like a glowing inner carapace, a verdant endodermic aura — to quote Teresa So-and-Whatnot, “Infinite, green, utterly untouchable. They are my medium. A grey wall now, clawed and bloody. They move in a hurry. I remember, without a part left over, the pill of the common tablet — remember the walker on it? Pocket watch, I tick well, the tattle of gold, a palace of velvet, and glitter like Fontainebleau gratified, all the fall of water an eye over the pool of which I tenderly lean and behold” the lone ophidian glyph of my lorn petit maillot there on the bathroom floor. (Note how profoundly I’ve intromitted within me, and imparted a viridian patina to, what ere now I’d only worn like a bifid bandage of ebon purity.) I etch and inhale (je trace et je flaire, je hume et je forge, j’énonce et je renifle) the pungent lambent muzzle of the enharmonic homologue of her theatrical handle, the contrapuntal roral rim of her nom d’appui, over and over again, and like an epic communicant making oblation before a revered idol, kneel before it, and adore the ardent, iterative congregation of her plutonic image I behold deep in the mirrored flexure of it. Not only the

image of her, but, I cannot avoid it, that convergence of all the people (dare I label them each with that banal catchall, “lover”?) who inhabit, and have, and will, whether I will(ed) them to or not, that limbic notch, that hypothalamic rift, located, according to Sorea Est, between the amygdala and the pulvinar nuclei where, like an addict, like an idiot, like the perpetual mourner and laudator of inspissate Eros that I am, I hide her away among or within or behind the compound thaumatropic alloy of *them*, or try to; an omentum, or reticulum, rather, of habit and emotion and experience which, depending on the particular permutation or avatar of the affect-charged apparition the topology of bitter lament (la topologie de deuil amer) would condemn me to contemplate, or, more to the point, ruminate that day, or any other given moment or duration, I cannot turn away from, cannot, in fact, avoid leering at. Dare I tweak the clitical manifold of clathrotextual quanta and force it (the ideogrammatical cipher of my tingly tiny tanga) to perform an undulating undine act of deviant unicity? Watch me try. Rotate the Ionian form of it 90° one way, and what do I have? The indelible roseate-scarred wreckage of M. Ditto the other way and voilà, the wantonly vivid howling void of W. Or if I were to pull the ductile head of it taut, the incendiary feline lineament of furtive J would fervently glare from the normally occulted cleft. Alternatively, I could add a glottal mode to the apical turbulence of it, turn it over and back, and find that I am beak to jowl and arse-toes with the foredoomed sot, erased and ruined, of proud forlorn N. From there I need but a minor photogenic trick to yield the mordant, yawning, but for all that rather charming changeling of A. I’m confident that you’ll not fail to remark that both painfully obdurate F and joyfully irreverent K are now not too hard to derive, but I return to the original pliant form of it to refound the randy tractable *rupa* [and not, note, *pupa*] of acrid R by performing a coronal truncation followed by a caudal luxation, upon which a final ablation of that dangling bipedal ramification will produce the ingratiatingly ductile marker of preterition trapped in the clichéd jewel of inquiry, the well-worn pearl granted all too often by the sea store of ocular (and osculant) exploration: time and time again, the more raptly I gaze at the other, at them, at her, at him, the more intently, ineluctably, and explicitly am I confronted by the wroth and ostracized *arête* of my own diffident fickle-eyed reflection, D.

§ 12 | Sorea Est

IS IT UNREASONABLE to assume that one morning I rose in time (“cinq heures” according to the season and the region and the local palaver) to see in the east (en el este) the first spears of the avant-garde du jour? No more than it is to deny that I seized that cosmic bone-teaser, Helios, dio astere, by his or her or most likely *its* ceratopsical seat, sorely (for the previous night’s joy romp upon debarking in this city I’d longed to inhabit même quand je n’étais rien qu’un mesquin sore à estragon agrippé à *l’ossarete roteata* [the convoluted osseoid anastomotic dorsum] d’un frond de fougère flouziane [*Pteretis tesseropteris* var. *estragonensis*] had been rather catholic in terms of scope, calibre, and reach) eased open the gimmaled wings of my hotel room’s authentic fenêtre française (called, astutely enough in these parts, “une porte-fenêtre”), and, like Kuntī soliciting Sūrya, positioned myself patulous, naked, and receptive in its sixth-floor frame. Despite my normal besoin for au moins onze heures de beauty rest cada noche, I am capable of rising muy temprano cuando the occasion demands. From my ears (or as the tone-deaf, brain-dead Sassenachs say, arse) to my toes I dared that cowslip lovestar stare at my délassé pivotal terraqueous bull’s-eye of an orchid rockrose, feast on the sea-store of silken musky roe I’d transported all the way from the New Lexican coast, and toast its roseate oats in the lochial oast of my porous Tetrastic rut-oven. For wastrel unity — by which I mean the disjunctive bite of all those nights, and memories of nights, cold, alone, torminal, demanding, if not mutual poignancy, at least the courage not to — wast-

rel unity, when it doesn't steel round itself the brambly bugbear of utter celibacy — *verprasste*, alert, poivré, mâle — tosses the lonely cœur into the company of even the most uxorious of errant rebrobates, as had been amply demonstrated to me la nuit précédente, même. Sated, I shat, showered, dressed, descended, and, as one might put it in run-of-the-mill lingua appalachiana, “checkered out” of the low-styled establishment I’d “checkered into” the night before (don’t tell Mme Lee that sly me stole a plush “Lesley” towel for to furbish my new studio with). Street level, at this precocious hour, was still sheathed in shadow as I strapped on the tumpline of my valoché de livres tûpés, tarabustés y na mani šlept desde Owlstain and jimmied into the spaltéré travois-yoke of my domestic appurtenances and strained and strutted my way up dingy gray sluggish spunk-and-urine-infused Clink-and-Court Avenue to where it topped out and took on the distinctive jaundiced tints of coastal New Lexica. To my right the flavid sun-graced façades of Mulled Road led up to *La Butte* (later that same day I would discover there the chlorotic laths of cymophanous benches in a quaint little secluded park en los traseros of the Communist Esplanade y marquant les esprits avec les teintures rosâtres de martyrs); slightly downhill and angling sharply off to the left was the svelte furcal fold I recognized from my *Et si à Paris t’es travelo: Guide seyant d’amples indices locaux*, the very divarication of Myrrh Alley and Pullet Lane, the latter being the potential precinct of the abode of the sojourn the natal dawn of which becomes less and less proximal vis à vis the fulcral locus of the feuille devant moi (the bottom corner of each page de *l’agenda* que j’ai, ce premier jour de mon séjour lutésien, acheté at V’Là Store, is perforated, so that one can physically scar, literally *tear an ear off of* [estropier], the lamellar simulacra of nycthemeral experience — succumbing to the temptation of that perforated line, however, would mutilate, not one day, but two, resulting in a monstrous tertian parody of a diary, and so I desist). It was a crisp Moyen Orient of a sunstruck Montmaratrean late summer, early autumn morn, and numéro onze was but six doors down along a narrow trottoir to the left of the aforesaid “Route de Poulet.” Although the wicks were not yet aglow in the celadon-tiled stoa of she [her?], as I would learn, who was not just our building’s *patronne de l’usufruit mobilier*, but also our resident concinnist, that robust lady was already positioned in her portico, and, as I tried to peer through her bulk to verify that this was indeed, according to

Lee See's letter, the address of "Mme. Soraya Soréa, Esthéticienne," she affronted me with a wounded-doe look, glavered my fashionably unkempt pea-green tunic (which any unemployed lascar or tweely losel would have proudly tucked his soiled parenchyma into) with an invidious thrice-over which did not stop at said garment's frayed hems but descended past where my serrate calyx grades into bare spindly sealegs malfeasantly cloaked below the knee with fringe-keeled, high-heeled, tweel-soled moccasins, and then cajoled me with a rhymeless readymade covetous tune, "Bon-*your*, ma rose de l'ouest, comment vont tes yeux de rose?" before enveloping my spare studious sudoriferous bosom with the talc-empasmed linen stays of her imposing Pushkino-Tolstovist's *terrae palustris*. The street was suddenly (tout à coup) full of the jolly bavardage of passers-by who were not at all abashed at lauding the conjoined provocation of our mutually compressed merits. She released me with an effusive plock and clatter of my spilled belongings and, mamelle-muselé(e), I stood rhaibostically mute for the nonce, amidst my strewn paraphernalia, while their bustling irreverent bavardage and hers (which fraction was serious, and which, in candid jest, I could not fathom) seemed to sweep up and repack mes affaires versés by the sheer sonic power of its patati et patata, and I, not daring, even, to stare across the threshold and into the mysterious depths of her dark shop, forced the tea-rose talons of my focus to drum, as it were, on the smudged airy membrane du seuil itself as she retrieved and fingered and reinserted quelques bons mots into the tome-laden cartable I'd pedestrianly lugged, despite gravity's marplot, uphill from "L'Auberge du Jaune S." Apropos: Do you remember S's sister Lee See? Well, she had referred me to both the hostel (apparently owned by some relative or in-law or client of hers originally from Lushui, N.P., or Lestelle, Wyo., or Toeyl's Welle, Helvetica) and "Mme. Soraya Soréa, Esthéticienne," and evidently vice-versa, given the boisterous ease with which my insemination into the premises of each was brought about and reciprocated. The street was suddenly (de repente) bereft again of all but the two of us, and I watched her page slowly through *A Splined Amnesty* by Tessa Roe ("A beauty across the aisle had a new soft-yellow tea-rose stuck through her green pullover, the petals like a bud's tight-shut though with the merest flare at the top."); *The Inmates' Endplays* by Robert Doe, wherein the author quotes B. Torre's divastigation of the tragedy of the prisoner's dilemma

(*Revista Novalexicana de Divastigaciones Sociofisiológicas*, Nº 63, Enero-Marzo de 1989, p. 200: “En ambos casos se sortea el destino trágico, el *sparagmos*, la escisión o la unión monstruosa. Pero se sortean sin reconducir el mundo a unidad de sentido, sino optando por la comunión estética o por la distracción.”); and Sorea Est’s monograph on the neural correlates of torture in impressed seamen (she seemed to relish in particular, perhaps because it was in her own language, the definition of *tussore à estrapader*: “faire subir quelqu’un au supplice de l’estrápade [un supplice originellement en usage dans l’armée et la marine qui consistait à hisser un patient à un mât ou à une potence, les membres liés derrière le dos, et à le laisser retomber plusieurs fois près du sol ou dans la mer] en utilisant un foulard fabriqué dans l’Inde avec une soie particulière [a strong but coarse kind of silk] provenant du ver à soie sauvage [silk or silk fabric from the brownish fiber produced by larvae of some saturniid moths as *Antheraea paphia*]). Trober’s *Nine Dampest Lays* she eyed approvingly, but did not thumb; and Otley Welles’s autobiographical Ameisenroman about the Ibero-Saxonic communities of South Texas, *Solle y Welte*, she ignored entirely. As I tried to translate from lingua appalachiana into my native New Lexican and thence into my oddly stalled normally fluent Flouzianian (whose proximity to Mme Soréa’s Gallofrankish, I gambled, would suffice to construe, to impress, and to pique her abiding interest) the interesting story of how the author of the book (el autor del libro, l’auteur du livre) she had just now (qu’elle venait de) shown such interest in, Sorea Est, who, by the way, was the scion (scionne?) of a Poldevian family originally from Terme s Solea, a resort-spa town in the foothills of the Sastrero Mountains but long installed (instalada, installée) in the Chorb Retiro of Smotre Lesea on the Rastreso Mor (Steel Sea) where the family fortune had been made (hecho, fait) in the manufacture of sea-worthy tuns, casks, and chests used in the long-distance transport of *kajsijevača* (apricot brandy), *smokvovača* (fig ditto), *slivovitz* (plum the same), and so on, to Tsarestar, Tsareros, Tsaremeselo, Tsaredeihoiselo, Tsarevpitrosela, and other outposts of empire, Sorea Est, comme on dit, had brought his inherited cooper’s know-how and his scientia xylologica and his sealore west to the Arathu where he not only put them to good use crafting seasalt-proof vessels for the stockage of various native New Lexican spirits exported from Portos Vecho y Novo of my Native Town (ma Ville Natale) hacia

todos los puertos del este, norte, y sur, but also, upon securing his attachment to the International Meeting of Schizomythologists and Sociophysicologists (IMSSOC), initiated (*empezó, commençait*) a longitudinal study of the brain mechanisms of naval penal, punitive, and pederastic practice(s) — as I was failing to find appropriate Francogallic correlates (the New Lexican were hard enough!) to Sorea Est's paronymous and interesting story, I was given the key to my so-called *chambre de bonne*, the code to the building's front door, and to understand that my studio meublé was on the *sixième étage*, face, and that, since I was *une connaissance de Mme Cé*, the deposit and first month's rent would be waived, and that, *en plus*, due to the chic and ample carriage of her generously elegant person preventing her (*l'empêchant*) from blessing me with her presence *au paradis de l'immeuble*, I would kindly bless hers with my *svelter*, more *lissome*, and, I must admit, devastatingly splendiferous form here in her *boutique au rez-de-chaussée au moins une fois par mois, pas plus tard que le cinq, afin de prendre du thé et de causer un peu avec elle et surtout de lui remettre, étant donné que le restant (rest? rest of what?) est dû au ressort de notre contrat oral, pourvu qu'il soit réglé en personne et en espèces (cash) le loyer (rent).*

ATHWART THE VERY MEDIAS res of the enluminures systyliques which some mnemosynical Besseloscope had caught me in the parallactic act of etching into the broad *selvages rilhadas* of Anglarès's tome éléphantastique, *Les Lamantins de la Mer Médoise* (a beastlier, shaggier work of uranothériolatry is simply hors tout chenal d'emprunt!), the agonic bada-boomtwang coming from the carrousel synchronously (simultaneously ab extra and ab intra caput meum, as it were) jabbed its triseralous skirl past my muscoli auriculares and delivered any number of sympathetic jolts to the rami musculares stowed belowdecks such that my incontinent Eleatic voyages al retrete de usos basilares might have enfadado'd the fundament of humbler mortals but to me, they were all part of the sibilant, sepulchral, almost sternutative triad of sensations (musical, micturient, marginal) that resolved into airy, *prāṇa*-pulsed lares nymphales in ipso sacrificii viaticii apparatu carminis, id est, a buxom patulous trio *d'adorat* nubile sylvestral vestals flaunting their tackle and blaring their song boxes and venereally surfing atop the theatrical templum of the pavilion at the sacrificial medoid of the serotinuous glebe. "La cuna!" the oracle herself — Aphrodite, Aseli, Ēōs, Artemis, Pórñē, Vulcana, Diana, Sucettr, Rati Dlítelnaya, Inana, Ishtar, Śukra, Psyché, Noli Sistere, et alia per nomenclatores lupanarium sciri potest — declaimed and flung this way and that, forward and back, the rowdy chiaroscuro of her bangs and supercilious brow; "la cuna gustosa y liada se cresta hadando — y estrecha estropeando," and then manhandled her complicated cornemuse

as if it were some magnificent nautch lass' utérus tors, chahuté, longeant l'atonal hochet rustique, huant sur le scat. Through all the compass of the notes it ran, and one could see the serpivotant sweat-curls [I intimated their rich pungent suint] tenuously insulcating the hot shapely shaft of her sericeous nuque as she fellated the tasty concubinage of the bourdon, gamahuching its enchanted diapason into a world-destroying climax! And again she grabbed and soliloquized into the paternal, busy, idolized, only *sārarūpa* simulacrum of acoustic puissance, "La cuna va a tatas mañana [she flicked her chin aside, pursed her lips, and nursed a short, sharp, soul-shattering strophe from that musical musette] mientras que ayer toca la andana [ditto but shorter this time] del esmero, y juega [mere riff] con la andesita de las sombras." And though tomorrow — that is, this morning, juste après l'aube — all of us, spent from our constrictive elations, will sputter and crawl, yesterday — that is, right now, this morning, juste avant l'aube — we could tune and touch and titillate the scrupulous scales of our pibroch and play right into the very andesite of semidome shadow from out of which emerged, flanking and straddling her, not the pair of revolting goons as I had indelicately fathomed in some previous dispatch, but rather a luscious gimmel of Larestani *lares rurales* plucked, like Proserpine (a sly, key goddess of our cult), from the very seral crème (think brilliant bales of *Llerasia fuliginea* bursting into shrubby blossom in the austral páramo) of the vesperal seraglio. They were, in fact, twins (as the Latin *gem(m)ae*, *gemina*, *gemel(l)orum*, *ge(m)minos*, etc. indicate) and it was as if the urbane apparatus of her, the scortatory oracle's, hebetec doodlesack — a veritable nurse's horn, lucky pail, thaleia cornus, skyphos euphoros of plenty — had borne and bore and birthed them at the crossroads of the invigilated apse (l'on y voit rites d'oie, héros à libertiner, salopes à avertir, stances d'éléates ritournelles dont il s'agit de s'y — labour notwithstanding — voir postuler naïvement ses rêveries!). Did I mention that the skirts of their frocks were hitched up past their exquisitely glairy knees, specular and seductive? And that the idiomatic concord, elysian *pivotage*, and agile shilly-shally of their virtuous clavicles and scapulae was or were like incense to the gods and food to the elative stars, orphic suns, *prelokya devinām*, a concupiscent platter of anatomically ensown *love* on which to feast one's organes aryliphoriques de perception? "La. Cu. Na! Era la luz de la voz estridente, era la lonja requerida del aire quebrado!" The

starboard nymph fingered and stroked, often in a frenzy — soit focalized, soit longitudinal — of pornographic rapidity, something like a Teslaphonic sarangi, whilst the larboard apsara diddled and struck and caressed, after dipping her tapered digits into un petit pot de tressallier belge, with tender circular motions the elastic lizardskin of a Kirliotactic kanjira connected to something like a Fresnel system of contrapuntal diffraction that extracted a stillicidal suite of synchronized, aurally spectral, satin, *drutavilambit* arpeggios in a recondite Larestani mode from a homologous virginal Sayre-like automaton — and all the while they clocked and gyred in the most alluringly vulgar of resinous, racy, streelose manners the lay flares (*girones laïques*) of their iliac crests! This binary gimmel of dark-haired stage-divas pertly, oinotropically framing my oracular sibyl sometimes fabricated, during the shy decrescendoes of the piece, a numinous chorus, as follows: “Esta cuna es mi cuña [~] Por caución, por cautela, por cautiva [~] Esta cuna es mi concha [~] Por causa, por catástrofe, por catante [~] Esta cuna es mi coño [~] Por el forjado hueco losado!” She, meanwhile, luminous recalcitrant she — she of the strident voice; she, the raucous, cherished, airy one — she, meanwhile, unskirled against the annular altar of polyrhythm construido por los pilares sincopados that they spun, a *chúvstvenny*, raw, loose, llanamente articulated succession of flashing flaring notes (the repeated imprints on the instrument’s dolichonyctic fontanels betrayed how gently but firmly she clasped them, a fact which I have marked in the text, thus, [~]). Presently, they would hand back to her, as it were, the rope of the song which she took from the top (da capo) as I frantically, desperately, reluctantly paged through my *Wörterbuch* searching for this c——, my c——, any c—— to parse for or by algo que era lo suyo, era el rayoso uréter que somehow makes the connection forged in the tiled void of the catastrophically uranized sororal gaze of the captive observer who, in the mathematical sense of that term, is utterly unable *not* to imagine the rifts and the plates and the torsions of the tesseral harmonic (an artistically apt model of the chthonic forces racking our own catoptrical glebe, that chaste verdant terraqueous glebe where some deep orogenic upthrust of a lacuna fingers and finishes off and satisfies and flashes a clean-toothed smile to an even deeper ditto) while she croons with suitable dinner-club legato and cottage-lounge understatement, “La cuna! Luna de mi vicio, fosa de la entrada. Mi seña, mi silla, mi sombra, mi sol!” Yes, here we

are. “*Obésité paradoxale*. Obésité de type gynoïde à recrudescence pré-menstruelle, avec rétention d’eau et de sel. SYN. *hydrolipopexie*, *obésité spongieuse*.” That does not, however, explain our not infrequent need to urinate (iam orinarum frequentia).

THE SLY ENSIGN whose chiselled visage and loosely tousled coiffure and tight pressed pantaloons and dangling golden coat-tassels I'd been admiring almost too vocally, in a purely textual sort of way, mind you, rather unceremoniously scuttled his iron seat over to my precious table and fell, as it were, into such a crapulous fit of fidgeting and mnemonic divestiture that it was if he was hamstrung and shackled to a veritable chaise de fer and compelled, by electric shocks to that systolic monster convulsing at the tender crux of his internal pudendal vessel's Y-node, not, alas, to lavishly misspend a late nyctotherian gambit on seducing — *tel Dionysos s'enfuyant les Nysiades afin de ravir Draupadi du fidèle sein enflé des Pāndavas même* — brave synotic me, but rather, it seemed, to squander his seamanly stipend on squealing all the bucolic secrets of an insular infancy in Lyness, a reeky, pig-infested, Trübsinn's aldea emptying its slops onto the black shores, puny, indistinct and distant, of Skye, an isle, grey, peaty, and damp up close, or *désintégré Ynyslas*, piked and teeny mid salt pans and sanddunes, or some other Goidelo-Brythonic haven of incest and insults. Hove nigh, you wandering tarsels of the text, you lexical weasels, you, and hark ye to the *argwöhnisch* parole y *kṣuvāt* dans my paraphrase of it! From out of a misty paeon's endless sky of storms and shipwrecks and shifty shattered souls there pours a yellow sleet of spartan, limp, seedy, nasty everydayness, Keltic decadence that would cause the least unread bench of the least innocent of nightcourts to gasp like a merry winsome damsel who's just smashed her head against her

puerile hoyden's spring-loaded hosel that melts all too soon into a slimy boneless morsel of crural haggis beyond rally or revival even in the context of what the aforesaid court's writ of scire facias coram nobis mandamus labels "heavy petting." Next in the fulsome series, perhaps the adjacent losel won't be immune to fifty bouts or so of buccal exchange and oscular fosterage, won't be so helpless as to fail to uphold himself syntonically arrant as she straddles him languorously sejant and plunders away sans syncope until she gets her synoptic dorsel's fill of selcouth salvage and synovial spoil and declaims the hexasyllabic syntagm of the Seleucid coda to syngamy's psalmody, "Selah selah selah!" "For are not we," my schamlos, raunchy, kepi-spined interlocutor winked and grimaced and wagged his citation's source (a well-probed manual of algolagnic morphology entitled, in the original, *Das Wachstum als Schwung und Schwund* [*La Croissance comme Fougue et Décadence*], but rendered, in this instance, into whatever sham Cimmerian our man happened to be spicing his louche loquacity with), "are not we synaesthetes in the know? We synadelphiles of physiological syllepsis, we somnolent sailors of synteretic seas!" He managed somehow to both pet my exposed patte écrivassière and lift his sutrogenic philtre to his enchanting bardic lips, while continuing to clutch and indolently wave his allusive crutch in the less nimble of his forelimbs before burping, spitting, swallowing, and resuming his volley, thus: "Myn Spielsack hor und keil sorn auch Psychose — sa kupyn rilig, sa ulócs yn Phirke!" ("My doodlesack throats and gargles, deep as any psychosis — too hoarsely? not when you're in the mountains!" — Doppelsinnig *hommage*, no doubt, to the synchronous carrousel onstage which continued to churn like graceful waves breaking against the swank shores, più Clymenesque than Clytemnestral, of some intangible island of music and dance where the Arlesian drossels' playful ecstatic emmeleia was so fiendishly choreographed, in fact, that it was as if the motor of their sensual synchrony was composed, not of myosin and actin and the myelinated spans of their axons, but rather the torsels, joists, cogs, and calks of some sort of daemonic terpsichorean selsyn which latter, as Ms. Roe notes on page 169 of *A Splined Amnesty*, "is a sort of analog computer in that it transfers angular rotation from one power source to another.") "Yk pare ny Geissel glaren, yíe spekys y pa Lyres geken is." ("En ce *devakhal* n'y puisse croire, moi [as for me, I could only believe in a wily chthonic deity], ke

s'il y sé gyрэ an piken Style [sharp, silky, unescorted 'skein-style' (that he) knew how to 'gyrate'"]"). The receptive nuclei ever alert beneath my medullary kilt sensed a collapsed tiny seam *nervurant tout d'un coup* the empassmed lapse in Tyndall's effect that one observes when the subtle azure sulcus in reality's dusty skein elastically cleaves in two at dusk or dawn, but more in the manner, say, of digression-drunk, shy, coarse, pliant Montaigne discussing how elusive honesty links earnest modesty's *kleines Wertes* ("petite vertu") with elliptical majesty's *linker Seite* ("brisure à senestre"), than of tipsy lame Dante insisting on the veracity of his memory each time he returns from the bucolic twinkly shore — scaupered, lacustrine, shaky, scopulous — of an epileptic fugue, so that the sleazy seaman split endearingly into an insidiously charming, vulgar prude, on the one hand, and an effusively manic, scholarly lecher, on the other. Pourquoi pas, donc, ne pas s'y profiter d'un anatomical double entendre? Alors, j'y vais! When this lone voyager (Reisender) returned (*aufzuwachen vorsetzt*) from the bucolic *recrete* (Stunde) au rebut d'Ecadence, he and his chair and his long hair and his battered book and his insanely good looks and his synthetic watery Cumbro-Welsh Weltanschauung où le motif (Anlass) universel s'y nage, s'y narre, s'y néantit, et s'y nuit corps et âmes (Leiber und Animi [*somata qua psychae*]) for all I know dans le type (Typ) particulier were gone sans any discernible trace or residual criterion of his ever having been there at all.

§ 15 | Alien

TOUT AU LONG de that inalienable fistful of inaugural days of mon séjour chez el Instituto de Lexical Ecology (ILE), Owlstain, I was able to accelerate the adaptive effects of intense lexical estrangement (ILE) by linking up, en liant mot à mot, moi à moi, as it were, the three laws of psychurgic induction (PI) I had initially investigated in See Law's lab in Barrio Ilena, viz., 1) stress induces alarm, 2) alarm induces psychomachy, 3) psychomachy induces psychorrhagy, with the sense of l'inquiétante étrangeté (perturbed, horrid, disquietening strangeness) that any alien voyager experiences upon debarking in a foreign land. Where, for instance, and when, would I be privy to the apparently anomalous opportunity of thoroughly easing my bladder in some secluded space? The Ilésians, if I may be allowed to call them that, were there on the wharf, waiting to whisk us conferees off to Château Methuen for a cyclone of conviviality that seemed to accelerate in direct proportion to the increasing tension on my expanding musculus detrusor vesicae urinariae. Back on Astarte's side of the Arathu, the building in that part of Ilena where See Law had established her laboratory for psychophysical investigation (PI) and where I functioned as an unpaid stagiaire, did not lack for cuartos pequeños para encerrarse y rumiar parmi las tazas y colillas (only with the fiercest disgust can I pronounce that foul, spiciform, restive *puñal* of a palabra, that tawny, soggy insult, "inodoro"). Yet here in Owlstain, all my inquiries — angry, lackadaisical, idly enserrées, or finely rasgueadas à la main lisse, ovale, et aussi minable que maligne y sar-

rosa tour à tour — concerning l’emplacement et la disponibilité des toilettes, des lavabos, des cabinets, des petits espaces, des bidets *paludnikh*, des cuvettes for lonely ladies, des WC à l’étain à ton aise, voire des chiottes même, had blundered against a derisive farrago (yes, in Flouziana they use that term) of Flouzianian mockery that I parsed not at all [que je n’ai pas du tout pigé] and that drained and distorted me like a tormal parasite leeching all (and I mean all!) the effulgent ichor from a harlequin’s sneaky grey lips, exasperated, etiolated, unpis’d (*sic*), split, and deuced to taenial anonymity. Even the adjacent public school whose cloistered grounds abutted our research establishment was replete with cuartos de baños y retretes y aseos y gabinetes und so weiter. Often, as I gave free rein to my maverick psyche whilst my clepsydrical soma obeyed its program of ritual extravasation, I heard the intramural voices of master and pupil, or pupil and pupil, or master and mistress, or mistress and pupil, or master and mistress and pupil, or pupil solus, and so on, insinuating the half-grotesque, half-humorous masks of their insular insults a través del muro compartido, and, with ablutions complete, as I drew up the psychic elastic of my culottes and rebuttoned my somatic slacks, I realized that I was shocked that the school where my mentor had received her liberal elementary and secondary education had fallen under the alien spell (li ha sonneccchiato sulle voci minchioni (a shellacking) of credulous voices whose overlapping (sovrapposti) religious overtones were utterly impervious to the salient teachings of the establishment on the other side (our side!) of the wall) della muraglia). I had believed us insulated from their overawing influence, but as I listened to the abismos (gouffres) of desaliento (désespoir) those raucous larynges of prejudice consigned us to, was there some slim chance, algunas pequeñas posibilidades, en fait, of their being, not only aware of, but actually genuinely interested in — the better to denounce, as it were — the detailed, rigorous, fruitful, and ever-evolving research we investigators of psychicterical phenomena, we experimenters of animal ontalgia, were conducting? Such provincial Ilenian sentiments, I must hasten to add, would be altogether alien to the enlightened scientific instincts of the heterogeneous cosmopolitan *milieu* of the port of my debarkation, namely, Owlstain, as well as the purpose of my visit, to attend and participate in (assister à), la Conférence Translexique chez l’Institut d’Écologie Lexicale. All I recall of that long afternoon and even longer evening of the event’s exigent *fête*

de l'ouverture is an intense splanchnic slash of pelvic pain cutting through the cocktails and the conversation like an interminable, sempiternally frozen and unrelentingly engorged flash of lightning, to be relieved only by the indesinent eviscerating thunder of the shuddering spasme soliviantando that finally shook my spare sacrum as I squatted and squinted to spurt forth in a sputtering spume the at first (d'abord) slightly stuck and stinging, but suddenly, stupendously, gloriously sinuous and sigmoid flowing form of my alien urine in the latchless grotto whose rattan portal I had eventually discovered after a frantic circular inquest of the postprandial precincts and a tangential interpellation of the cacchinative chiromantic coterie whose incessant translexical vivacity seemed to stop at precisely the moment I started. To flush in that swamp-oak-hollow of an apparently purely decorative double-vé-cé seemed as alien as a whale crowning and spouting in a solemn woodland pond, and so I desisted. And yet here in Lutèce, the megavessied Franks whose quiet debonair faces seem alien alike to sympathy and surprise, seem to piss even less than their antic garrulous Tetrastic cousins! The intense solitude of psychorrhagy, by the way, does not necessarily entail being deprived of, say, the sunlight and poplars of social intercourse (witness the sleazy seclusion within which I found solace, *supra*), nor imply any dearth of the loose-lipped supply of readymade words natively poised and typically demanded by ditto, but, behind the rosy, gold-dusted veil of congenial alienation (*idem*), may rather indicate a state of being divinely alone with the pulsating delights of one's own fantastic consciousness. Each morning, for instance, during my spell there, I encountered my raw crapulous psyche and my tousled naked soma entangled in a sort of dortoir, dyspneal, violated, and engaged in a macaronic ambiloquy of an irate irreverent rêve sombrado e impotente; neither recalled having pierced, with the strapped-on, civil-enough — though sacral, rude, zany — olisbos of Hypnos, the incestuous hymen of secular, solid, azure Nyx, nor did I remember at any time between nightcap and dawn having doffed my vestments and dived (dove? diven?) patulous and sanguinary beneath the satin-weave waves of waking. This just proves how little sense our lives make — how alien, in fact, they appear to us — once we try to pin them with common words, actinal utterances, récits du *tantra-lekhakapramāda*. On which day, for instance, did I present (accent on the second syllable) my paper sur les “Plagiats intentionnels (PI) et plagiats

involontaires (PI)”? An adumbration of the “comptes rendus” in the relevant number of ILE’s burly organe titulaire, *Translexicalia*, should suffice to inform the curious. Parmi les plagiats involontaires (PI), per ejemplo, I bravely admitted that, at times, it seems as if the intuitory, garbled chicanes haillonneuses of my own dusky, husky, musky *parole schince* I come across in, e.g., the salient tract du rédacteur *de cui loquimur*, i.e., Maisel Bénatrou, sibyl dénaturé, exemple d’écrivain poncif, are actually the spoor of my own intense divastigation of his or her vie(s), dira-t-on, polymorphe(s), stichomantically percolating and distilling somehow within (dans) the gouty *rein bartlebyesque*, so to speak, of my cenelexical biplagiorum involutorum. J’y lis Bénatrou directement, et il me semble qu’il m’y lit, Bénatrou, gratuitement, such that “les événements que j’y lis parodient voluptueusement des répliques d’histoires déjà rêvées, banalisées et même vécues par moi, recomposés avec des mots qui ne sont que les calques grimaçants du papyrus (koinè schlüpp-frig) de mon pur rêve talismanique, de la tablette envasée, tuilée de l’argile de ma propre vie” (*op. cit.*). As for les plagiats intentionnels (PI), I pondered (je songeait) the possibility of whether each clitalytical instar (exemplaire clitalytique) of my promiscuously textual machinery could bespeak a nail, a pawl, a bolt, a rivet (est-ce que je devrais river le clou?) which I stave into the sheer precipice (précipice) of the oak-panelled canon in order to cling there (afin de s’y cramponner), holding fast to a fibrous two-ply twist of consonants and vowels as I lean my suave entêté élite body’s furacious sylph-ranked *poids fourbe* into the friable anile granite and, compelled by the venal moisissure y bordant le suiffeux talus cintré d’artifices plumitifs, pilfer the surplus tanière morveuse of its incubating couvée littéraire, snatch from “les livres oubliés” of futurity’s nests the schizomythic seeds of my own cinelexical biplectic *op. cit.* of frisky turbinate glorious glossopoiesis, sleek panegyry of self composed with the prodigal nib — seismic, senimal, *svóistvennīm* — of my own Stresemann 929? As I have insinuated throughout the vulpine lexical body of this dispatch, from its rostrum (*supra*) to its caudum (*infra*), the psychomachic cavorting beneath the oneiric membrane of translexicalia must have worked wonders, because by the fifth and final morning of the conference, my psyche was able to dictate the fluid Flouzianian idiom from its throne in my royal *for intérieur* as fluently (avec tant de facilité) as my soma was able to compose simple words, buoyant leisurely

phrases, lucky noix choisies de sentences intactas in said lingo with the aid of several dictionaries (rhyming, synonymous, encyclopaedic, etc.) and a selection of grammatical cribs. I translate as follows: My soma was scheduled to board the yawl for Porto Vecho via the Far Gimmals (les Îles Jumelles); my psyche, however, saw See Law's svelte lab-legs poking from beneath the hem of her embroidered Siuslaw A-line like a risible pair of heavy walking sticks: their formerly desirable lineaments appeared, to my translexicized conarium, to be minatory, monitory, alien, and mean. Besides, concerned as it was with pain, priority, and, por ejemplo, schizothymia, rather than plagiary, poetry, and, par exemple, schizomythia, I now found the research program I had pursued in See Law's lab to be as disturbingly alien and anile as the local lore of some recidivist tradition of palest Appalachia. I skipped ship (sauté la barque) and attached myself to ILE in Owlstain. O, Owlstain, ville des étangs étranges! Est-ce que la réalité ne correspond pas aux splendeurs du rêve? O, Owlstain, city of alien encounters! Your name has enchanted me since the pulverulent days and redundant months and wildly disjunctive years of my improbably bifid pubescence when I was a puny moccasined child of alien maternity and doubtful paternity! The name *Owlstain*, then, struck my organs of audition with almost as much force and captivating charm as that of la ciudad donde, como imago, vivo en este momento: *Lutèce*. O, Lutèce, ville de l'étain éteint! Est-ce que l'on éprouve une cruelle déception quand, après bien des soucis et des fatigues, le voyageur aliéné, l'étranger inquiet arrive(nt) au terme de son voyage? O, Lutèce — Enough! Better lexical ecologists than I have conjured with (*vid. supra*) that connivent parole surmontée à la queue leu leu. From which it follows that, although the occasional alienation of my factitious biography (ma biographie factice) may perhaps accelerate the alienation of my fictile art of *autobiography* (mon art fictile d'autobiographie), I do not, for that reason, believe that I am an alienated city-dweller fated to sustain a nonchalant, sluggish, lukewarm, perhaps even frigid response to the countryside's repeated attempts to woo us. For it has ever been my intensest intention to taste, among the tethered pack animals and dangling lianes of rutilant garlic in some rude suburban pulperia in an obscure lane of New Lexica, for example, the vernile ale of lived reality; and no clumsy part would I be merely playing were I to squat on my heels and lean against the wattle-and-daub wall of a fortified hamlet in

Nova Hamiltonia, for instance, to sip the rancid steaming saline elain from an intricately carved, unexpectedly cumbrous basswood bowl, and, as I hefted the container of oily liquid to my lips, I would recall those verses of Roussel's wherein things prejudged lighter or heavier than they are, dumfound us with their unforeseen alien tare:

En buvant, le gracile gobelet vaillant
Nous accable comme une alinéa saillant;
De nos mains sursaute le cailloux pondéreux,
Fin géode volant sur l'aile de son creux.

I would like to insert here the exergue of my graphomaniac animus: Pero, nulla dies sine linea, ni hiver enneigé sans laine.

§ 16 | Accelerate

IT IS NO SECRET that a tale told by means of accreting the textual cuttings and acetal cerebrations of a mere scribbler of the sublunary junctures of perceived reality (*prakṛti*) tends to be alien to the sorts of devices your authors of compact works of plotted potted fiction (*kathāprabandha*) employ to accelerate and accentuate the linear progress of a story. When the author of fiction, for instance, se despierta muy temprano por la mañana, shaves with alacrity, apparels himself in the grosgrain moiré d'un smoking which no mere enlisted man's pay could suffice to have had tailored let alone been equal to the cost of the bespoke calendered cloth used to make it, grabs hold of the hoop and mandrel, the very peritrochium of the powerful modern racecar (that glorified wheelchair, that self-propelled fauteuil roulant!) of rising action and, impelled by the unbridled industrial destriers of erectile romance, speeds off to relate his electric story with as much unabashed celerity as possible, only to crash and explode against the climactic arête, leaving the dénouement mortally pierced par un éclat acéré, and he, the four-wheeled Phaëton, the hapless hasty Hermes, bruised and bleeding in some sidetrack of Helios' iodate arena, looks on Erato's halide œillade and Eos' ammine auréole as the glamorous gimbals of the civière of his salvation, only to catch a final glimpse of his telescoped death-yowl in the scintillating yellow steel reflection of the two-fisted Sapphic scimitar that delivers him to eternity (note how the author precipitated the falling action out of the climax with the aid of the parallaxtic refraction of the paronomastic epanaphoric dy-

ad, “only to crash...” and “only to catch...” — we meanwhile, we noctambulant escritores de la palabra ensayística are typically still gomphotically ensconced in the goetic calèche of our gossamer-petalled cama (*Chlorogalum leichtlinii* Baker, 1874), dreaming the old-fashioned schizomythic saunterings and saltations that some fourteen *éarañas* of bipedal evolution have worked, not just into our muscular and skeletal anatomy, but into the myelinated spans of axons stretching, via the cerebellum and the medulla oblongata, from our motor cortices to our pollex and our hallux. Did not Otley Welles write (*Solle y Welte*, p. 34), “Nur die *ergangenen* Gefahren haben Wette [Seules les perils qui nous viennent *en marchant* doivent être paris]”? Au bout d’un gras matin au lit érudit, we strut forth on our foveate ambles of the afternoon, adopting the leisurely, perhaps even anodyne cadence of itinerant *ideorhesaleotia* that allows us to trace in the industrious calepin of lexical ecology the deceptive cadences of the various incidental encounters that befall us on the sinuous chemins du Bois de Boulogne. For we lexical ecologists are, to borrow the terminology of Marten Hesse — “Elle reste, cela que l’on trace; mais ce que l’on crée, éclate” (*Steen’s Harem*, Masse-Herten, 1997, p. 267) — watchers and transcribers, perhaps even derivers and acquirers, but never creators, of traces — the merest ashen fluff of larch pollen, for instance, adhering to the ceraceous terrace-cobbles of a Flemish bistrot écarté dans le Bois — and unlike your fracktailed stokers and dealers of fantastic tales (je pense, par hasard, à un roman sociophysiologique écrit à l’AMI en M [at the Appalachian Mental Institution in Mastersheen] par un auteur hétérognomique et qui s’intitule quelque chose comme *My Nine Dampest Lays Innately Spasmed*), we renounce masks and mystifications and disown those slick, tactical, jealous fabrications the solemn aim of which is simply to keep the uninitiated ignorant of the mundane machinery occulted within the ostensibly miraculous act of recalcing the discalced sans cuire ni clou. An attempt, furthermore, at a description of that peculiar particulate cloud I espied funneling up into the crepuscular ramage from an acervate termite nest as I encroached upon the peritrema of that curious clearing in the Bois, for example, accompanied by the convivial music of whistles and shrieks as late swallows and early bats feasted on the alate swarm, is more apt, under the dilatory nib (I abhor the sciurine staccato of teclastic dactylographs) of a pliant polyrhythmic rubato shifting constantly between the saccadic

sfrecciando of scissungual sarangi slides and the crepitant ritardando of the kanjira frappé against the involuted harlequin counterpoint of fairy lights of canary yellow, steel blue, bottle green, and aposematic scarlet, to bourgeon and ramify into a multifarious caecal tree of seemingly commonplace treacle clogging and fouling the textual rigging with the literary equivalent of *coitus interruptus* than it is to create a lacework celature of trenchant invention of a species with that which the legendary whaler of ancient Acre concocted avec sa sibylline voix cadencée afin de cacher ou receler ou faire taire the Cretaceous cachalot in his celestial creel. “Attempt” is the bon mot, for we are essayists, nous autres écrivassiers de tout ce qui nous arrive, and the art of the essay is a mne-monoclastic art — the humble, rustic, iterative, comprehensive process of unread revelation, for knowledge (*jñāna*) is revelation (*pramāṇa*) of our own self (*ātman*) within which the pendular duel between matter (*pudgala*, *bhautika*) and Mnemosyne (*smara*, *smṛti*, *smārta*) naturally chooses to parry the yataghan of action with the claymore of a citation here and there, i.e., to aerate the erudite text with a bit of homespun reading! — and we break our recalcitrant mémoires revêches with the brank of le vécu: more ancient than consciousness, that atavistic scolding-bridle is exactly the opposite of the abstersive fetters your morose faiseurs de vers employ to tame their ontalgia, for, as we recoil, like some hypersensate hermaphrodite cringing devant the calcareous harpoon of the Liliputian limacolept, the demented snail-spayer who would wound and woo it, from the supercilious scorn of all the semen-haters of all the sil-lons, ruelles, traboules, et sentiers of Lesbos as well as the shame, resentment, and stigmata of one’s own rathe menses, our task is not to decry fate, but to bear, comme celui qui a dit, “*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*,” our psychomachy with wanton, heteroclite, incontinent, and though not necessarily silent, at least uncensorious equanimity. As our favorite ontonatologist concluded his *Luftig-Pfeilschriftige Abbildung*, “Man muss dieser Säume überwinden, anders sitzen sie unsinnlich seine Wörter verrückt. Wo man nicht *spren kann, da muss man schwimmen. (One must surmount these selvages, or else one’s words εἴται ἡλεόι [encamp insanely destitute of sense]. Where one cannot *, there one must swim.)” [*NB: The most likely candidates to emend this uncorrected printer’s coquille are: sparen, ‘save’; spuren, ‘conform’; spüren, ‘feel’; slightly less likely are: sperren, ‘condemn’ and sprechen, ‘speak’; the

majority of contemporary ontonatologists rule out spreizen, ‘straddle’; sprenkeln, ‘dapple’; sprießen, ‘sprout’; sprinten; spritzen; sprudeln; usw. — although a not insignificant minority, arguing from internal evidence which regards the lithe mortise of form and the pliant tenon of content as a synadelphic syntagm inextricably locked together and rhythmically engaged in complementary movements that accelerate and mutually enhance each other to the point at which the semantic ejaculate of the text literally “leaps out” (springt) at, and virtually “explodes” (springt) in, the reader’s face, opt for springen, ‘jump, skip, sauter, saltar’ (why sprengen, ‘burst’, should be ruled out here is not clear).] Turning back to the astromantic theme, likewise, rather than searching for some magical formula that would enable your assiduous authors of fiction to join that heroic club of divine assassins by slaying, à l’aide du lacet acéré d’un astéroïde, par exemple, la chimère lacertienne se lovant dans la Voie Lactée, we strolling minstrels and amanuenses of the real (le réel) strive, like marmosets venturing out onto the bucolic maidan to harvest the fine gramineous fruits of the season, to pluck and savor events and situations, secreting some in our cheek-pouches to meet the proximate needs of quotidian digestion, but hoarding most of them in the atoll-like lair of our ultimate enchiridia, où, par reliant chaque graine d’expérience à d’autres qui lui ressemblent, we lynx-eyed text-rats construct a heterolexical constellation of contingent percepts and inconclusive presentiments in the reticulated strata of the mnemonoclastic midden of fiches bristol et feuilles de chou: certain nourishment amidst futurity’s random brumal tempests that never cease to accelerate and tourbillonner in direct proportion to the number of warm waxy malleable seeds of text we accrue, or, to condense the matter into a homely *tele slow* (*corpus verborum*) which even the latest, friendliest penman says yes to as readily as the earliest ἀοιδός *alienus*: “A faute de memoire naturelle j’en forge de papier.”

IMAGINE ME OF A MORNING ensheathing my svelte jambes in a pair of high-heeled, vair-soled, pointy-toed, and sable-banded doe-skin gambadoes and, entablé(e) par le céladon ange spondylique of my duo-sex *mutande oriri ex sudore tenebrosa putrida*, as it were, descending l'escalier de l'immeuble sis au numéro onze de la rue d'os Pollastres, not with the decrescendoed basal banter and all too glibly eerie, recédé *coro ecuménico* of cancrine diffidence, but with the fortissima, desultory, bindlestiffishly *unstaid* breloque, riot-sized stridor aneurysmaticus as evoked, for instance, in the avid scholar's Zeliony-duralized ostrich, alcoolisé rhea, side-tracked cassowary, or other abused ratite, as well as the iterative bravado essential to those emulous tenants who'd fain, motu proprios, perdure, like the eye-blain and ear-blight of foveocochlearly kerf-siloed innuendoes, in the minds of his or her *voisins*. For my part, I imagined them trying to discern, athwart their indignant ears' osteitic dingdong and à travers the ocular pinch d'un œil de bœuf, the sprightly warm-nosed *doe* that has just gambolled, telle cette biche dansant sur les fleurs de cerisier jetées sur the encarnadine field of my kimono, ever so slightly abaft the palier — not a few snatched open their chaste doors to impugn me, like trembling Aphrodite caught in the act of sucking Ares' toes or, par contre, that rasse-toed, fitch-fingered, ferret-faced espèce d'errant quolibet, Œdipus, tantrically entangled with cow-eyed Jocasta, in the gibbet of their iniquitous headlights. But no ambuscadoed doer of wrongs done rightly or totally (un)pissed wooer deorum was I (nor need I

atone doltishly for (not) being (n)either)! Instead of fawning like a prowling dog or apologizing like an Horatian ass, I would smile like the suave cervid ænophile that I was and am, deliver my susurrant “Bon jour, meussieudame [whichever the case may have been — not uncommonly was it both],” and with the deftly strapped-on, “Merci, adieu!” of an afterthought, slip off the moralistic noose and charge down the six-flight funnel of the staircase like a band of clamorous desperadoes absconding into the forest. Or, to put it less broadly, I burst enfin out through la porte d’entrée de la maison and annealed loudly, thus, my explosive exodus into the soredial *e* (絵) I so love tipsily and/or soberly daunting and taunting from the Chicken-Lane lado de este *ukiyo* (浮世), often to click-clack les cent pas Butte-ward up to the superdomiciliary telos of my preprandial, cervine, opportunistic fugue, to wit, the double-pierced embrasures of the “Café des Dos Péru,” there to glue myself into the estival crux of ein *Book der Something-or-Other* écrit par ou sur ou selon Beyle, par exemple, and yield (me livrais-je), with the ruminative assistance of deux ou trois coups de café-calva, to the catchpenny dadoes, pongid dodges, and pony-necked dildoes of the Stendhalian ode’s toy privileging of the roseate seductions of blank, sober, odorless, and resolutely tone-deaf prose, dimly described by Tessa Roe as an “umbrose estancia of retrorse aesthetics.” To by sly ruse obtain, deft rumor sordidly revel in and coppice to the supple, provined, ancipital *déviance* in proportion to my catamenial, evinced *propension du jour* anent the rude spoils the aforementioned morose estaminet promised to yield to me (me livrer) if I ever manage to write out, read in, step brashly away from, or simply out-ride narrow-mindedly — no matter how inept, robust, dérapé, or indurate the effort be — this run-on field of rêverie infiniment fendue, I first had to pass by, not without a certain unoled frisson of coquettishly gamine yet most urbane trepidation, la petite chapelle of Mme. Soréa’s établissement punais — thiose, redolent, cloacal with the acrid, écorcé *érèbe* de quelque porcine viande placentaire “maturing” in a sliver of sunlight on the hothouse windowsill until it attain a sufficient rancidness to promote it to a solid oesophagus-clogging chunk of le grand déjeuner’s grasse farce, cire rodée au brulis, adyton encensé au nasturce *id animo soli deo*, rotten pubes radically dépilés in a dry *voto ex purgatorio* of *tonsae bipes* and *torturae ab delta* an besonderes geschlechtliche Handlungen, et des cheveux rôtis, iodés à héler n’importe quel traîneur

dodu qui vadrouille *zsárnyatlan* par les *utcákkal*, fricassés et fricotés pour biter dans le corps à corps perdu à l'avance, c'est-à-dire, *tordus* for mercenary reasons, *mordus* for reticular purposes, *tendus* for *inliberalibus causis*, and *vendus* for *inlicitis fructibus*. Ever fearful of that officious beautician's penchant for proprietorial interpellation, I tried to time my labdacian evasions so as to coincide with the hour the roly-poly Venus' blandiloquous *autel* was most inundated par ses fidèles badaudes, so that, even if the oversized otiose sow spied me, she'd be pinioned, verplachtete, und slovenly abpölend her band of devoted gorets, blind yaupers, and credulous braid-yentas whilst they suckled the adipose wisdom of her polypleionipped, cavernous, predatory, beaded invariably with the heady burnt soil and ash-powdered sweat of her streetwise spodomantic breasts' oestromaniacal flux, typically, that is, vers onze heures. I shall conclude this brief travelogue in the manner of a famous ambulatory *aède* dibbling his *haibun* (俳文) tropes' detritus all over the lutarious, blendy pitch of the 時代の江戸 (*Jidai no Edo*):

Did she cognize or
distinguish a lone eland
parmi damine crowds,
i.e., su vecina de
mirobolante *doe*?
Strewed, profuse blossoms:
gercé or de cerise.

A girlishly sincere “ceri d'ore” (golden cherry, bigarreau), that is, “popped” (*violé*) in Cranach Elder's classic veiled “porn” painting is how a certain *dream coinquinatum* might picture it.

AFFECTIONATELY NICK-NAMED “Café de l’Os Perdu” by the more obese elements of its resident pègre (petty smugglers, displaced rebels, ablegated invert, outcasts, prudes, dopers, touts, poets, and whatnot), owing to the rib the Chicken Street aperture invariably extorts from the gross inert robots during their brutal systolic metathesis — a sentiment I naturally find a trifle too coarse for my aciculate ears, as my exquisitely leste, wölfinisch form, though gravid with textual apparatus, habitually leaps with ease through the embrasure, and the frétillement of my agile tail even manages de temps en temps to wag in through the ample tare la fraîcheur d’automne — and “Café de los Puritos” by the virtuous homunculi accustomed to winking in through the desmosome opposite, I mean the one that regulates the efferent and afferent flow of bibulosity between Myrrh Alley and the fuliginous gold-and-crimson cytode within, and not the soupirail through which one plummets afin d’accéder au cellier, à la soute à l’ordure, au bureau des propriétaires et à tout le dédale des boyaux karstiques ingeniously subtending les viscères de Paris — le Café des Dos Péru is bisected du nord au sud, more or less, by a copper comptoir graced at either end by the brass figures of, respectively, the *moche* Moche goddess of the grisly pandemian estuaries in the northeast of that schismatic país cortado en deux and l’*effroyable* Tihuanacan goddess of the steamy pinelands to the south, and boasts of a “salle à l’étage,” une véritable chambre rotatoire de rôtis garnis et breuvages de toutes sortes, to which one mounts via un escalier à colimaçon. My habit

was not to shinny thither until my depurative dose of calvados and café noir, bis vel ter horaque semis, taken at a small table près de la trappe whilst I pored over the day's chosen opuses in pursuit of allusory props for my mnemonoclastic project, had sent the dour, obdurate pessimist of these boursoüflées elevenses clattering cellarward, there to wrestle with chthonic shame until there reemerged from that cloacal chrysalid the accommodatngly well-read, reassured optimist whose notorious and altogether charming disregard for distinctions of gender pendant l'heure d'apéro had compelled certain convives (in particular those whose desperate mantle I'd synapsed my tightly pursed, double-barrelled pallium with or wanted to) to flirtatiously redub our establishment "Le Café Du Prose [sic]" in honor of the innocent riposte I'd parried the rustic icepick hurled at my industrious dos by Pedro El Submarinero, a seaman, spindly et sale, posing as the whole rude posse's (the already mentioned *pègre*'s) literary henchman: "Mais qu'est-ce que tu y fiches-là avec ce scribousillage de bordel?" "Mais, je lis et j'écris du prose [sic]." (Desde este momento, su poder pudo ser entre mis manos.) Après des copieuses rasades de bière ou de vin sec ou de some sort of hypocras ou liqueur enragée ou anisée — je pense à ce que l'auteur des "Sœurs Vatarde" notait superbement des "boissons affolantes qui fouettaient la luxure des propos et faisaient piaffer les convives" ainsi qu'à ce que l'auteur d'un "Roman d'un Déserteur" pondait brillamment sur des "pauvres qui se seraient creusé les entrailles par des apéritifs de milliardaires" — au bar de cuivre, one ascended, vers une heure et demi et parmi les cinereous-liveried, surefooted, though utterly ersatz Aymaro-Quechuan servers who slithered hither and yon like hirudinean leeches or tentacular twee eels, to the "salle" to partake of more alimonious fare, typically "Le Menu Dos Péru" scribbled on a chalkboard (scribouillé sur l'ardoise). Pour entrée, trois soupes du jour varied daily in a combinatoric array according to some reconдите *procédé* of pictorial, but not, to my vomeronasal organs of perception, gustatorial, taste (material identity was also refined into absolute incognitudo): red soup, white soup, green soup; red soup, green soup, white soup; green soup, red soup, white soup; green soup, white soup, red soup; white soup, red soup, green soup; white soup, green soup, red soup. Fortunately, le plat du jour was not some insipid parmentier de cobaye or pâte à patates préservées or fausse pachamanca from the etiolated altiplatano, but something tropical and leguminous and car-

norgasmastrically (c'est, however uncharacteristic, le mot juste) pisciform from the acidic selva, vehemently seasoned with, at least, coriander (coriandre), cumin (comino), mace (macis), chilies, lime (lima), tomatoes, basil (basilic), graine de paradis (maniguette), and ginger (gingembre), and not uncommonly cooked (and served) in a banana (plaintain) leaf and accompanied by una "salsa de *piment* y nopalitos." Par contre, les trois-quarts de la semaine, on y sert comme dessert un riz au lait saupoudré de cannelle et de cardamome; les deux jours qui restent, c'était, soit une tarte à la fleur de sureau, soit une tarte dorée aux poires. Only then, with the crumbs and couverts cleared, et l'écume brune de two steaming tasses de café noir devant moi sur the ample table (they were larger "à l'étage" than au rez-de-chaussée) ainsi que mes bouquins et mes outils (after my copious notes, in fact, spilled out of the margins of, for instance, Otley Welles's *Solle y Welte* and into several boxes of fiches bristol during this postcibal orgy of textwork did not a few of my usurped ostelers take to jocularly calling our caveau, "Le Café Der Opus-Antreibt-die-Zwittrigkeit"), and the comrades del comido and consorts del almuerzo departed to make hay with wives and travail and afternoon naps, allowing one's ears, thus, to perceive the two specimens of disembodied music which had been continuously, though inaudibly, asperging in dorophonic rotation the salle's otherwise culinarily perfumed air throughout the din of the post-meridian repast: either *Ars Subtilior* by Trebor or *Neo-Nouba* by Persoud. In the former, a languorous Voice (Voix) takes a dawdling dachshund of a Lute out for a walk on a locally sinuous but globally elliptical trail (sentier) of resinous pine chips laid out by a Viola da Gamba in a riverine alpine forest of larch, spruce, poplar, lupine, and so on in which the Voice melismatically pauses to admire, say, a Golden-Eared Rock Owl (*Asio dorupes* L.) perched on a scorched conifer trunk and the Lute meanders and grumbles off into the flowering brambles where a stray Nestanian Blue (*Lampides nestanya* Strick., 1840) forages and flutters, only to be yanked back onto the path as the Voice tackles the shallow acclivity of the succeeding syllable, towards the dry undulant pinnacle of which the path inexorably, though lugubriously, leads whilst the dachshund dutifully, though ritardandically, follows until the Voice notices a damp patch of ferns (fougères) and reeds (roseaux), whereupon the Lute takes this slack opportunity to mince and maunder in the marshy gutter, only to be yanked back and so

on; in the latter, the leashed pet is a strutting sloughi d'un Oud Perse which the Voice (La Voix) struggles to keep up with along a cliff-top path of flinty pebbles and chalky shale cut (tailladé) by a Viole d'Amour of sorts in a sclerophyllous shrubland of soapbark, cactus, sage, ephedra, cashew, and etc. until the sloughi slips out of its collar and dives off in pursuit of a chamois doe that darts up and over a syncopated spur of a metamorphic Mirwas (a Maghrebi frame drum) leaving the Voice rallentando and bocca aperta on the coda-less path, with a dangling Maltese Eel of a Leash [note: not Lute] in its mano tremolando. Da capo con Trebor. Only then, as I was saying, could I (*pourrais-je*) or, in fact, could one (*podría*), d'ores et déjà, en fin et en somme, accord my- or oneself la véritable pièce de résistance, le plaisir suprême, c'est-à-dire, the supreme pleasure of puncturing with one's thumbnail the cellophane membrane of a new pack of gridded bristol cards, drawing the incisive nail along the delicate crepitant electric cleft between sleeve and socket, peeling off the translucent caul and letting it float tumbling to the floor like a discorporate Lycaenid's wing, and then retracting the lead-colored prepuce to bare the nubile lamellar faisceau de cent feuilles y fourmillant dans cet étui gris de texte potentiel, each lambent virgin leaf (105 x 148 mm) docile and complaisant, longing for the scribe's graphite-tipped or ink-runnelled fascinum to wound and scar and ray it with memory's marks, quiddity's sigil, the smudged griffonnage of sensate reception, for "telle est," according to Bergson, "précisément la nature de la douleur, effort actuel de la partie lésée pour remettre les choses en place, effort local, isolé, et par là même condamné à l'insuccès dans un organisme qui n'est plus apte qu'aux effets d'ensemble," whilst ever and anon pausing to contemplate (*contempler*) the large painting that hung on (*accrochait sur*) the dining room's eastern wall. Executed in the distinctive, awful, pseudo-realist style of none other than Lee See herself, the painting portrays a voluptuous hoyden in the act of mounting a bicycle on the banks of an alpine woodland marsh. Bulrush (*roseaux*) can be discerned, as well as emerald nettle [*Urtica dioica* L.]) bordant le cailloutis du chemin. The cut of her sporty costume — form-fitting black wool culottes and zippered maillot of Hypsous red that accentuates l'orbe trapu de chaque jeune mamelon — would seem to afford ample freedom of movement to her wholesome, benevolently wrought limbs. With her russet hands on the Y-shaped handlebars (*potence*), she stands on a small mound of gray

stone and, with the right knee bent and bare toed-in right foot just lifting off the convex lithic assistant, demurely swings her hips up and onto the seat as if, instead of wantonly straddling it, she intends, with maidenly patness, to approach it in an impossible side-saddle manner. An ovine grin adds a sort of idealistic charm to her guileless face, as if this is her second attempt to mount the velocipede, after having failed the first time, sans roche. The flaring A-shaped gap between her robust rutilant thighs reveals enough of the yellow steel frame of the modern racing machine so that one can read, in black gothic letters, le mot, “Mercian” — the well-known maker, evidently, of this conspicuously painted means of sudorific transport. In the background a small herd of fallow deer (*Dama dama* L.) is gracefully darting into the viridian conifers bordering the marsh; trailing behind, one spotted doe stands hesitating among the hay-colored reeds, looking back, its alert ears erect, its proud eyes directed toward the cyclist and the unseen companion she is smiling at. In the lower right foreground, as if carved into the gray rock under her naked feet, the painting is signed: “To my father, for his forty-first birthday. Lee See, Toeyl’s Welle.”

§ 19 | Ebeyl

PENDANT THESE UNREGRETTABLE, unquantifiable, irrefragable, and indelible years whereby my indubitable, ineffable, illimitable, and far from detestable yearnings have, malgré ma fierté lésée on occasion by the accusatory innuendoes des voisins which, on those same inconsolable occasions, frantically disturbed me to such an execrable extent that my normally imperturbable self devolved into a veritable quodlibet of vanité lésée, luxée, violée et trompée, and from that babbling elenchus, that eleatic abyss, that eleutheromaniacal maelstrom, tornadoes of temper would brew and funnel and roar and threaten to destroy, not just my enviable, and enviably affordable, eyrie embedded in the very pinnacle of the unmistakable yellow stele (stèle jaune) of a zinc-roofed, brick-and-mortared poulailler rooted in the invulnerable eyot de la Haute Barbès, but — owing to reality's transitivity — nôtre orbe terrestre elle-même (along with any hollow oaks, inscrutable yews, simple elms, pines; any tadarids, tadornins, tadpoles, eyas that might nest or roost or vegetate or stagnate therein and thereupon) — my indefatigable yearnings, as I was saying, during these années élevées au-dessus des banales sottises that your average irrepressibly ebullient Ebulian from Yèbles would commit en jouant du billard dans quelque estaminet — splayed, snoring, comfortably drunk, and affably buggered — et, les jours suivants, be utterly unable to fathom the cause of the cattleya-like bloom of piles hereupon gibbeting the predormitive raptures that heretofore had bejeweled with opal, emerald, ruby, onyx, sapphire, topaz, garnet, and pearl his other-

wise dark and dismal abode — my indefeasible yearnings have been able, that is, not just to “see elegance in a beggar’s hobble; feel seemly in the middle of a highway,” but to clutch the very pigtail of existence, [reviewers: start servile call-out] and all this [including her gift of Bror-te Etrorb’s *Hebe y Láquesis* — muchas gracias!], grâce à Lee See’s admirable eleemosynary instincts and charitable connections that radiate out from her lebendig Alpine hamlet of Toeyl’s Welle to all parts of the grateful globe [end obsequious call-out], via, it sometimes seems, her laboriously scumbled paintings of bucks, does, and all the instars of self from waifish girlchild to womanly imago that reproduce like ineradicable vermin in the most unremarkable of bistrots, refectories, cenacles, travel agents’ offices, furnished chambres de bonne, and hotel boudoirs — which is to say that, during (pendant, durante, mientras, schwebend) the years I have turned my hand to the satisfaction of my immediate yearnings in more or less fulsome company, I have not interrupted my more noumenal pursuits. For instance, on page 342 of Robert Doe’s *Inmates’ Endplays*, the author seems to imply that the “key” to a beau parleur’s “bavardage” is a sort of “quiet bégaïement” originating in the left hemisphere that haltingly, though incontinently, “drives” the flow of discourse “like an underscream [*¿?*] of silt deposited in layers on the bed of the stream of speech” such that, for example, today’s “formal town rhetoric” is instantly “reprit et rappelé” in tomorrow night’s “casual country palaver.” Note that I have notched into the implacable author’s unflappably beetle-browed frons, the textual sneer of my own falcate supercilia.

§ 20 | Ecadence

THERE I WAS, SITTING in profile on the wrought-iron terrace of Ecadence, cet estaminet belge situated au beau milieu (“en vero medio,” comme nous avons l’habitude de dire [como solemos decir] dans mon idiome maternel) of the singularly criss-cross glèbe du Bois, my shapely legs crossed like those of a relaxed painter indirectly acceding to the sociophysiological effects of the inspiration caused, as it were, by the dusty feet and slender arms and thin bare shoulders of the damsels, nymphets, naïads, maenads, nereids, and sylphs performing their eccentric limping dance of servitude among the international clientele as well as taking in direct sensory qualia (for thus do the concentric epicyclic radii of fate and sensation conspire to construct the unique medoid of incidents and excitations [*Erlebnissen und Erregungen*] we call “self” [Fr. Nietzsche, *Aurore*, § 117]) from the lustrous clustered cadences of the dodecaphonic trinity — two exhilaratingly robust apsaras damp from exertion cradling in their silky glow (their retinal presence “pinging,” as it were, against the very threshold of the sonic aura decanted from the bosky roral air of the season and the place: autumn, the wilds of western Lutèce) the trembling radiant lacuna of la créole Oracle plus belle que toutes les autres — my viscera were noncely nonchalant, cavalier même, and the delicious admixture of solanine, humulene, huile, et sel synthesizing in my omentum infused my senses with an aculeate clarity unknown to the abstemious such that I was able to pluck from the raked sand of rhythm and melody choice chordal pebbles as if I were an allur-

ingly intact bairn of eleven lying prone on a plage de la mer Médoise, and within the perfect focal excision of my acne-free, beetle-browed loveliness, the brooding scope of my dramatic island of conspicuous attention (which excludes from its purview anything adult and maculated and posing suggestively supine, anything lame and lusty and starkly smirking like some blighted and prematurely elderly sufferer of Russel Syndrome) I can will the umbral gradations of dune and canebrake to accelerate and swarm like hail-pocked termite mounds, the solar blur of trough and spume tarry like so many abstract replicas in acerate celadon of wave and star — and amidst this treasure trove of polyrhythm wherein the preterite pulses impeccably both to furnish and adorn the intricately wrought decor of precious gems and ardently sought metals embedded in and enfolding the flaming nimbus of the present and the niter-flash of the instant and they in turn emboss, emblazon, bespangle and become the chirographic breloque of immediacy in which I writhe and write and wander all over the tympanic portolan of my silent lonely oak or marble or in this case wrought-iron tabletop “où toute phrase écrite devient oracle” (*op. cit.*, § 3.33), and for some reason the naked wreck of the decayed machinery of the ritual of exchange (the wanton transactional flow of which some scholars have attempted to corral with a physiological trope whilst others have excavated the sacrality inhering in even the basest commodity — from its punctured carcass doth the divine vagitus wheedle and wheeze) dimly rusting in the peripheral weeds begins to throb and rise like an armless, wigless, chocolate statue come to life — nearer and nearer the meteoritic automaton approaches from the working entrance of Ecadence: a reanimated tailor’s doll, a rampant mucrocephalic sport lapping at the fetid dregs of life and sulkily bent on laboriously eclipsing the exquisite lacuna of expectation (few conjunctions are as voluptuously succulent as a virginal glass of aged rhum rouge et le sang céleste du soleil levant) in the glorious glebe where the immaculate nacre-clothed oracle did prance and sing in the bridal veil of dawn — “Mais qu’est-ce que c’est que ça que cette *béléga*?” [On craint toujours que le croate universel n’y s’empare entièrement de la merderie française.] “Tu veux que je sois partie de ton canular plumitif? Et j’t’ai déjà dit qu’on s’ferme et j’m’encaisse.”

§ 21 | Niter

CERTAINLY I DEEMED LA SERVEUSE’S rude rant of prinziplos gestrüpplos remunerative resignation — a mercifully short prepared monologue rising like a stunted laurel tree out of the sclerophyllous undergrowth of duty — to be nothing more than a strange, truly biosocial, and pitifully unardent espèce de mirliton bruit, desperately éructé à travers le *ponimúščim* tuyau de son trilbyesque entonnoir tâté à ses bords and entrained thither by and from her ugly otter brain in response to the micturient interlude that had so steamily spanned the two-fisted tritone, *āsana* riant, and retractile unstraddling of my catoptrical intercourse by, ’til, and with the “infinite tracteries of feminine art” — the ensampled sanity so insanely stamped into the “internally illuminated nave” of the glairy eyestone (hers both fulvous and fuliginous); the pungent flash and scent of “the immutable eternities of joy” bristling within the too often underappreciated underarm (my cheiropalps were still suffused with that galvanic axillary residue, compounded of equal parts brimstone, niter, and urea); the “mirthful mouthfuls of prurient maternity” dont la cosmopolite *viđrásnya* fraternité littéraire sauraient conjecturer par la saillie tendre, *pribaútošnoj*, of the dark exquisite nipple — during the course of some counterintuitive interval among the bucolic meandering string of fairy lights swimming like a ghostly eel, lewd and sinuous, across the public ocellus of Ecadence, into the wrought iron furniture and lovely tweel soldiers’ garb of which I’ve undergirded and interwoven citations from *My Nine Dampest Lays Innately Spasmed*, a lurid account of vari-

ous nasty nymphets' and maidens' play nests wherein the author, a prominent lascivious penman, delays situational development by interrupting the intimate course of due narrative with unendurably massive interstices of blustering teratology anent his nightly performances as well as spurious interpolations of metaphysical decadence and other humdrum nitty-gritty du bas monde. He compares, for instance, the nefarious virtues of caressing, with nimble sly-toe lewdness, the naive sultry *vase* (in all senses of the term) intercalated within the glowing marble thighs of quelque underage creature ("Aroint, rude rôdeur à nitouche sainte!" her sad cri luttant vainement se lit neurotiquement throughout the text), to the lightning twang of inspiration that mysteriously coalesces out of the despondent rainy season, iterating its refulgent *nirākula* through the effervescent, *nārika* mountain air reason takes in to aerate the pearlescent inarticulate potentialité de la morne pintadine of nebulous thought comme si l'esprit humain et tout ce qui lui appartient were not unlike the interesting meteorological phenomenon he once observed above the noble old-growth forest budding off like the arrant mycelia of some prodigious fungus and interlarding its bucolic polyps amidst the decaying northeastern suburbs of Lestelle, Wyo. — intrinsic flash of sulfur yellow, steel gray nimbus inflamed and incandescent, languorously burgeoning thunder evolving into an interminable interpellation (metanalysis pending) of the conceit linking a voluptuous garland of successive interoceptive *frissons* with the internecine suite de pétards heralding the approach of some monsoon-loving divinity of the intertidal zone which an ignorant voyager misconstrues as the graven toy image of dapper Triton abused by poor natives' dilapidated, unsterile, and weltabgewandt trance rituals (Wallis Yellow Steel's studies on the speedy lamantins and spindly manatees of the Far Gimmals should not go unread; chronicles of the cultural traditions relating to the sirenians of the Medean Sea and the dugongs of Gondwanaland are also à propos).

§ 22 | Etrorb

NOW AND THEN AMONG THE IMPURE sodality of acquaintances qui rôde superficiellement dans la chambre rotatoire à l'étage du Café des Dos Péru in order to take advantage of my carefree comely éblouissante compagnie, there is wont to heave into the felicitous ambit of my pert orbit, "dove voglio restare [les mots sont les siens] con te [id est, me] a pranzo und so weiter," an obese walrus of an intensely virile civilian en route from his "pied-à-terre au pays de Beyle" to his "maison de vacances en Stendhalie," an avidly polymathic and polyglottal cosmopolite who recalls how, avant sa retraite from the Appalachian Mental Institution in Shatsbrook quand il portait encore son nom sociophysiologique de Robert Trober, "elle y beuglait du plaisir, ma petite See Law, simplement en songeant à la chasse aux petites bêtes qu'elle faisait passer ensuite à travers toutes sortes d'enfantillages savants afin de bâtir sa thèse," and who continues to pursue his parvulocleptic art with perfect impunity under his natal translexiconym of Bror-te Etrorb to such an accomplished extent that the products of his scriptorial hand (among them, *Hebe y Láquesis*) have earned him the moniker of "The Pederasterator of Western Appalachia," and, those of his pictorial, that of "The Scelerater's Ter Borch," grâce à son innate penchant for representing the pubescent abused orphans of his altarian terre d'exil (*alter orbis fugitivus*) in various dreamily undraped poses, earthy and languorous, perdues et rosâtres, type specimens of the Lutesian variety of which he often collects in the precinct, dans les lieux même. Amidst the ambulantly ebenoid, syncopat-

ed antique polyphonic cantus firmus of Trebor and the howling modern Hawslee of Persoud complete with taleastic telae swirling contre-chansonesquely, and with the various oleographic instars of See Law's Swiss sister peering down through their matted eyelashes from the Veronese walls de l'établissement, I have come to anticipate, not without pleasure, the intermittent visits de este hombre torpe und saitenreich que suele decir que "die Unterbrechungen sind die Raben, welche dem Einsamen Speise bringen" on those occasions où l'ombre tordue à *spinthria* of this portly pervert looms athwart my hadromanic hubble-show of fiches bristol like some aged poet's beer-bloated claw grappling at the movie-magazine crispness of a pale girl's nainsook parure. While I listen to him perorate essayistically anent the chromothymic hues of the chronophile's échelle de jouissance (*scāla laetitiae*), from the opalescent enchantment of the pedophile to the fiery elysium of the ephebophile by way of the somber rapture of the hebephile (which latter constitutes his unique affliction, an affliction whose sweet sequelae swarm "encore et toujours vers d'autres cieux et d'autres amours"), I try to steer him toward suggestive close-ups and unabashed flights of nostalgia I can more readily feast on, indeed even borrow — en dépit du risque de singer, sinon l'air sombre y gluant riottement de ses douceâtres réminiscences, peut-être l'intense allure de sa prose du moins — so as to grant my mnemonoclastic project the sort of handsome limber rotundity which, for instance, the narrator of *La Recherche* provides by inventing a past he by no means could ever have conjured solely by summoning those "elaborate sessions of sweet silent thought" by which he claims to "riconquistare recuerdos di cosas sin ténèbres" — "Mais si je pousse," my grown-up friend obtrudes, "jusqu'à la porte rare, sténose, astreignante et presque beyliste à outrance de cette montagne russe de Proust, c'est toujours quelqu'étrange playground of taboo I revisit, relive, reread, so to speak, and, indeed, restare at, as if I am doomed eternally to return and restumble upon it as I did la primera vez à La Tour du Pont." It is See Law, in fact, when she was his precocious pet pupil, almost a child still — "elle était si joliment travestie en hussard!" — to whom he owes the discovery of what he calls *l'orgasme inné* ("un singular y rebottelé temblor interior de goce salvaje y estorbador," is how he describes it in the novelistic homage to his first Tetrastic país d'exiliado, *Hebe y Láquesis*, "que se despliega con lentitud de sueño en la brecha estrepitosa de Berta,

piensa Orbert, ella que sea estropeada y hebetada casi desde este momento borrascoso en que llegamos a la orilla tórrida y retorcida de la isla Borret”): “quoiqu’elle avait l’air si naïf, il me semblait qu’elle y ébranlait pendant quelques minutes, au moins.” Which anecdote was naturally reminding me of that overcast reredos of a coast-mountain morning I caught la Mme Docteuse staring in surprise at the blepharectomized orbs [lidsperren boutades d’Augensteine] one of our small furry subjects seemed to be directing toward her, a look which would have surprised her even more if, like me, who was on much more intimate terms with our victims, elle en avait deviné [guessed] la véritable expression (les créatures déphasées rotatoirement, par exemple, with standby electrodes in the so-called *procédure postfrontale* typically are stressed intensely, as measured, for instance, by an omphalocoele swab). Mais, en tout cas [in any case], elle y bernait comme un espoir vague de la plus atroce vengeance. I would like to think that the vaguely vengeful look of this poor beast had acted, at least unconsciously, like a kind of critical commentary on the utterly “objective” dead-end her lines of research had led to, some device to prop her own expert eyelids open so as to administer sans gêne the stinging collyria of the foveate rossignol of reality’s gates, quelque chose qui, en lui libérant de ses banaux cibles-garous pédants, l’avait bouleversé ma maîtresse jusqu’à l’âme, et qu’elle y berçait la préfiguration de son sort — but I doubt she ever gave it a second thought. “Est-ce qu’elle y ébauchait,” meussieu Robert inquires, “les présages des réformes sociophysilogiques qui allaient travailler toute l’école psychosociologique? Ou, par contre, est-ce qu’elle s’est souvenue de ses jours de jeune mariée au sein de sa petite famille séeslaw [*sic*], avec pour mari cet imposant homme roturier qui avait l’habitude de la laisser seule à la casa en la vostra ciudad, comme on dit dans le pays, pendant qu’il cherchait par-ci et par-là les lamantins, les sirènes, les dugongs même? En todo caso,” he runs his fat thumb appreciatively down the shabby crumpled spine of Sorea Est, another of my importunate corpulent sinequidnuncurists, “me acuerdo de those arrant Aran corsairs who boarded, bound, bugged, and bastinado’d us with the old tussore à estrapader somewhere off the coast of Unst or Hoy. This was rather a surprise, tu vois, for we had expected to be assaulted by brigands much earlier in the voyage, in the riparian wastes of Anyakyusyaland, par exemple, on the way from Shatsbrook to Manx Hat, passage that, once I

retired from the Institute, I've come to look forward to every monsoon, as how could I not? for it carries me across the open ocean, Lutèceward, vers d'autres oaristys et d'autres oases comme celle-ci où je te trouve among the seedy lees, wastrels, waifs, and unarrested parvenu(e)s of Dos Péru, all intensely embroiled with tes lonely ébats textuels..."

§ 23 | Restare

IL N'EST PAS RARE QUE, to escape the imperturbable émigré stare — ruddy and morbid and ferret-browed, algid sclera tinged with yellow, steel gray irises pruinose avec l'écume d'orgies primordiales and sphinctered round with the protrusive maleness of his pervert orbs — that Trober, alias Etrorb, is wont to pinion me with as if I were some as yet indeterminate sport, variété salace, ou variant survolé méprisamment of the third of his *My Nine Dampest Lays*, Teresa R (“pink and bald, with a white hot throb tersely hidden in her precious rabbit hole”); to elude the ungut serrate tyrannical dactyls his blue-veined maggot-hued forelimb is wont, like the tentacled mandibles of De Mestrie’s predatory beetle larva (*Terapus secretae*, 1844) utterly empalpus’d on terebrating in the monstrous miscegeny of terra y mar the most ripe, vulnerable, and turbidest precious locus of some tender escargot’s coquille touffue, to provoke my silken flawless inner thigh with beneath my thinly passamented crimson kimono, all the while passing off the crude gesture as an overeager sample of some drunkenly plausible, though humorously muffled, pass (“Ah, mon amie mnésique, milady pensante, séduisante comme un éland sympa — tiens!”) that could not help but mistake the clonic throes of my sharper evasion (multivariate, less torpescent than average) for the *réjouissance innée* of some drug-addled honey-dermed petite *rasséyanoy* colleen who *innately spasmed* up to the very tips of her bewitchingly twitching ears when he managed to tear off her skirt on the dreamy playa of his clôturé seascape retirado en la isla de Borret dans le détroit de Torreb

while the many manly manatees leer and rut there in the ammine promiscuity of the littoral zone — non, il n'est pas du tout très rare que, afin de déguerpir de cet expert rash dexterous extrovert bore, je me déguise avec [I tend to don] the innocent mask of the credulous internee selected for her maidenly patness to be the swell toy eleusinianly sacrificed in this fornicating ribouldingue of a bawdy bas monde where men, money, women, and wampum are merely the sly-painted means of cajoling their fathers' fork-tongued and -tailed wives' rut-thirst for fake erotic encounters with their *skomorokh* fraters' fetishized rats' hermana of some elder brether's daughter's deranged brother's tio, farferkelte und strohkraftreifend, and not excluding your more hardset foster kith, refractory, refractile, irrefragable, and refraining from neither the distaff other, Kerr effect, nor ditto; being neither one nor the other, I tend to feign [je me farde avec] the long-nosed scowl — steely, élite — of *vanité lésée* and tersely shout, “Arrêtes!” whereupon the lame synapsid tentacles retract into the preputial signatures of their Smyth-sewn binding, the pupils taper to a rank and file scantling of serif galliard smothered between the corpulent nasty pale denim shells of the jerk-muzzled opus, and, with my thoroughly studied cervid strut telegraphing twenty-three steps into less than half that, I scurry down the spiral staircase (the waiters who prowl, eel-style, there, reel against the charge of my damine machine of textual assault which, despite its restive *tare serrée*, I am wont to wield, as my agile prose bears witness, more than deftly) — and with my retrorse ears, like a twain of door handles tympanisé by the goon squad's crepuscular intrusion, still ringing with the man's ruthless stertorous guffaw as well as the florid *ars tenebrosa* of Trebor, and my eyes, as if raped by a nasturtium-infused collyrium administered by some quack oculist, still stinging with the lewd simulacra, whether in oil, gouache, or egg tempera, of Madame Lee See's quondam instars, I nimbly leap the patulous trappe's subdolous maw and louchely prance out the more proximal portal of that perfidious place and up the street to its quincuncial junction with Clink and Court Road, Myrrh Alley, Krishna Lane, Clink and Court proper, and ego (viz. Chicken Street), where, before engaging in a lithe pride-gobbling U-turn calculated to take me back down the latter and up into my room, I stand or, rather, on this particular joyaux de l'art gothique high up, and, dans la leporine langue of my gamy mère, I plot-

ted, en fredonnant suavely, my next move, which would involve disrupting utterly *les artères catégoriques* of lay expectation by simply not moving, by not turning round and returning to mon studio — yes, ici, avec mon panier d’outils textuels, I will stay, I will stay until my ersatz ire wanes and then I will — but first, my song:

Restaré (Je resterai)

Retrasé sera terrestre (Though I detained the terrestrial creel):

Aretes, rasete: arras terreras (Earrings, sateen: humble debentures).

Retesé rateras, retretes, errata (With the bradykinetic spell of my artiodactyled leap, I bound the crappers and the crooks, and whatnot).

Serré este arrastre (And I, chimerical eromenos, curtailed this queer erastes’s femoral trawl anent my dainty-named nothing).

Retasé, erré, artes resté — arre (I rest rare art, reset — hurray)!

Rastré (J’ai dragué)

Restaré (I will stay).

A pesty *nana* smiled at me, her wet eyes lolling with fastidious censure, “Touriste imbécile!”

HAVING REACHED THIS MOST important *point d'appui* — chin propped on the pollard of cocked elbow propped in turn upon the bucolic mobilier de fer forgé propped en vero medio of the bosky glebe subtending the entire eristic coil of brawny narrative — my “canular plumitif” of polyglot rhapsody, my bulging “*béléga*” of borrowed locutions indeed! — and buttressing, even, the clonic lacunae of memory with the unabashed bulwark of the renitent cénesthésie de l'estaminet belge itself (its smooth gray paving stones *enduits* par the flung charge of *feuilles mortes*: podocarpaceous citrine, fabaceous saffron, rosaceous crimson, ulmaceous *brun*), and avant que le drame universel s’y noue into the choral partouze of esurient satyr intertwined with dissolute sylph, rapacious libertine decussate with incontinent cantatrice, prurient berger inosculate with meretricious bergère, randy Y anastomosed with salacious X, tandis que le drame personnel s’y scinde into the successive lochial splinters of the roral deception causing the whole puerperal lacuna of quiddity to accelerate from the rubra of my unrequite request for dark rum through the serosa of the scuttled coracles of pen-and-ink palimpsests beshoaled, belabored, befouled, and bestrewn upon the nebular margins of *Les Lamantins de la Mer Médoise* to l'alba d'une plage blanche d'un matin encore alerte et pucelé, its premeridian sclera ogling refined immaculate meadow-striding me, neither vulpine marauder nor gluttoned cock nor plucked hen nor fulsome ewe, treading through ravished flowerbeds and downy snowdrifts of debauched plumage, the spent intestinal parch-

ments of sterile love *dont* this whole grand poulailler that is Paris sheds, sloughs off, shucks and peels away nightly like so many moribund *lettres d'introduction* — Maltese jesses, Dutch grommets, Anglo-Saxon capotes, Indo-Aryan engines of intimate *frottage*, Finno-Ugric wapiti teasers, Celtiberian sex mitts woven of callow lamb's omenta, and those Antipodean pouches of intromissive delectation stitched from the unpu-pate caecal reticulations of chaste monotremes — at this most important point, I feel compelled to, that is, j'ai besoin de, ho bisogno di return to the musky splendor of that mundane bungalow out back, and there, among the murmuring brays and rills of boucs alcooliques, tempt again the turbulent succubus of the double-vé-cé with the aromatic sanies of my own bladder's briny incubus or vice-versa. As I sheathe my scripto-lectorial impedimenta, the trisyllabic *clou* of the buxom bouncing boisterous buskinned heart-throb on stage éclate cérauniennement, "La! Cu! Na!" From the lofty slope of the proleptic perch of the first-person pronoun, I stand listening as the storm cloud of song bursts into da capo downpour: "Luna de mi vicio, fosa de la entrada — mi seña, mi silla, mi sombra, mi sol!" My abdominal calyx, my coeliac plexus, my crura, my fundament, my peritoneum, my visceral et caeterus vibrate in harmonious sympathy with the music that that sly ensemble somehow manages to both intermingle and separate the cosmopolitan Oracle's sylvan, aculeolate voice with and from the bacchanalian claudication of the instrumental background — tympanic flash of kanjira scatenato, demure nutation of sarangi sfrecciando, diomedean squeal of portamented bagpipes — and I belch the susurrate zest of caramelized potato starch and the malted pungency of fermented barley interlarded with something more idiomatically mordant, florid, mantled and mellow, and — notice the skill with which we wimblers and gravers of written reality etch and stipple the supple intaglio of the textual self into the tessellated slates of sublunary existence while all the while abjuring use of such fake phrases as "And then I knew that..." — what was hopelessly poignant was not the absence of moutarde or vinaigre or harissa or *mayonnaise* or other such redundant condiment from the refluxent kobold of my bucolic *repas au Bois*, but the absence of the guttural twang and rarefied scintilla of rum rouge from that eructative concord. Instead, there was the echo of a jilted child rolling all too soberly, with the plangent baton of esophageal cere-action, the calcium oxalate *cerceau* of rancor and rumless bile back and

forth from crop to beak. “La! Cu! Na! Era la cubeta llena de licores por la noche, era la boca quemada por la mañana, era el culo violado por el cabro alcohólico!”



“gray paving stones *enduits* par the flung charge of *feuilles mortes*”

§ 25 | Lee See

I WAS ELEMENTALLY, and for the choicest reasons imaginable, quite unprepared, from the moment of my first espial of them, for the intense, serrate, and almost rude posturing of ears, toes, fingers, knees, hips, elbows, eyes, noses, and assorted other *membra muliebris* involved in the diffused promiscuity of the sprawlingly unleashed, droopy-leaved, dopey-styled, essentially essayistic *esprit* of the paintings which even the most inopportune of touristes tétrastiques, accablé(e) par la chaleur des oppressants jours d'un été tardif à Clignancourt and resigned, thus, to interrupt the boyishly listless positions of my visit with an elevated spell of enforced goofing off within the high tough airy walls and patulous porte-fenêtres of Dos Péru — even she, our incidental tourist, could see the curiously hoodlumesque manner with which Lee See had mustered and deployed to masterful effect her estral fits of intense *rancœur despotique* dont elle y bénéficiait in order to work into the velatura of each salaciously abused portrait of See Law or self or even elite statuesque lycéen(ne), a sort of morose aesthetic prowess, a kind of thoughtful clowning, a dour espièglerie, even, which, pour désobligeante qu'elle soit, most pleasurably teased, comme sous l'effet d'une candeur désopilante, one's tendresse qui était tellement ravie, qu'elle y éblouissait plusieurs heures comme le *vit* tenu et alésé d'un satyr sucé par l'attelée suite vénérienne de sylphes sans fin! Yet beneath, or rather because of, those lyrical pictures, the merest attempt to read about, e.g., Tessa Roe's tea roses, or Sorea Est's *tussore à estrapader*, or that notorious rose-gray

study of Stendhal où l'auteur contraste Sorel et Mathilde avec Valserra et Marietta, or even Ettore Sas's anarchic account of the socioeconomic seesaw of the *li-si* cycle of the Mountain Lushui, viz., situational alternations between the egalitarian (*li*) and the hierarchic (*si*), degenerated into an intense duel between la lectrice et la voyeuse, entre, on the one hand, l'active cultivation of the pure sod of reading et, on the other, la contemplation passive de la rose estimable de la peinture, i.e., to stare really hard at those luscious oils, or to read most uncladly the leathery locutions and solemn scholia which, far from calming me so pleasurably comme j'en ai l'habitude, began to irritate me: la belle feuille nervurée où se serrent les beaux rangs de lexies paradisiaques de Roe et Sas — elle y bégayait, beneath the lynx-eyed sfumato of an impasto'd illusion, le langage de l'enfer! Et l'adorable page lisse où se tracent les réduits propos réduits de Beyle — elle y éboulait devant mes yeux! À quelque moment, then, one simply had to close one's foxed and crumbling book and sheathe one's limp bodkin and let one's lissom self be carried along (laisser entraîner) by Lee See's rare art's firmly fluvial scumbling and signally luxuriant démarche de lissage dont elle y bénit tout son intense liesse luisante et sélénique et sororale.

§ 26 | Enlisted man's pay

LIKE THAT LIMPLY ARTICULATED *noria andante* of spindly manatees and speedy lamantins one can see surfacing from out of the profoundest gloom of the sirenological lacuna of *Les Lamantins de la Mer Médoise* (loc. cit.) during their seasonal migration from the agarose estuaries of said briny main up the D'Laumes delta to their riparian lacustrine spawning grounds in the steepy mainlands and steamy pinelands of the Flouzianian interior — even a svelte mermaid too breaks the water's film there (“elle y bêche la pellicule de l'eau” [ibid.]) — to exhale in quick-humped succession intense jets (despite a certain pig-headed *cétacéré-aliste*'s sow-brained insistence that so-called “dugongs [...] do not spout”!) of opulent emblazoned spume from their black nostrils, and then, before diving out of reach of earnest reason and retinal revelation, shiver their jowly gray snouts with the violent gusto of inhalation, there emerged from yon *établissement*'s portal, pivoting and davening, with that gyroscopic precision, that peristeromorphous savoir faire that only the perfect Parisian *palombe* seems to possess, the bilateral mandorla-cedilla blazes (almandine virgules, devious rhombs) of their thusly per-pendered *cou* tethering the pouting beak of leur céphale irisée (of which each areole of ocular inspection was glazed with the grim moiré stare of the impassive, the insouciant, the *inébranlable*) to the fier embonpoint beneath in order to plant some piston-driven, prime-numbered, selsyn-sequenced series of whiskey-whispered *coup de bisous* anent my inflamed *joues diomédéennes*, titillating my setose ears with their rum-

flavored oracles, though missing each time my dismayed parched damsel lips, there emerged from *l'universel synœcisme de la littérature* a procession that seemed both lugubrious and gay, both playful and plaintive, as if the funereal *condoléances* addressed to some recently widowed gentleman had dallied with les tendres gaillardises roublardes lavished on the benighted, bewildered, and soon-to-be-deflowered bride who, compelled by l'appivoisée *law* of gravity's telos ("la cuna gustosa y liada se cresta hadando, y estrecha estropeando!"), whelped pendant qu'elle y ébouriffait at the end of her term a most miscegenated minyan of dyspneal inmates, some of nasty mien, some more sedately saintly, from the very bowels of this mysterious estaminet belge sis en vero medio of the glèbe du Bois, offering generously not only to pay for the expected expenses bound to have been incurred during the tableau vivant of my installation auf dergleichen, but also for the unanswered question of my matinal psychomachy bipedally splayed athwart the unrelieved density of some obscure pulseless zugzwang while my bladder's rumless left hand was walking the basso ever more profundo of utricular turgescence pulsing "en el mundo de mi odio [donde] no hay miel, no hay lima, no hay hielo, no hay ron [no hay ron indeed!]" and the right was tremolando in the acute range de la voz estridente of vesicular *roideur* deflecting each taut tympanal whack of the kanjira and tandis que the pliant sapient synaptic melismata of the sarangi, in accord with the louche doodlesack (such nidamental madness the medusal maiden encapsulated into each learned orotund sufflation [los meros nudos del mar!]) she popped out of the chelonian cloaca of her sly pursed slippery-lipped maenad's bouche — chorionic pibrochian drone, globular miskinish wheedle, yolky zurlaic wheeze, vitelline shawmy skirl, embryonic piffaral latration!), was busy working this contrary motion back into some resolution near the middle C or A of micturation en que se duermen las sirenas in the little shack out back I was intent on attaining a tatas and where, in fact, I had already jugaba con la andesita de las sombras, there emerged viz., from the mis-planned medoid of zymotic malevolence which not even Tessa Roe and the restrained breathy double quotes from her *Splined Amnesty* — "Mildly mount using a spadesman's lenity a simple selsyn in each dimpled box so as to impale the stately shaft through an idle hole in the tipsy center of the pasty seminal dial" (right cheek); "The insane frequency of the slanted oscillator used to disempower the spiny selsyn can be misused as an

invisible dental dam when it is annealed mistyped ensampled installed set so that the individual myelinated peaks are signally separated by the seamanly stipend of something I didn't catch" (left cheek) — could redeem, a seminal oracle of dusty-paned acrimony; from the animated axilla of polysensual resentment which not even the impeccably garbed gentlemen and the debonnaire triplet of lascivious allusions from his *Nine Dampest Lays* [who] *Innately Spasmed* — "Comme elle y béquillait!" (Amrita de Moon, exquisite pubescent seductress); "Comme elle y ébruitait!" (Erin T. Letrinquier, dite La Petite Rentière); "Comme elle y beurrerait!" (Cléora Dewaels, juvénile journaliste belge) — could assuage, a pedantic forest, an erudite massif même, of measly rancor; from the pandemian mouth of slyest enmity which not even the sly ensign and the exuberant snailly pentad of his mesmeric mésalliance of indelible citations anent the retrospective faculty — "Le souvenir, c'est l'avenir où les cicatrices du destin deviendront le festin du préjudice" (Louis-Fournier des Laumes); "La mémoire, c'est un fumoir où s'obscurcit les traces du passé dans la triche des péchés" (Rolande Grâce-Lacerte); "Se rappeler, c'est se grappeler des reliques de chagrin en (a)battant la breloque schizophrène" (Franc Laubert); "L'histoire, c'est un houssoir qui harcèle la moite poussière des témoins hystériques" (Marie-Charles de Beyle); "La réminiscence, c'est la prescience récurrente des souffrances réitérées ad nauseam" (Sœur P. Dorine Sartre) — could appease, an unspanned valley of slimy malice; from the asyndetic nipple of pleonastic spite which not even that inveterate habitué du Café du Prose (sic), Pedro El Submarinero, and the septimal superfluity of his interminably inebriated citation from the celebrated Proust (allow me to preemptively paraphrase: something about the altarity of pleasure and the persistence of pain) — "Le plaisir, le soi qui l'éprouve, c'est toujours autre" (sic); "Ça diffère toujours, le soi, le moi, le toi, voire l'âme des créatures, des animaux qui ressentent le plaisir" (sic); "Tandis que la douleur, le chagrin, la souffrance, on est le même pendant" (sic); "Le soi dans la douleur, le soi qui souffre, le soi qui subit le chagrin, c'est l'armature de l'être, de l'âme" (sic); "Ça nous donne l'illusion, ou bien la sensation, de persister à travers le temps, par le temps, dans le temps" (sic); "Et pareillement, le désir assouvi, rassasié, satisfait, le soi qui l'éprouve, c'est un autre, toujours autre" (sic); "Mais le désir inassouvi, le désir encore assoiffé, le désir qui a encore faim, celui qui l'éprouve, c'est le même, soi-même,

lui-même, elle-même” (sic) — could absolve, an untamed mountain of palsied animosity; from the emended anal acuteness of wounded pride suffered athwart la Playa den Missten because (quel mot!) See Law, in some other world from which no matter what I do for any amount of enlisted man's pay I still cannot expunge its sylvan horror from the deepest, most cherished myelinated spans of my *Dasein*, my *Mitsein*, my *Entsein*, my *Undsoweitersein*, spurned my innocent invitation to gaze on, to ogle, to leer, stare at, and even taste of my tenderest singularity amidst the ancient misty maidenferns there, made all the more bitter because (quel mot encore!) of the disappointing slavic singleton of that stymied peasty *nana* with the wry leporine smile dont on appelle, despite her idiome étranger, la serveuse — “Vous me devez vingt-neuf turpins, s'il vous plaît, meussieudame, j'm'encaisse on s'ferme” — a misplanted glebe of asinine antipathy. Mais j'ai besoin de *pissat* aún! Minye nada *pisser* todavía! The fairy lights winked out.

§ 27 | D’Laumes

OH IDOLE, ÉTAIERAS MOI? Soiled Hetaera of my therapized *smara*’s agora, du also, or instead, peut-être? O, meine Delphic *grue* deliciously *draguée* dans one of the seamiest brothels of medusal memory these hands and heels have ever pisado, or, to mimic one of those regional mudslingers — Dumas? Daumal? Maldoror? Lenormand? Mac Orlan? Meaulnes? — of homespun readers of peddler’s French or Scots Latin or St. Ammien’s Greek or Galilee low style or honest harem’s English almost any misspent dealer of bons mots finds it meet to vend in these parts: Delinquent leetle sly woman, sheerest, most scantily clad maudlin Muse — a nuder Lamia, Mnemosyne abused indeed! — dawdling in the crux criticorum of dual mesmeric consciousness and clutching in your benevolent fist a most heated arioso lei of the sweetest specimen of pandemianest *Lysimachia coronata* D’Laumes (Texahatchie tiaraed loose-strife) of which, neither avant nor since, no dulcet perceptual splendor has ever strummed and dallied, like a damask damselfly (*Mnesarete shadei* Nab., 1902) darting and pausing, pulsing and darning in the aestival aureate air above an auroral damassinier (dont le fruit noir s’appelle “daumaie”), with the daedal chords of my medulla oblongata in quite such a mischievous manner — Oh speedy lamantin, sea cow of self’s concept of itself, spindly manatee spanning matter and mind, and delirious dugong of being seasonally circulating up and down *le fleuve* D’Laumes like so many dropsical corpuscles dans les artères catégoriques du temps foutu, touffu, bourru, fourbu, moulu, rompu, tordu,

mordu, courbatu, vermoulu, incongru, malentendu, anything pourvu qu'il ne soit pas perdu! Harness me, tether me, chain me, bind me with your metamorphic slough, the ecstatic exuviae de l'aorasié dialectique of your divine ecdysis from gamine slum urchin to euryhaline mammal (according to Wallis Yellow Steel, Samuel D. D'Laumes [littoralist, docent, ladies' man, spy; Beulah, 1862–Owlstain, 1928] was the first of the area's tide hoolies to demonstrate the intricate and variable osmotic regulation in the aforementioned diadromous beast by calculating how many almudes of aguardiente a given mass of medulas displaced depending, in a nutshell, on the various forms — immensely marine, enormously estuarine, ripely riparian, fully fluviatile, sveltely lacustrine, or monstrously whatnot — from which the bloody sample had been extracted) so that I may transmute the osteoid realia of the merest shenanigan, incident, or conjuncture (a spousal aléa, histoire d'œillade et d'envie sur la Playa den Missten in New Lexica; a pedant's many lies in a roman à clé left unread in a mental hospital in Mastersheen; an unseemly naïad's spent sprig of Durango root maidenly spat, nesciently *rongé*, grumously *mâché*, trampled, alas, sur les pavés de la terrasse d'un bistrot flamand écarté dans le Bois d'où je viens de — but let us not anticipate) into the spartan terse meshwork of some mild anapest synecdoche with which to ensnare the mesomorphic chimera of original thought! Listen, Maenad, Psyche of street and shore, of river, lake, sea, and *rue* (ce petit moyeu de rue [d']où rayonnent et enchevêtrent les jets [et les jeux] possibles de l'existence...) — m'aideras-tu au moins de tresser une théorie d'asile aoriste?

§ 28 | Modern ratio

THE IMMODERATE οἰᾶκο-νόμος (rutilant helmsman [“I slayed Neptune!”], irate dominator [“I’m so utilitarian!”]) of modern rationality (instrumental, sane, dyspieridean) would moot that I smile, pay, stand, enforce (not necessarily in that order) the yellow, leste, Blanzky Poure-stamped plume à mine mirifique of my lithe Stresemann 929 into its green durable *coqueluchon* (seal, hoodie, retiarian dirksheath), and admire the unbidden playmate’s sincerity, the sultry moody dime-store artlessness with which she, *la serveuse* à l’allure d’une môme adroite et fourbe, had palmed, say, nine sterling Albionian groats (equivalent, according to my hasty calculations, to the “vingt-neuf turpins” she had demanded) proffered in payment for my *consommation* upon which which she had glibly replied, in striking contrast to *le mode amorti* of the timorous moderato migratory aria — otiose, heled (from the Anglo-Saxonish for ‘hidden’), mewling — of the Wialoahassee Elt Owl (*Lyrastrix okiao* Andreu) fleeing through the Tetrastic night of dream and memory like a maimed Moira escaping the clutches of amorous Bromios, “Okiao” (okay, ciao). The unmediated *ideorhesaleotia* (ravishingly embodied, radically demotic) of autonomous prose (otiose, ideal, heraclitean), on the other hand, would, with deft rétiaire’s art, enmesh in the promiscuous web of textual composition, both the catch-as-catch-can cloacal trident J.-G. Lansquartre touches on in his *Méat et l’urètre* whereby “le sens mètre habilement sans être hémistichique, mais l’urètre (manse shunté) non sans hêtre métonymique tandis que le paraître de

l'être pénètre dans l'urètre quoique l'urètre s'empêtre dans l'être du paraître" — let us keep these two halves of the renal mesh's eternal ontic riddle men aim to theorise ideal analyses of, mais dont personne ne l'avait, mieux que notre soi-disant "*Harnschmidt*," analysé, pensé, et caractérisé en plus de rigueur firmly in mind as we proceed: the readily measured cesura of tumid tympanal sense where the seeming of being pokes into peeing (i.e., the hypogastric-splanchnic dialectic informing le besoin de pissat), and the mood-shunted messy planate *nid* of peeing in the metonymic hedge where that very act of the aforesaid foraminous and cannular catch-twirl-and-release game traps the being of seeming (the concomitant sphincter-ureter-meatus tarantella qua citoyen's simple *Tāṇḍava* bringing said besoin to serene fruition) — as well as the congeneric dual sets of *el arte de recordar* (*smārtakarman*) — the mimetic mermaids of memory and the elusive sirens of souvenance — and *el arte de amar* (*smarakarman*) — complete with all the distal ethical, fulcral technical, and proximal affective *stuff* at its expressive disposal — the Gestalt of which no image better encapsulates than those clay effigies of the gravid salacious tense hermaphrodite's parturient squat we squatted and *plasmamos* by hand on the shores of the Arathu some three fortnights or so before my eighteenth or nineteenth birthday then destroyed on the foretold fatidic dawn as the sun unbared its mantled calvity between the *oikoan* ('homely, distaff') cleft of the Far Gimmals waving lambent Venus's yellow-steel-tintured pennant ahead of it as it breached eurhythmically and eructed erubescantly and behind us the nymphophiline blennorrhœa of the *soma*-engorged moon sintered and crested the Tiros Mountains (the famous *Serros Estirados* of the eponymous opera!) and sea, earth, and sky conjointly, maieutically, *connubially*, one might even be tempted to say, disemboved the autumn equinox's lochia rubra which, on rereading ces traces-éclairs ou *mots* (mirifically made modes of admirable expression) que moi — timorous ambidextrous moi! — je les ai mis là, sur les feuilles de ce ramified book à inscrire, graver, tirer, et jeter all sorts of adroitly malicious characters populating the enjambed realia, eidos, otherness, and whatnot of my sham *être* ensimismado (promiscuous web of textual composition, memorias dotadas del erótico del esmero), I realize I have already done so, enmeshed la serveuse and all her secutrixical *fourbi* à *fourberie* — the cocksure ocrea of of her "Okiao," the irksome manica of her "Messieudame," the grammar-

pestering scutum of her “J’m’encaisse on s’ferme,” the cool steely lewd glaive of her “S’il vous plaît” — by the very act of keeping the Blanzzy Poure-stamped nib of my triune *dard* unsheathed and wielding it deftly to unfurl the reticulated *écriture* thereof so as to deploy the beguiling skein of elaborate eidola hoised therein!

WHILST KEEPING MY CILIA, my axons, and my retinae primed for those ephemeral impish icons of apparent errata in the holograph of Hari, those soi-disant coquilles in the typescript of Shakti I term *antiphenomenal entelechies* (AE), c'est-à-dire, those typically roral and crepuscular occasions such as this when, finding the bounds of her suzerainty frayed and porous, and the compass of her autocracy reduced to a vagrant involuted raveling, reality (la déesse Réalité plutôt [ou bien ainsi] que son consort et coréalisateur le dieu Réel) is forced to caulk her chitin's chinks with plagiaristic quiddities and tar over her lacunae with redundant mummery, I focused my venereal corneas upon la nuca divina della Creola agile (the bulbous galbe of her visage, by the way, perlato del calore di sforzo, marked her as belonging to that guild of houris which had foregone skull-binding in the pursuit of mass appeal) as she orally clawed at la cola erudita of her song: "La cuna! Luna de mi vicio, fosa de la entrada. Mi seña, mi silla, mi sombra, mi sol!" And as the stellate spray of the sonic oracle's and her debonaire acolytes' gocce di sudore alchemized the stage and fairy lights like so many angelic nimbi, there began to filter (cominciava a colare) from the shadows of memory (delle ombre di ricordo), the words of the littoral barcarole my mother used to cantillate to me when I was clamped in the cradleboard:

(Pastorale copla:)

La cuna acula nuca,

laña cuña llana, cuca la ñuca luna.

[Le berceau adosse la nuque, serre la cale plate, aguiche la pleine lune (lit., ‘sans doigts’).]

(Caracol refrán:)

La lacuna en la nuca cuna caña!

[La brèche dans la nuque berce la bière.]

(Pastorale copla:)

La cuna anula caca luna, cal nunca,

auilla, ‘Ña Cuca-Luna, acuna la cuna-llaca!’

[Le berceau annule le mal luné, dur jamais, hurle, ‘Mme. Con-Lune, berce le berceau du zigoto!’]

(Caracol refrán:)

La lacuna en la caña cala cuña!

[La brèche dans la paille perce le con.]

(Pastorale copla:)

Una uña — clac! — a luna

cuña la ‘lunalaclanu analcu.’

[Un ongle — scliffe! — à la lune invente ‘scorplunion-hameau-à-travers-la-rivière.’]

(Caracol refrán:)

La lacuna en la cuña calla nunca!

[La brèche dans le con ne se tait jamais!]

Which of course reminds me that la Via Lactea is not the only ontic spoor of Prajāpati’s *lapsus mentulae* (the vulgar “slip of the dick” to which your easily spooked heterohetaerolept is prone) athwart the ardent amphidæum of Uṣas, occasioned, it seems, when Rudra tiró la flecha canular del arco canudo della haecceitas or *puruṣa* or something, for a major bavure in the primordial palimpsest of *prakṛti* persists in the form of that meretricious *sulcus marecaelum* (hiatus between sea and sky)

which, no matter what pose the perceiver strikes, no matter which altitude she attains, always, whether prone, supine, squatting, sitting or standing, on the *aegialos* (αἰγιᾱλός) of Playa Toya, or from the window of la casetta che avevamo abitudine di locare at the corner of Ca Luna and Ca Reloj in Porto Vecho, or through the spartan lucarne of my banal cubicle in TBS high above the city proper, always appears at eye level! Actual experience (AE), thus, contradicts the artistic expression (AE) of it, since, in the former AE, the horizon increases in proportion to subjective height, while in the latter AE, the horizon's height must necessarily decrease with distance and subjective altitude, or else the representation seems flat and — unreal! Talk about the aecial foxing of the colophon of Kali! And yet this glitch which reality long ago tired of even bothering to *badigeonner* with her usual palliative ruses (letting her self-deluded creatures, via their imperfectly evolved organs of ocular apprehension, debride the wounded ousia [οὐσία τραυματική] for her), is barely noticed by the majority of workers in the field who continue to mistake the faded solipsistic *fard* plastered over the *vidīrṇāsana* (culo lacero) d'une racoleuse violée *a corale* for the fresh paedomorphic floraison of the pristine *padmāsana* (*Clusia alba* Jacq., 1760) of l'Aurore éclorant.

§ 30 | Yellow Steel

ONE RED SOUP DÉJEUNER sur “l’herbe drue” postulée dans une de ces “œuvres fécondes” on the pure sod of which the closest reader intimates one of those “très Aréthusesques, très jeunes jeunes filles” as See Law, sloe-eyed in her water-repellent yellow anorak, must have appeared to her husband-to-be when he first saw, electrified as it were by the acerate clews of Eros’s ateleiosis radiating into and out of her like one of those raw select nodes of enchanted interspace towards which past and future converge during his fieldwork in that land characterized, according to Etores Sas, by an ever fluctuating monarchy-democracy (mo-dem) ratio; — when he first saw, that is, her stare at him through her medusal lashes dewed with sweat and melting sleet, an intense Meisel synthesis of daintiness and vigor, of tenderness and titillation on their slow climb up the winding path to Lost Eye Well, an obscure sinkhole in a montane tributary of the Salween which a footnote in D’Laumes (1897) indicated might be the secret lair of an endemic riverine siren tribe, and at their campground pendant qu’elle y bécotait son père with birdlike gestures of affection, it was as if time and memory, suivant quelque mode amorti du mal espoir, had cruelly conspired to inject him with both the remorseful désir d’écrire, avant l’acte même, avant his very ability to imagine it even, a sweeping confession mens rea et ostensa of all the preteen sins he’d committed, actus reus or not, with his little sister Leetle Sly Owl Woman, et le désir d’étreindre, heedless of all consequences, this magical child there and then I recalled she or he or both must have told a more

preterite or at least aorist form of myself as the subjunctive, indeed hortative, one spooned, to the lone accompaniment of Persoud's yowling Hawslee (the *Ars Subtilior* it was typically paired with having been apparently subtilized, for the nonce, into the mute ether), the red soup into mon bec fin et renardier dans la salle à l'étage du Café des Dos Péru up the creaky steel colimaçon of which I had lugged le daim tome orné d'or de Proust ainsi que ceux de Roe et Sas and also Otley Welles as well as the more productive factors in our despatch-case of textual tackle and I say "our" since, like any given individual "sufferer" ("la loi cruelle de l'art est que les êtres meurent et que nous-mêmes mourions en épuisant toutes les souffrances pour que pousse l'herbe non de l'oubli mais de la vie éternelle") of Selye Syndrome (Sel-Syn, as we in the field dub the phenotype), in neither psyche nor soma are any of us singular, but both are plural and alas we are forced to articulate our experiences in this stilted monodidactic form only under duress of the propaedeutical indoctrination of a supposedly benevolent pantomath who seems not to appreciate that the mnemonoclastic kinetochores of the schizomythic "cell," according to our research (some of which, yes, we have indeed published with See Law, back when we called el otro lado del mar Tetrastico, our despised "home"), are, in fact, cognate with the mitotic *dénouement* of narrative invention, the "cells" of which, again, or, moreover, are less like little buds ("boutons") and stems ("tiges") of écriture, and more like cryptic intersections in the oneirosome (*Traumbau*) or interstitial imbrications in the eidolospace (*Bildraum*) or nephelosphere (*Wolkesphäre*) of proud prose, yet it is only during what we may metaphorically call the "mitotic" phase of the life cycle of our lettres aréolaires (palabras anatómicas) that they become apparent as "l'entrecroisement des fils [...] redoublé[s] pour épaissir la trame [...] un riche réseau de souvenirs," mais passons, and her father of course was not indifferent to the reciprocal, trace, eerie Stössel syncopations that passed between them: la face lacérée, actinique, of the Cumbro-Siuslaw sirenologist's lute-like citadel of a *visage*: elle y ébrécha avec les black daggers (*noirs poignards*) of her tweely losel's nystagmus, a sympathetic curvetting wiggle-and-roll dance of the eyes symptomatic of the spare damsel's nymphomania (incipient, really) that, c'était trop évident, elle y ébahit the innocent scientist with. A mandarin's *entente* was thus arrived at (it is always a wondrous thing to witness how even such apparently unrelated languages

as Cymry, Siuslaw, Lisu, and Naxi become a daisy chain of lexical concordance, a coherent sinewy wreath of men's intellectual sameness when les enjeux reduce to an essential solid core amid mottled ephemera: food, drink, lust, labor, the yellow lure of *argent*), whereupon, in five years or so, when she had reached l'âge propice à la reproduction, See Law would be sent to any designated address no matter where in the world (the details to be worked out with her older sister, a painter who lived with her husband, "un homme de lettres réactionnaire et obscur," in Toeyl's Welle in Glarus) and *need not*, selon les termes de l'accord, *be intact* upon her arrival there, the reason being that, quant à la probabilité d'un dépuçelage viatique quelconque ou au moins virtuel, elle y besognera la véritable preuve of, as, come the appointed day, the wisdom of which he'd clearly see, Wallis Yellow Steel's *grande passion* for the Na-Yi chieftain's daughter, as well as the bride-price to be paid to the Seu-phá matriclan in a series of mathematical increments during the aforesaid temporal limits of the contract, said series being une pratique traditionnelle visant qu'elle y becquetterait les faiblesses de son futur époux, lui permettant ainsi de l'aimer de plus. Meanwhile, there was no manifest reason to hasten *la defloratio de momentum*, so let us shield, so to speak, the child, and drink godspeed to our new global alliance. In the morning they emerged (don't worry: l'enfant was still unmauled, safe, unmaimed or tousled even) from the Lushui counterpart of a yurt made from various carpets pinned together over a mulberry-wood frame (*sulle strutture sformate di moro*) and went off to visit the yew-shaded sinkhole. See Law, reverting to her girlish reverie that paid not even the faintest flattery to the foreigner's vanity, ran up the muddy grade like a jolly svelte panda ewe and slid down the muddy grade like a lutarious rasher eel (*Morida temopsoredu* Le Bey, 1926; dubbed thus by that ichthyologist à cause du psoriasis anyone rash enough to catch it barehanded is likely to suffer), and arranged rocks along the path in patterns — ells and wyes and esses and ows — decipherable only by herself. Tandis que l'infâme môme rodait à l'écart, écervelée, calée créativement dans ses gamineries aux marges merdeuses, our sirenophile, attached to a steel rope played out over le dos du père and fastened to the trunk of a mellow yew tree (*Taxus wallichiana*), descended into Lost Eye Well. Now, the reason for all this mucking about dans la sale mud at the source of the Salween was precisely the hope of confirming a hypothesis sketched out in the afore-

said footnote in D’Laumes’s pioneering studies (*op. cit.*) of the Yangtze siren, the Salween lamantin, and the Mekong manatee, *viz.*, that mammalian homologues of the kinds of nymphal and imaginal discs characteristic of holometabolous arthropods persist in certain species of sirenians, especially those, such as the hermetic subspecies of Hengduan dugong intimidated by that worker’s (*idem*) report, which have ceased their diadromous ways to become lentic isolates undergoing a sort of axolotl-like paedomorphosis. Since any tissues containing such heterochronic survivals were expected most likely to occur in the maussade lumen, Wallis Yellow Steel had equipped himself, in addition to the usual scaphandrier’s impedimenta, with a hollow drill to perform caecal terebrations on the postulated beast. Unfortunately, however, all our favorite undinologist could find there was a mermaid too folkloric and foul to waste his cetological, ichnological, limnological, sirenological, nymphological, taxidermical and/or vivisectionist skills on. And so they trudged back downhill (we spare you the viatic details) to the nearest port so WYS (our favorite abbreviation) could continue his nereidian divastigations, haunted by the naiadic mirage (the sound of the sculls of the sampan descending the Salween whispered “See Law” to him; the wind in the rigging of the lateen of the yawl off the coast of Sulawesi whispered “See Law” to him; the clank and the hum of the crank and the wheels of the funicular that took him from Walenstadt on the Walensee to Toeyl’s Welle in Glarus whispered “See Law” to him; the breeze in the jib of the sloop sailing between Port Astri Bay and the Far Gimmals whispered “See Law” to him, and so on; having known her — alas, in barely more than the “social” sense, and only in her imaginal form — we readily empathize with his obsession) of his bride-to-be, and one of those *moche* eel-like pseudo-Moché waiters slithered up the stairs and across la salle to replace, comme plat de résistance, my exhausted *potage rouge* with une assiette de gnêtes à soringue d’anguilles amazoniennes and slithered back down again with the hollow tureen balanced on the rubber-coated steel salver balanced on his cocked forearm and the intense erotic charge of the yellow eel cooked in melinjo (kumbal) leaves and served with the piquant roasted thoa (ituá) fruits of the same plant gelled, as it were, into the inert summation of all the many dishes we will savor but once in our life, the re-retasted threads of the well-savored souvenir (“¡Mmmm — qué rico!” I hear my mother smack her lips and cluck her tongue) of the

re-savored meal serving, thus, to “*épaissir la trame*” which will gel, so to speak, into the alert soma of a gurgling singularity which, d’un seul coup d’erseau, plunged grumbling into the slumbering soul of my supper’s *doublure* (“l’âme dort, moi pas,” the poet says) and I clattered up from my table and across the squeaking floorboards and down the rickety steel colimaçon, leaving flayed livres, smudged fiches, flummoxed déjeunistes, and jejune serveurs a-flap and a-flutter and flushed and flustered in my wake, dashed down the more solid counterpart qui conduit aux oubliettes, barely avoiding slipping and bashing my bum and my elbow and my occiput sur les marches du marbre poli, slammed shut and double-locked the door, pinioned my patten-soles wetly into the appointed foot treads, hitched up kilt and thrust down knickers and squatted over the louche glairy severe staring eye of the thing: so many dishes will we savor but once in our life, and none of the threads will ever “*épaissir la trame*” since they do not sweetly converge and stylishly redouble, but rather squishily loll about and woefully fester and then slyly, slowly, all too loosely (and all too swiftly: sorry about the contradiction) diverge from the sweltering stellate oily bowels (what the locals here so daintily call “les selles”) of jealousy (slender joy) and regret and resentment and sour despair into the cheap sweatshop towel — spurned, scorned, threadbare, rancid, and irretrievably soiled — of another swell time lost down les chiottes de Lutèce. I (encore du spleen!) reached up to grab the terre-stained, well-worn wooden handle of the chain dangling above, and pulled.

ONE EVENING EARLY in my *séjour d'analyse rizlique* (to coin an azure, solid, lyrical mot for that little cardboard *boîte* puant servilement in tota Lutetia) I recall that, like a bemused mulatta nun who, lynx-eyed and disinterested, sailing down the Yssel Nadi on her way to the old nunnery der Austauschdienlicher Gunstpānapāderasten d'Uryāh (le vieux couvent [oud, arriéré béguinage] of Ribald Yes-to-Unlimited Ablutions Rythmiquement Abordées, Tripudiées et Ruées Trop Bandingement par l'Ouvroir de Putes Ribotantes of the Venutian Order of Uriah) in Lyness, stops her boat-mired morose pacing to admire momentarily a scarce, alate cerulean, crenulate and caudate, lace cerise jester, more commonly known as Roussel's nymph (*Nymphalis rousselii* Canterel, 1914), flapping and fluting and floating above the icy waters of mid-winter, I noticed a svelte anthropomorph, dressed only in his underclothes, enter what looked like, from the balcony of my Chicken Street studio, a dim tearoom in one of the buildings just southwest of celui d'en face and kneel down before a lithe gynomorph splayed on the couch therein and begin caressing and undressing her, inducing her to drop the book she had been reading. They were soon joined by a third (male, dusky, also in his underclothes) who added the mordant demystified (mo-dem) rationality of cooperation to an act escalating all too quickly, it seemed, from poignant tenderness to hopeless obscenity, and then by a fourth (female, sudorous, already nude) who lent a more modestly empathetic (mod-em) ration of catoptromantic charm to the now dual mesmeric symmetry of

the almost unendurably acute monadic-democritan (mo-dem) rationale of the adorable raree show my isolated vision had culled incognito from what had been, until then, a rather monotonous autumn night of trying for the third or fourth time to read D’Laumes on extinct mermaid otoliths (each “une déliée trace calcaire” of those quasi-mythical creatures’ age, diet, life cycle, social structure, environment, and etc., it seems, or would if I’d ever fully read the thing — I recall the deflated awe de ce cadore de mot amical who, in the act of unsticking and repainting the swollen rebords de ma fenêtre-balcon, asked, “Tous ces livres, vous avez, euh, meussieudame, *lus*?” “Tous? Pas tout à fait. Ils sont ce qu’exige mon travail, ma recherche, si vous voulez; ils sont comme des outils. Par exemple,” — but already his eyes had glazed over with that species of calcrete easement common to both the utterly starved and the utterly sated). A fifth, fully clad in black, occasionally entered the room, to, literally on, or rather with, the one hand, poke and prod their frenzy into ever higher modulations of the sorts of hair-pulled-back, chin-tilted-up, face-écarlate, slack-jawed moans that I had only ever witnessed before in the most prurient avatars of inbred fictionalized theatrics of the “hot” variety in which it is not unusual for the experienced clinician to observe, sciopically magnified, une fente moite ram doltishly down onto an interminable olisbos and then retract to leave une verge épaisse comme un bras d’homme protruding three-quarters of its docile length out of the glistening stoma, and, with the other, disgustingly clutch and professionally fondle and tease the playful quartets’ working parts so as to harmonize a slurry-laden perfervid carnal stuttering into the unique translucid tetragram of him-her-us-and-you *libertinage* that would let the four-part gnash-up denature into the spasmodic latrant Streuklang of Gruppensādhanatva (e.g., the mutual gang-rape’s *dhātu-pneumatos*). But as I was sloughing out of my daring déshabillé, like a provocative seductive treacherous Eastern broad, to mime in word and gesture, in esprit et corps, “Laisse ton mari do to me was er will!” — and as I, like a two-headed truce lizard (*Lacerta ececheirii* L.), was racing towards the biphasic, doubly medusal bliss we Sel-Syns alone are capable of savoring, i.e., with two mouths a single tail, so to speak, and with two hands a plural tool, the pattern prudishly resolved, like a drunken quarrel cut short by one party abruptly passing out, into a simple dîner à quatre, fully clothed, with frocked waiter, uncorked wine, poached haddock, et patates

sautées al Ayacucho. I realized, with that fiendish sense of having been caught unawares in some sort of unholy woman- or widowhood *raté* mimicry of something I'd read before, or almost, or perhaps had meant to, but had not, that I was looking at la salle à l'étage, transformed by Art Deco lamps and modernist tablecloths and midnight reflections, of the, by daylight at least, bare but for les barbouillages barbouillés par cette barbouilleuse méta-drômoise I've referred to elsewhere, *café* I frequented for my pre-, trans-, and postcibal *enquêtes* par, à travers, et dans la vie littéraire! And the nun? Sie ist nun auf der Insel Hoy wunschlos (she's perfectly happy there) ge-something with her hermeneutical sisters, recalling, whenever she drops her catechism and her breviary to attend to more sublunary needs, the frilly-scallop-wing-tailed papillon rouge et azur qu'elle avait admiré tomographiquement, presque, at the start of her "seclusion" (these things are relative, after all) and I thought about how it fluted and perched on the moro-et-daim gloved main she'd been stroking the polished boat rail with (*tesuri blødnya*), fanned its wings once, twice, in the winter sun, and flew on. Don't worry. We stately Sel-Syns, like the noblest elms (*Ulmus adelissima* L.) whose lofty crowns I often dream to be vigilantly swaying from — or am I the tree itself, keeping anemochoric watch with a myriad retinal samaras? — are, for the most part, self-infertile.

§ 32 | Unwholy

ONE THING I HAVE NOT LEFT unread, however, is a piece by Marten Hesse, a North Appalachian from Erehwon en Wye (a body of water, apparently: he swam there sensationally as a student, we are told in the by-line, and also excelled there as a nervy sculler) who left his job as custodial ornithologist and topsy-turvy scullion at the Appalachian Mental Institution in Mastersheen to help Hester Esman (a former classmate, here now in Paris) run her literary *journal* for expatriated polyglots, perverts, pantophobes, and misomaniacs of all stripes, *The Meaner Side*, in which the arioso aedile under discussion placed said étoile Horæenne of epanaphoran littérature, said oriole athée of scry vulgarity entitled “The Holy Wound” which tests the wholesome reader’s endurance dès the get-go, so let me jot down, before I ditto some choice excerpts (which demonstrate the original Nerudan poésie of the author’s cuento de orinal, the curvy scurrility of his authentic scurvy prose, better than any summary), a summary of the story, to the extent I’m able to glean and piece together the themes of the complicated structure (in which the terse, sham-neophyte, literary anti-gumshoe hides aleatoric phrases and allusions, it would seem, but which actually, Mr. Hesse articulates to me in the most reassuring of tones, incorporates or encodes or is inspired, à la him who composed the Hibernian *Odyssey*, by the six or nine or twelve or so Horae of the classical era): *Primo* (1): There is a maniac. In a bar, he a) carries on a manic monologue anent memory or the lack thereof with himself or some silent interlocutor; b) engages in a

similar dialogue of seduction on a similar topic with an underaged pucelle who has a scar on her cheek. On the street, he c) stubs out his cigarette butt in the face of an infant in a stroller, and escapes; d) ducks into an antiquarian's shop and demands food and drink. *Segundo* (2): There is a girl-child. On the street, she a) walks hand in hand with her fearful mother, musing aloud on what she sees and does not understand (nor does her fearful mother); b) vid. 1b; c) vid. 1c; d) gets hit by a car and ends up severely paralyzed, in a wheelchair (or 1e: does the maniac push her off a cliff, with the same outcome as 2d?). *Tertio* (3): Maniac tortures paralyzed and scar-faced pucelle to the tune of 2a (vid. 1b, 1c, 2b, 2c, and 4) . *Quarto* (4): Paralyzed and scar-faced pucelle is tortured by maniac ditto (ditto and 3). Et voilà, quelques citations culled from the epanaphoran, list-like litany du texte même (which may be had en entier by writing to the offices of said publication at 9, cité Manstherse, Paris, IX):

[1a:] “La mémoire? J’y crois pas. La croyance? On a privée mon enfance dudit palliatif. L’enfant? C’est l’adulte pourri. L’adulte? Il faut s’en méfier. La méfiance? C’est la mémoire. J’y crois pas.”

[2a:] “Maman, est-ce que c’est que c’est un truc spécial de *prestidigitation*, de mettre le feu au bout d’une petite baguette et faire souffler de la fumée par la bouche, maman?” “Chais pas, mon enfant. Donnes-moi la main. (Où est-ce qu’elle a appris le mot *prestidigitation*?)” “Maman, est-ce que c’est que c’est une preuve spéciale de la *misère*, de battre les doigts à l’ouverture de la braguette, pasqu’il fait de la rosée, hoirie de sa zizi, pasque la haie *doit* la rosée, maman?” “Chais pas, ma chérie. Serres-toi plus près la main. (Comment est-ce qu’elle sait le mot *hoirie*?)” “Maman, est-ce que c’est que c’est un trait spéciale de la *mélancolie*, de tirer les cheveux à gros coups de poing et faire souffrir la pensée par la tête, maman?” “Chais pas. Donnes la main. (Mais qui l’avait fait connaître le mot *mélancolie*?)” “Maman, est-ce que c’est que c’est un prêt spécial de l’*infini*, de prendre la vie avec un petit paquet de foudre et faire suffire sa portée par le cou, maman?” “La main, putain!”

[1c, 2c:] “Salop! Meurtrier! Violeur! Police!” “Mon enfant! Ma chérie!” “Ouäaïii!” “Qu’est-ce que c’est que ça que s’est passé?” “Je ne sais pas, moi.” “Arrêtez-le! Salop!” “Qui? Où?” “Violeur! Connard! Criminel!” “Au secours!” “Mon enfant! Ma chérie!” “Ouäaïii!” “Mais

qu'est-ce que c'est que ça que s'est passé?" "Je ne sais pas, moi." "Brulé le bébé." "Comment? Qui?" "Il s'en fuit! Police! Au secours!" "Comment? Pourquoi?" "Ce tapé d'oriole athée, saignant!" "Lâche art, oeil d'oiseau?" "Écoute c'qu'j't'di-se! I la é-cra-sé son clope au vi-sa-ge de l'enfant." "Dans le village? Pourquoi?" "Quel pantois athée! Laideron sera!" "Comment? Comment pourquoi? Comment athée? Je veux savoir qu'est-ce que c'est que ça que s'est passé!" "Mégot! Face! Enfant!" "C'est effroyable! Abominable! Atroce!" "Ouääiiii!"

[1d:] "J'ai faim! Donnez-moi à manger! Et comme boisson, un demi, s'il vous plaît! Je veux un demi!" "Mais vous n'êtes pas chez un bistrotier, ici, monsieur. Nous sommes antiquaires." "Pas buvette, ici, hein! Antiquaires!" "J'ai faim! Je veux un demi!" "S'il vous plaît, monsieur, on ne jette pas les mégots au sol, ici, monsieur. Tenez, monsieur, un cendrier, s'il vous plaît!" "Fume pas ici!" "J'ai faim!" "Laisse-le, laisse-le! Vas chercher quelque chose à manger, ma chérie. Et de la bière. Tu vois bien qu'il est un peu troublé. Tenez, asseyez-vous, monsieur. Doucement." "Hmph!" "J'ai faim! J'ai soif!"

[1b, 2b:] "La mémoire? J'y crois pas." "Moi non plus. Mais je te crois." "La croyance? On a privée mon enfance dudit palliatif." "L'amour est un palliatif. Le seul remède. Je veux faire un enfant avec toi." "Enfant? C'est l'adulte pourri." "Enfant ou adulte, je t'adore." "Adulte? Il faut s'en méfier." "Tu me méfies? J'ai faim de toi." "La méfiance? C'est la mémoire. J'y crois pas." "Mais je te crois. Je te veux, ma femme, ma jeune fille, ma petite pucelle." "Regarde. On m'a brûlé le visage quand j'étais enfant." "Je veux te boire, te manger." "Qui? Un adulte." "Sois adulte avec moi. Ôtes ta jupe, ta chemise." "Comment? Il a écrasé son clope dedans." "Je t'ai soif. Je veux te fumer, te humer, te humecter, te sucer." "Pourquoi? Je ne sais pas." "Moi non plus. Mais je te sais maintenant." "T'es fou! Moi aussi." "Tais-toi."

[2d or 1e:] "¿[...]?"

[3, 4:] "O, head solitaire, oesophage de ver, hog-tied spineless harem teen! Est-ce que c'est que c'est un truc vys-vys-vishious de *prestidyshi-dizhi-digi-tasyon*, de mettre du feu dans la cicatrice de ta gueule? Moouoooo! Here is ta laideur, vache!" "Pas dans la face, s'il vous plaît! Pas dans la face!" "That smarts, eh, needy piss bag? Comme une hostie orale aide la foi d'une pute, mon aide érotise la houri que je vois dans ta paupiette de porc: s'y vulve t'en a pas, cicatrice y en a: preuve spéciale

de la misère. As-tu enwy, as-tu enwy, ma pe-ti-te cul-le-de-jat-te, que je fais pipi dans la plaie de ta bouche?” “Pas dans la bouche, s’il vous plaît! Pas dans la bouche!” “Or how ’bout dis idea: heart, soil, oeuvre de ta chaise roulante, ma petite estropiate? Ça c’est un trait spéciale de la *mé-lan-co-lie*, que je bats tes aréoles, idiote; hache-les comme des prunes brunies; que j’enfonce le foutre dans la balafre de ton froid zizi mort (in the nether masses of your mortal coil, randy rank rangy ranular ranunculus, where my time-hater’s semen will mix with your memory-hater’s menses!)” “Oui, là! Là, s’il te plaît, là!” “O, ma nue ardente et moue, a real otiose, heidnische coup de foudre de l’infini! O, hillosta adorée, heilige Wunde à ressort caché! Ça te suffit, de te faire zigouiller comme un oiselet adoré, haï?” “Non, s’il te plaît! Pas d—.”

Although I must admit that, even without my personal *connaissance* of or with Mr. Marten Hesse (who, before growing a beard under or over his heretofore imberbe author’s mask and moving on to Masse-Herten, a riparian village in one of the more enlightened Bothnian ochlocracies, where he has since published the best-selling [for those who like that sort of *Bijoux-indiscrets*-like, who-dunnit-to-whom-how-where-and-why type of pornosophy — and I know I do!] *Steen’s Harem*, took great pleasure in informing me that “hillosta” is the elative singular of the Finnish word for “jam, jelly”), the story would still, today, resonate with me, reformed psycho-, and practicing socio-, physiologist that I am. I trust, moreover, that, by infixing, as I have done, whole excerpts from said aerolite hoe-down of *The Meaner Side* into this, the commonplace book of my Parisian escapade, I have not violated the moral integument of anyone’s authorial or editorial or artistic “rights.” Even if I have, however, it does not matter. J’y crois pas.

§ 33 | Ears

ONE AFTERNOON I AWOKE with one of the less craven sentinels of the resident pègre du Café des Dos Péru, Pedro, submerged in the unkempt sea-store of my *Grand Néant*, his long-lobed transparent ensiform pointer's ears poking above the ropy roiling surf between the goose-fleshed shallows and the deep-veined depths like twin leathery snorkels as he probed my every sublittoral nook and gill in search of the fresh fimbriate flesh of nacre-shelled albino abalone, the fat pink tender pulp of intertidal cephalopods, the chaste roe — silky, supple, lustrous, luteous, deliquescent — concealed within the calyxed crowns of feathery crinoids. His unique ability to transpire through his ears, by the way, ensures that sedulous Pedro, unlike your more conventional submarine adventurers, needs solamente de vez en cuando to come up for air, more to orientate than to aerate, really, his blond eyelashes brimming with l'écume vénusienne as he quickly scans the shore for landmarks — the thatch-roof shack with the red plastic table and chair on which he neatly draped his bathrobe before taking the plunge, the cyclone-battered ruins of an ancient temple, the hopeless hotel and prematurely aged restaurant of a hideous resort that had sprung up overnight like a bloom of mushrooms dans la fente rasée between forest, sea, field, and city — then lowers his head beneath the buzzing surface and sets to work again, gently rocked by the rhythmic tide, the surging flux, the vivacious undertow of the crashing coastal waters. All my senses were a-tingle, focalisés sur la fougue de ce remous de prodige qui allait vers la cime de la jouissance,

with what is perhaps my most *common* sense intumescing intensely in an effervescent sine wave that seemed to simmer and seethe and overmantle in a singing serrate froth of cloud spores and turbulently disperse sur les toits du tout Paris, from the zinc sloped planes of cité and faubourg to the roseate scalloped tuiles des banlieues in a saltatory, mostly eastward, motion with occasional short jumps in the opposite direction, as if the airborne saunterer, east-bound, I'd become, needed to retrace, every now and again, les pas de sa flânerie volante, in order, spouse-like, to use the point of return as the springboard for an ever larger leap forward, so that, as Sœur P. D. Sartre explained somewhere, as s/he straddled the shoulders of some proud sexy androgynous giant, and hooked his or her knees beneath her or his hybrid *vāhana*'s armpits (causing that chimera's tremendous bust to bulge coquettishly), pressed his or her dog's-ear toes into the small of the demi-god(ess)'s back, and crushed her or his aching groin into the croup or nuque or tumid neck-stalk of this tense, intimate, idolatrous, pedantic attempt to pull him- or herself up with chafed hands and scraped arms and peer over the ever-dreaming sentient wall of the great chain of being and nothingness and catch a glimpse of things intangible but real — numbers, fractions, formulas, fictions, orbits, tangents, values, vectors, rainbows — mon voyage s'inclinant peu ou prou des pays du Crépuscule aux pays de l'Aurore — from Porto Vecho to Owlstain and back; from Porto Vecho to Shatsbrook to Minxburgh and back; from Shatsbrook to Lutèce via aerostat and the wilds of whitest Albionia et ce fleuve qui mène des sulphureous gangplanks of Le Havre to the pudgy bosom and podgy bottom of Gay Paree; from the sour, depraved auberge in Clink-and-Court Alley to my garret — secure, secluded, sensible, with a semi-circular-capped porte-fenêtre au balcon — in Pullet Lane thence one evening westward to the rarest earthy shenanigans *le Bois* has ever witnessed and, come sun-up, my rumless trajectory carried me back towards the cresting solar eruption of a preternaturally warm autumn morning — did I really stop at a café-bar-tabac on Saint André Sarte Avenue pour écarquiller les yeux avec a good matinal boozing, then again at Dos Péru for another ditto (hence Pedro's ubiety), and did Mme Soraya Soréa, Esthéticienne, really scowl at me from her shopfront with my tow-headed *buceador supeditado* in tow (impaled, as it were, on the brazen tines of my *spiculum amoris*) as we staggered past her prude's portal and up the five or six flights to le petit

coin au palier, flushing but once for the both of us, and unlocked my room, and slammed the door on all the sad life-and-death world of work and business and dated folly and elbowed fate and unseen intolerable adult voices and depressing sham music behind, outside, beyond it? — so that all this pushing and pulling, this to-ing and fro-ing, this giving and taking, this aller-retour, this upping and downing of the cute grenouillard's imaginative coo-and-stroke, exhale and in-, appeared to me in all its celeste, soaring, dialectical glory and I wondered supona-mentally, as my benumbèd κεφαλῆς — wait, are you saying that our des-picable Pedro sucked all the lourde psychomachic calvados-repulsed sour *pénurie de rhum* therefrom? I am, and he did! — fell back into l'écume du jour refluant and my deliciously pierced, probed, and pompés tentacu-la sank into la houle tumultueuse du lit, which way station would I be drawn to next, and in which lieu de séjour would I next reside — Strasbourg oder Stuttgart? Zagreb ili Saint Petersburg? Saratov yā Shiraz? — since, as Sister P. D. a très rêveusement écrit somewhere, “quand on tête la sirène de la réalité testée, il est très probable que l'on lèse et tarit le liseré tâté du réel attisé, et la tête serinée de l'allaité reste étalée, triste, et son lest étire à la striée tendresse de l'être satisfait.”

WHILE WAITING FOR MY edematous mantle to detumesce and allow the finespun venereal chyle to run out of me, I ruffled the pages of a thick, a very thick, and locally sourced, *journal*, and evoked a postliminal image of my frogmenschliche faune who, nu, lymphatique, had decided, after his meticulous periplus of my coast-mountain fundament, not to run the risk of encountering sur le palier my voluble madrone's relation, Dr. N. Soréa, faisant sa ronde râlante of slipping self-promotional papillons sous les raies de toutes les portes de l'immeuble, and opted instead to lordotically stand and smugly deliver, as if they were an exotic species of that freely given ardor's ichor that makes the kneeling parvenu howl, yammer, squeal, and moan in wonder, his post-labdacian sanies into the abstract évier of what called itself "kitchen" of my *cagibi*. His submariner's adorable intuition indeed proved well-founded, for, as I sat there high above the windswept timberline, above the clamorous clouds, on the rarefied peak of my sloping watershed, my cocked tympani heard sornioni passi ascending la scala echeggiante, the birdcall creaks of the floorboards' renunciation, the curious pause, huff, scuffle, and scrape that signalled the shady, shadowy act of *tractatus intromissus*, and a chitinous caelatura de sornettes the self-proclaimed "Voyant Célèbre, Grand Guérisseur, Médium Très Puissant, Astrologue" deployed as calling card crawled noisily, as I restrained my ctenidia and constrained my nephridia, under the doorcrack and into my sight — "For the face of doorcracks (*das Gesicht der Türspalte*) determines both what is the fist,

and also all that is not the fist.” My flared osphradium sensed him listening al otro lado with bated breath for the merest echo of occupation of my aseó of solitude in the apneic interval, then he wheezed and coughed and retortured the hopeless planks with his shuffling ballast, violated les bas of the remaining three doors with his parasitic apophallastic pamphlets — “The thrust of the doorcrack (*der Stoß der Türspalte*) leafs (through?) the thrust of the sandpattern” — and paused a last time in front of my retrete’s unnerved *puerta* before starting his descente de l’escalier. My siphon, my gills, my nidamentals could contain themselves no longer and, even before I knew that the author of “vous qui souffrez difficultés de trouver un vénéré époux, une vernale épouse [...] fier natif d’Achun y Wolof École des Guérisseurs diplômé vous résoudra ensorcellements, vous aidera à faire un rêve nouveau de vie” had descended even midway to the landing below, I exhaled and uncorked the straining operculum and shamelessly unwhorled a caustic flow into the resonant inodoro, for “Only doorcracks (*nur die Türspalte*) can flow from locality, a source of noses cannot.” As the groaning cascade raced our resident seer downstairs, I leant forward and retrieved the throw-away feuille, in order to use it, not à la Bloom to dab my retractile stylophore, my pedunculus fimbriatus, my vestigium, flagellum, diverticulum, and other damp fair parts with, but rather as both placeholder and fiche de gribouille, since while with one hand I perused “The Holy Unwomaning,” and with the other my own hulusi-spintheric heterolexicalization of die *Luftige pfeilschriftige Abbildungen*’s drone-arsed Saxonc asperities into the even runes of Anglo-Appalachik et la ronde rasante de la Gallo-Flouziane said journal had at last deigned to publish, with both I corralled my more skittish musings in the blank field of its, l’affichage’s, verso.

“OHO! T’AS RÉALI-É, ÉDIFIANTE rose de l’ouest que tu sois avec tes yeux de rose à l’athée iodiste, un rendez-vous déjà avec *le Dr. Œil-qui-sait-prêter-du-bon-augure?*” Each mountain of her breathless Sierra Madre, misty with incense, empassed with talc, seems to separately tumble — or is there a pair of lecherous putti having a suckling spree between bosom and blouse? — with her each corpulent *exhalaison* as she plucks one of the stacked prospectuses adorning la noire petite table en fer forgé just inside the portal, iron-grated, of her cockamamie teased-hair oloroso shop and bids me inspect de plus près the phrase, “Par correspondance joindre par buts et moyens enveloppe timbrée et photo.” She casts a new, yearning-filled, look at me, and her insentient masher’s exegetical thumb fumbles thunderously at the throw-away, setting all her armfat a-quiver, and finally exhorts her congregant à l’ironie impudente to mark the “RDV” in the phrase, “Le Dr. N. Soréa reçoit t.l.j. de 8 h au 20 h sur RDV au fond de la cour du 11, rue Poulet, RDC,” and in response I swiftly foudroie la peau de la petite réclame with the sweeping emphatic éclair of my own slim tapered lunate lightning-bolt of a doigt to illuminate “t.l.j. de 8 h au 20 h.” “Donc, since I am une personne du quartier, de la maison même, I assumed that simply showing up chez vous, au what I understand means Rez-De-Chaussée and not République Démocratique du Congo, during office hours would suffice.” Although her salacious orogeny (wunderhübsches, in a way) continues to jostle freely beneath the vivid calico anango qui moule son immense heart-

scutum (into the all-consuming abyss of which her hand at last plunges in search of the gold-rimmed lunettes y curvavavabooming la homasse entre her nénés titanesques), she, quoique d'une voix plus froide, hèle, "T'as rai-on! T'as [she painstakingly articulates l's intervocalique] rai-zzzon et seras, hem, tou-jjjours ma rose de l'ouest!" And from the hinterlands of the shop there emerges, as if he too were chained to the endless noria-lavalier she continues to winch up from between the round-ridged rivages of her livid highland arroyo, *le Dr. Soit-prêt-à-un-bécot* lui-même, wearing cerise shikari sneakers, short tartan kurta (cognate with "shirt," by the way), and a tight-thighed, flare-cuffed *pantalon* cut from azure sailcloth, étiolé, iodé, harassé. "Bonne après midi, meussieudame! Je vous attendais, en fait. Vous êtes à l'heure! Soyez la *diurnal receivresse*, comme vous louriez dans la rythmée suite de votre propre-à-rien *burst* de patois outre-merdique, de notre part de subir man-tique! Suivez-moi, s'il vous plait!" And, in fact, just as la madrone steps aside to let me accept the seer's invitation, un roué d'enfant squirms into the curvy Schauraum (kurvenreich showroom) of her ample décolletage, its dewy-nosed face dribbling milk foam, its mère-set hands latched to her gold-rimmed bésicles, its gawping prawn-eyes unblinking. "Ça va, ça va, ma refroidie rose haletante. À bien tôt!" Through the depths of the shop (which I've already described somewhere) and out the back door into the courtyard (into which I've never before penetrated, did not even suspect, avant my studious perusal of the polygonal irruptive pests that had crawled into both studio and WC from under the doorcracks — "That the blessing tooth is a doorcrack (*dass der Segenzahn ein Türspalt ist*) is concealed by the habitual finger of outflow, slated or gaited..." — that our immeuble possessed), I follow his swishing, muscular, thigh-shearing strides. "Je vous précède, si ça ne vous gêne pas, en tant que c'est votre premier visite aux lieux, meussieudame?" "Mais certainement, Dr. Éraniste!" His sinistral sneaker is run down on the inside heel, his dextral, on the out-. We pass through a whole harem's nest of kangas, anangos, culottes, slips, maillots, caleçons, bas, skirts (cognate with "kurta," by the way), and the seamen's rayés tricots qui vous rassurent que vous êtes bien au pays de Ronsard, and so on drying on a complicated web of rigging in the dappled post-meridian sunlight. Au fond de la cour we enter the door of what seems a prima facie Hades or a toilet, but turns out to be *le Dr. Pere-boitant-suspicieusement's* bureau

aisé, atelier d'hoodoo furnished in the same *senryū*-esque combination of the simple and the savage, the exotic and the mundane, common to psychorapists de partout dans le monde: African masks, Asian idols, curvy sculptures from the Ancient World, lilliputian trees, meshīnian shepherd's crooks — Io, idols, hetaerae figurines, etc., all symbols of sensitivity, occult signs of secret therapistic sagesse. “Asseyez vous, meussieudame. J'ai anticipé votre presence. Vous êtes un peu *morose*, ces jours-ci?” “Mais pas du tout, Dr. Aréopagite! C'est tout le contraire, en fait. Je suis en train de vivre une lucidité extatique! Mais le problème — en fait, il n'est pas de problème, mais simplement je cherche que vous, en tant que Voyant Célebre, pourriez me donner un peu d'aide, théorie, la souhaitée opinion vostra envers de ce que, quand je me souviens, quand j'envisage — mais, vous savez l'appalachien comme il è parlato en WY, n'est-ce pas, Dr. Éon? Pourrais-je en faire recours si j'en ai besoin?” “Ou-ais, bien sûr. Je sais toutes les langues, sinon en pratique, au moins par intuition. Continuez, s'il vous plaît.” “Bon. Alors, Dr. Œcuménique, le problème — mais il n'est pas de problème, comme je l'ai déjà dit, c'est seulement que je pense que vous, en tant que Médium Très Puissant, pourriez m'aider —” “Hola! Toisée rose de l'ouest! T'as oublié tes trucs!” She trundles in the abject tools of our (meaning “my”) heterotextual trade and deposits them at my (meaning “our”) speechless feet. “Merci, madame.” Neither I nor *le Dr. Say-rien-au-Zollbeamte* speak until she and her parasite de poitrine eye each of us in turn, as if expecting a tip, then she shrugs theatrically, and leaves. “Continuez.” “Où étais-je? Oui. Le problème — mais il n'est pas de problème, sauf qu'il seems that what I remember is bound to happen, and what hasn't happened yet, I've already remembered.” “Je vois. Vous avez des problèmes de mémoire. Tenez, meussieudame. Buvez cette infusion des fleurs d'haricot de l'Ordalie, thé à soie de Calabar nous l'appelons aussi. C'est bon pour la mémoire.” “Merci, Dr. Œnomancien. [Je hume l'âtre arôme du breuvage.] Mais non, pas tout à fait. If something has not happened yet, n'a pas encore eu lieu, I've already recalled it, je l'avais déjà rappelé. Je pensais que vous pourriez m'aider à penser the *smara pramūḍha*, as it were, in a new yoga, so to speak, since it's not like the tenses, the times, the past, present, and future all run together like some sort of impossibly enjambèd seaside partouze de jeunes filles en fleur dont l'ardeur de leur fonte synallagmatique ne laisse rien qu'une petite

sorne de sens assombrie, fuligineuse, fumante [I blow on the steaming liquid] — but rather, I just need to stretch time's structure, not mar the sense of it, and limber up memory's recalcitrant joints, since if I've already recalled it, si je l'ai déjà rappelé, it will happen, il va se passer. Like in a dream —" "Je vois. Vous souffrez de cauchemars. Mais avant qu'on continue, vous m'avez apporter une photo?" "Oui. Trois." Je bois une petite gorgée de l'infusion doucement amère. "Je vois. Celle-ci, c'est du passé. C'est votre amie d'enfance. Celle-là, le présent. C'est vous-même. Et celle-ci, le futur. Votre futur, euh, partenaire." "Pas exactement. Sono tutti di passato. Quella n'est pas une amie d'enfance, mais une collègue plus, très, peut-être trop récente, S. Codesta n'est pas moi, mais ma mère. Et questa — mais c'est moi! In the winsome days of my New Lexican nymphancy!" Je sirote — aah! — l'iodée infusion. "C'est vous, celle-ci? Mais vous étiez sublime! [Nostalgic pause. I swill the bittersweet southern tea messily. "Pardon. C'est très bon, le thé." "Vous en voulez encore?" "Non, merci." Continue nostalgic pause. End.] Et celle-là, ça me regarde un peu, ça me fait me ressouvenir de quelqu'un —" "I should think she *would* remind you of someone — she's the sister of a friend of your wife! Grâce à elle, la sœur d'S, je vis ici, dans le même immeuble que vous!" "Ma femme?" "Oui, la madrone, la patronne, la propriétaire, l'esthéticienne, celle qui vient de me remettre mes ustensiles scribousilleux!" "Mais Mme Soraya n'est pas mon épouse — elle est ma cousine! Je suis célibataire, même." "Oh, je m'excuse. Je pensais que, parce que —" "Je vois. On continue. Vous souffrez de cauchemars de partouzes où sont impliqués votre mère et votre ancienne, ou plutôt récente, collègue, S. Je vais vous prescrire —" "Mais non, s'il vous plaît. Pardon, Dr. Réanimateur, but — you are familiar with the oneirochronogeny work of Dunne, Y. W.?" "Le poète, young woman?" "Yohan Willis, je pense. Le chercheur du temps foutu. Mais passons. In the laboratory where S était ma collègue, nous continuons la recherche de Dr. Zeliony, a Ruslandic Naturforscher in Pavlov's lab, an early divastigator of the schizogeny wrought by trauma, in fact, and what he discovered, or rather what we rediscovered —" "Ça vous dérange si je fume?" "Non. [Je m'imbibe la lie du philtre dosé à oie appâtée d'un seul trait.] Pas du tout. What we rediscovered by employing the Zeleny Wundausschneidungsprozess (rubescient excision à la Dr. Zeliony's urbane procédé) on select stoats, native nutria, and endemic eyra (the *sne*

of *SNE*, in the jargon), for instance, was precisely the schizomythic nature de l'épistémè (or *SNE*), ou de l'expérience (also *SNE*), ou au moins des eidola à théoriser encore, et nous avons donc commencé à développer une théorie d'asile aoriste quand elle — "Misoschistique? Vous n'aimez pas les roches, les cristaux? Mais passons. Racontez moi par contre votre histoire d'elle, S. Vous l'aimez encore, il me semble." "Mais non, pas tout à fait. Aimer, c'est beaucoup dire. L'avoir désirée, l'avoir regrettée, si, mais c'est plutôt une histoire, celle de ma collègue, S, d'envie et de jalousie." "Ah, je vois bien que vous êtes bien *sado*, meussieudame. Ess-pliquez moi, s'il vous plaît." And so I tell him the story of S, and as I do so, I am filled with an overwhelming urge to munch, chew, gnaw on cloves of raw garlic and chug, swig, quaff several glasses of straight rum, and the name Alinor seems to dilate, ease rhoi-bdostically into the Shemesh-tense, rapidly filling chasm of my solar-incubus-seduced goose of a bladder. I tell this to *le Dr. Sait-buter-en-opus-incertum* as I reach the end of the story of S (it seems that my therapanderastic ontogeny wants to recapitulate the degenerate picaresque phylogeny wrenched into the world of letters by some picayune roman à tiroirs édité à Haole University Press of Western Polynesia!). "Pourquoi ce nom, Alinor?" "Je ne sais pas." "Mais moi, je sais, je vois. Je vois qu'elle, S, vous ensorcellait via cette Alinor! Et c'est S qui vous ensorcelle par Alinor encore! Mon village natif, Achun, par exemple, était le siège d'une Alinor médiévale, une reine sorcière comme le Merlin était roi sorcier d'Albionia. Et cette Alinor — mais en fait si je me remémore de plus près, il me semble qu'elle avait un "e" dans son nom, mais dans la première, seconde, ou troisième syllabe, je ne sais plus. Ce que je veux vous dire c'est que, souvent dans la maladie, on trouve le remède même. Le remède se cache dans la maladie! For instance, a sailor nodding off with scurvy dreams of fruit, tomatoes, chilies, raw meat, fresh blood, qui sont tous des remèdes pour le scorbut! Vous songez d'Alinor la reine sorcière, vous songez de rhum et d'ail rongé à cru. Alors, c'est simple maintenant. Votre envie de manger d'ail et de boire du rhum — c'est ça, le remède! Ainsi, je vous prescris une gousse d'ail par heure, suivi par un vaso de ron, ou plutôt vice-versa: ron, ail, in that order, one each every hour, not to exceed six each per dia. Or, come to think of it, ail, ron also works. Whichever you choose — experiment, even! And above all — exercise! You sleep all day and stay up all

night reading and writing — it's not just la vitamine sé you're craving, but la vitamine dé! There are a good three hours left of sunlight today — so get out and walk, west, now, facing into the sun! This too I also prescribe: au moins trois heures de promenade au soleil par jour. Now, allez-y, meussieudame: marchez, mangez, buvez! Ron, ail, Šamaš, Sūrya, Héliion, Ra! Vous me devez cent turpins. Dos mil pesetas. Réglez à la caisse, s'il vous plaît. Venez me voir dans une semaine. Et laissez les photos. Merci. À la prochaine!" And so out of the proffered hand I snatch the script scribbled par *le Dr. Ubi-ron-petaste* on the verso of one of his papillons publicitaires, snatch up from the floor my textual tackle, rebrousse le chemin du forêt de linge, start to panic when, sans my star-board-listing and alliteration-destroying guide, my intended beeline hopelessly entangles itself with the mare's nest of a Kueyen whore's nest of all clotheslines, mais en suivant les humides senteurs fulgurantes de cheveux défrisés je me sauve, je m'extirpe, hand dos mil pesetas y el vaso vacío de té to la Madame (complete with heckling nourrisson entre ses seins de mastodonte), fill the prescription at la quincaillerie du numéro 6 en face, and head west, with a dense fiery spheroidal *otia eserinalia* approaching the Chandrasekhar limit of my *vesica urinaria*, into the golden sunlight of a preternaturally warm autumn evening.

YOU WILL HAVE SEEN ME, you astrological navvy scrutinizing season and sky with your arundinaceous scry, vuvuzelomantic gnomon, or by sending the scarlet runners of your cosmognostical shoots ideal aerie-ward, viz., to follow my hirundine rumrunner's flight west by southwest into crush-eared Helios' iotaphoran thrall towards which, for instance, dewy-nervured, new-fledged instars of vespertinal Orthoptera, Hemipterodea, Phasmatodea, Mantodea, Odonatoidea, Elateroidea, Tischerioidea, and, at least, Dictyodea, irate Helios also draws and toys with as he does me, a chimerical text kitten, wyvern of self and other caught in the act of clawing at this ball of new yarn that passes for the tense *smara*, recently therapized, of the ontic wool I ideate, share the lexical, inordinate, bestial rondeau of with the aforesaid "others" I cohabit this miserable world with, and yet all too singularly experience, i.e., my rationality-enwallowed memory, or lack thereof, of *realia ornithohylia* (Flaubert's bird-bespattered quiddity enwhitened [*blanchi*] "par les fientes d'aigles et de vautours"). Which is perhaps why, when you come upon a party of industrious villeins laboring under the onus of exactitude in order to cultivate some perverse seigneur's demesne of dream, even though a sign clearly proclaims "welcome," and you can see through the invitingly open gates that its evergreen marshes teem with the puisne earth's mélange of midsummer steam, hen's eryngo (*Eryngium gallinaceum* L.), untame she erns, infrequently seen harts, embryonic rat meneses, hermaphroditic manatees (Sherman's siren), sham steenbok, and

other pretty parodies of revealed creation, still you keep your unsewn eyes peeled warily for the more “realistic” markers — “no admittance except on business,” “trespassers will be prosecuted,” “lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch’intrate” — of the family romance’s lampion rouge de l’inceste, and do not enter, but continue on your way. In the long run, however, neither the fervently debauched waif of the scribbling self, nor the reserved pervert of the gradually revealed observed other, can live sans rêver, sans the REM searchlight with which dream probes the tabooed realities hatched by the taboo-crushed psyche in cahoots with the action-packed sensorium. What the postmeridian sightseer means’s that all this prelude is simply an attempt to peel away the skin, sinews, nerves, and unsightly connective tissue of conceit and get at the meat of my meta-narrative; to wit, that somewhere between Cochon Alley and Clichéd Lane, in the city’s barrio literario donde my high-heeled, tweel-soled moccasins no han nunca pisado during daylight hours, in the cité Manstherse (“écrivain surréaliste d’origine wallone”) to be exact, as I was struggling to incise my thumbnail into the virgin chorion of the epicecne caïeu I’d acquired at the Chicken Street quincaillerie and tear the aioli dose therefrom, I was brought up short, as they say, par les grandes vitres d’aquarium whose limpid waters harbored a sort of textogeny workshop wherein could be seen a bevy, scrupulous yet sociable, of sea-hale editors, oie-necked hale ariose toilers, seashore sedate aioli-loving (note the concord) polymaths, serene proofreaders (Hi, Iota! Olé, Oleaginous!), and a tattooed lithe rasé aide-de-camp who all, without shame, resentment, self-consciousness, or fear of the enchanted loiterer’s all-knowing examination of them, continued working together, side-by-side or face-to-face at their bright desks or slanted drafting tables or well-linked printing presses or enigmatical binding apparati, towards a single goal: produce (according to the hand-written placard taped to a corner of the window) Esther Manse’s *The Meaner Side*. As I munched la gousse d’ail radiée (shot oeilladically out of its crisp avulsed caul with a surgical pinch), unscrewed the cap of and took a swig from my ration of rum, la boule bouillante de ma vessie, proie d’Helios, trae a la luz el reflejo trastornado of one of the prettier geese, a sportively enwrapped, unruly twenty-thousand-leagues-under-the-sea-haired stoolie, as she looked up from the chlorotic depths of the submarine ouvroir and solipsistically smiled into the nictitating membrane separating her tarnished-fishbowl

routine from my own sun-burnished, gold-and-caramel reverie that set her hair, hoodie, seat (elegant, high-perched), and task (design, layout) ablaze with the sympathetic fire of my muscular, calicular, crepuscular loins which, like all things that autotomize their lucid alate imagos from the promiscuous patina of sublunary pupation and soar off into the radiant western sky — foxy Chiroptera, terminal Isoptera, shadow-swallowing Hirundinidae, alliaceous masseter-hendiadys me — unnerves the déjà-vu in the jamais-vu, makes the unseen but all too tangibly oneiric scories de l'aurore hiatale des oisifs comme moi adhering to the heavy, scrumptious, waxy rhythms and argillaceous tempo de la vida despierta somehow more or less familiar than the iridescent nervy scum of dream sur la surface pruiteuse de la sombra of daily life which may or may not be identical to the former but more than likely implies it.

§ 37 | Rue

BETWEEN LA ACERA TECLEADA by dense muladas of bewitched flâneurs converging towards that medusal rond-point où l'Arc éclate erubesciently en medio tramo of the nine or fourteen thoroughfares and byways — Avenue des Laumes, Mi-Tome Road, Moite Moa Drive, Medusa Lane, Allée de la Crétacée, Boulevard Tio Momé, Rue du Môme Adroit, et cetera — qui s'entrecroisent there like the lace tela-creations of a certain traveler's sfumato'd mémoire and la chaussée calée et carambouillée by the demoniac hullabaloo of ready-made slum cabriolets y bigas de mito romano et race calèches and electric steel phaetons driven by cute motor maids and that pizzicato tram d'émoi conducted by a choice teal creature, alate, cercelée, gules mauled, there occurs a calcrete-earth-and-claystone conduit which, while called gutter, rigole, caniveau, alcantarilla by the common pedestrian, I propose to designate as “bordrue” or “rill-o'-rim” — moat d'Élysée where anatids dabble, phoenicopterids wade, lissom moot ardeids swagger and stalk, diverse passerids hop and skip, flutter and sip, select canids serenely crap, and the smaller cetaceans reveal their true nature as half-human, half-nymphic souls made prematurely older by poverty; où, in short, coule tout le miel de la lumière, tout le mal de sueur, tout le cal écarté du ciel reflété, tout l'émeu du mot de moirage que lime la drue bordure de la rue même.

QUITTE À TURNING THIS VIRTUOUS, perdurable quête de l'éthos du présent et du pathos du passé into a rude, possibly obnoxious disquisition anent the geminal jerks and germinal twists of the ruthlessly enraptured poses, postures, and positions one sees the inscrutably incrassate errant machine of one's sorest, earthiest, most brutalized body indulging in through the wrenched-open Türspion of the split self — that opportunistic antrum of tubular light (a conjectural sketch of which Da Vinci, in his most sinistral opus, derived from espoused principles Averroes established in his commentary on Aristotle's ἀπρητα, the unvoiced [*arrēta*] irrational quantities of mathematical singularities) spanning the socio-physiological *clôture* that divides, for instance, the party from the partygoer, the scrutiny from the scrutinized, the botched lecture from the pretty lecturer's tears, the hurt from the heart's osé *assaig* (raté, résigné) *d'esperulació* — permit me to venture a virtual curtain call of the furtive fractured relations and gemmate power struggles playing out, as it were, within the structural drone and strum of Persoud's oud perse: Observe the elastic eyestalk du voyeur sartréen, watch as it buds rope-like clones of itself that ramify and intromit each aperture des *artères catégoriques du moment* and thus insinuate their branchially fissured optical hyphae into the serose tactile contexture of a roseate sublunary conjuncture of spread legs, splayed elbows, arched backs, assorted hands, knees, wrists, ankles, arms, digits, volars, and flexible tubes with, in and to which my favorite frogman Pedro sufflates, submerges, subjects y me trae sere-

namente hasta el sudor perineal enabling me to take in *sans rupture* the various fraught nuances subsuming and subtending and sublating and suffusing the verbs ser, estar, haber, tesar, hacer, estar, ser, retar, esterar, restar, etc., to such a deturpating degree of pure soddisfazione that the favorably violent moment when the rutilant drop of the refracted *lumière de jouissance* was, so to speak, or rather, still is, on the verge of escaping from the everted walls of the sella turcica du Café des Dos Péru and flow from the supplicant's perturbed pituitary gland out the foramen magnum of the front door (one of them, in any case; or perhaps — why not? — both at once) and down along the spinal curvature of that shapely specimen of the city's infrastructure known to lutarious catamites and crapulous *lusus naturae* as “la rue d'os Pollastres” from a certain fossa étreinte d'une chambre de bonne of which the retrograde corollary may be seen to occur à l'inverse only to be captured, like a turgid spider's pouffiasse de proie infecte, by the inflected rhodopsical reticulum of curtailed rapture — that delicious moment of catoptromantic ligature, of delectable, foveate, thallose, streamlined vesicular cincture, seemed to share a certain denatured something with Sorea Est's law-of-the-seas' tortures (shackles, fetters, reamers, manacles, drowning); Etoe Sas's jester-archival cross-cultural disjunctures among the popular montane pastures, podestà valligiano, indentured turncoats, and dispossessed young Old-Turkic-speaking minorities of a distant subtropical land; Tessa Roe's lisped routine of boy-girl conversations overheard in the bee-loud prose of a distinguished author's eastern romance; and the ringing emotions (fear, anger, revulsion) aroused in me by the soft-shoe, tressaillant, empasmed, manipulative, bosomy, over-the-counter, ersatz affection of Mme Soraya Soréa, Esthéticienne. It is at such rutilant moments as this, when the entire *erstaunliche Inhalt* of the scurrilous *skyphos drupesthoi* (Homer's cheek-tearing ampulla) gets poured forcibly into the mind's eumoirous maw, that it seems as if a sensibility foreign to my own nature, breeding, and experience has sown my sulci with a merdose prurience more *affligeante* even than l'Abbé Du Bos' *rude plaisir*, so that I and the abstruse Doppler effect of my parallactic prose du simulacre serré à taille see myself, a pellucid blissom bitch, supine and supinate, my every skittish limb akimbo, my every commissure exposed, submitting sans résister to the obscure sod-plowing instrumentarium and rotund, embrasée, ostensibly impromptu *rodomontade* de la maman dodue. Por

suerte, the somatosensorium is wont to encode opposites, and so, prudentially, during the tous-secours-perdus operation of sorts, there leaks in from the interstitial partouze (membranes are porous, recall), a clathrate residue of humid êtres à souffler, branler, gober et assouvir a diverting mnemonoclastical *karezza* of bagpipes and bodhráin, kanjiras and kamancheh, sarangis and cithara, gape-jawed glamor girls and leering businessmen, salacious soldiers and brachiopod esurient phantasmata, vivacious winsome willowy waitresses (trabecular teasers, all!) and elephantine obliti in rut.

§ 39 | En WY

THE YEAR I SOJOURNED IN Gustavschuln, Wyo. (occasionally known as Gerdoransvidal and often Appalachified as Gertrudesville), one of my more lecherous admirers there penned for the region's *literaturnaya gazeta* a nerve-nutating *pasquinade* in the form of a vulgar dear sonnet casting me as a Graeco-Suisse nun who, lyrically disguised as a benevolent altruist sans souci, actually engages in arcane carnal escapades your most cosmopolitan constuprator would envy and amphibiological experiments that would unnerve the cruelest vivisectionist — all in just fourteen lines! Alas, the cutaneously robust fellow unhygienically snored, rasped, wheezed, and labored, ransoming a rind of pleasure with a pound of pain, whenever he was in, on, under, around, trying somehow to have his way with, or get me to have mine with him — sickening, really. Yet he had the body of that immortal courser, Adonis — and yet could not even run two steps to catch the local Tartarean droshky (a soirée had let out somewhere)! We had to wait half an hour for my vain whiny Romeo's xenophobic uncle's empyrean *dorsum sedentarius* to arrive from the château — oh, the highborn's dread of what a ten-minute uphill walk would do to his impeccable coiffure, his echt ensemble! And his soft curly hair so *yelibik* (jaunâtre) — as were those marmorean *sdruzhestvenniye* wampum belts of *Cypraea tigris* and *Erronea pallida* that passed themselves off as his fingernails and teeth, respectively! Tanti malsani years of smoking! But what a bard, skáld, kavi, költő my sienna-yellow lover so sonorously — with his mellow snore y levant le tabou

sur *pravoslávniy* Erehwon's mixolydian mantra typically sworn on elevated occasions — proved himself to be! If I could, with every illuné vernal anneau of his verse, adorn and anoint the perfidious airy *sœur* he painted and which I do not resemble at all — perhaps I could redeem, at least a little, la sale réputation I still have in that great land of mountains and sea, rorquals and papagayo sirens, holy unwed primiparae spinning antlion silk comme dans un rêve natal and melancholy unwary hoydens spitting out reindeer milk to make a sort of kumis comme dans un rêve noceur... Yes, as anyone who reads normally can attest, I *have* sacrificed, for the sake of *der soziophysiologischen découverte* [NDLR: Are sources, citations, available?], female specimens of *the cutest* theriomorphic tetrapods imaginable — but *never* un enfant d'homme, underaged minion, sexy whoreson, lowly larve nécessaire, or subadult anthropomorph, no matter how impish, fiendish, devilish, demoniac, or delicious our psychophysical research coven's royal wellness committee deem it to be! Would you compare me to Skaði, the jilted jotun who lynched Loki with his own child's entrails? I have known what it is to feel pity rise oasis-like in the desert of raw data... I have felt, nay heard Ronsardistically, each tiny body of it literally ringing with fear — come to think of it, that's exactly what we were testing for!

§ 40 | Yerisoa

AS SNEAKY ODISEO, a hale reiterator, recounts it in diverse clunky aphorisms handed down from days of yore, Αἰολος, a dire ethereal deity, ceases his anemogenic flatulence and we furl the empty (wenig geschwollen) canvas of the sail dorée Ἰαόνιος (la golden voile ionienne), piling it on my wendigen Schoß as ballast to hold me fast in my Wendensky Zugzwangsgerät (“An ingenious device,” says Y. N. Wedensky in *Die Erregung, Hemmung und Narkose* [Bonn, 1904], “by which a telephone [is] introduced between the Calabar bean–oil narcotized tract and the muscle [making] possible *un rondeau d’expériences* in which changes in the nerve [are] indicated by a change of tone in the instrument” [cited in Y. Wendensky, *Techniques pour assouplir anomalies uréthro-rénaux*, *J. Urol. Appal.* 1912, vol. 8, pp. 25–26]) during the transit, and with Hester Esman as οἰᾶκο-στροφος (the steersman) of the ὠκάιο-νάσσατο (speedy tight) ship of sorts, *The Meaner Side*, conducting me twixt the twain οἰκοᾶν (domestic) sirens de la famille Soréa — the αἰδοῖοαν (respected) concinnitist with her cacochroa *oiselet* adhering to her endlessly rolling, anthemia-strewn poitrine débridée, alias *hooters*, as well as her Χαλδαῖος ἐταῖρο-ἐερμένος (shuffling Chaldean chum) — and with my blithe Stresemann 929 set into the osiered thole, I *aabandh* (bind) it to the unbared gunwhale with a deft twist of its aforementioned seal, hoodie, retiarian prepuce and dip my divine nose and its golden nib into the fifty-page, à la manière de Christine de Pisan, *thèse-mer* d’une article by a trio of Tetrastic immigrants from Neocaesarea, tide hoolies N. Loria, O. A.

Yersin, and Y. I. Sorea (I wonder, before going under, if our Ivan's Joe hides a relation to our captors?), pour y flairer gnostiquement les traces de la last known breeding pair of papagayo sirens (also known as Sherman's teeming siren, after the topsy-turvy scenes of wanton lek that naturalist described, non sans savante pudeur, the beasts quondamly engaging in) dans la Baie des Huit Ports en Wyoming, a hypotrophied areolate isolate which seems oddly (странно) to be related isohoiastically (from ὁδοιπλᾶνέω, to roam about) to that estuarine denizen of the Mandé marsh, *T. senegalensis*, but not to the intervening Anyakyusya-land sea-cow nor to what should be its logical, ironclad, curvy sea-sisters or at least moins obscurs *vyazkiy* (вязкий, 'muddy,' as our authors put it) cousins: the Siberian manatee, Bering Straits triton, Aleutian lamantin, Medean mermaid, Appalachy newt, and Gondwanaland dugong. As snide Odiseo, a lithe ἐραστής of lovely Circe's waxy *rondeurs*, is wont to repeat with his distinctively chunky sailor-speak, I too heard (oíra también) that duo-plus-nursing-infant's mechanical *onírica musica* — contralto blues, falsetto something about shoes, gurgling milky staccato squawks from the peekaboo parvulomuse — as they wrangled with my rococo hair, oiled, teased the near mess of it into a shapeless *compromis délié* di capelli che delirano until they finally opt(ed) to shear me stenotically (from στενός, narrow, tight, close) pendant que my bladder's mesh tare ensconced beneath la toile ardoisée, hardie, of the jolly new issue of Hester Esman's *The Meaner Side*, cuyos ejemplares se ligan y forran donde la luz sorda y reinada del sol occidental del otoño enlaza ruidos y lanza relaciones textuales, continued to dilate, ease rhoiacystically between the *sjálvur* Scylla of the Zeleny Wundausschneidungsprozess and the *sjógvur* Charybdis of the *skaio-ólisbos* que j'accommodais sans trop de peine, même sans olio, seated hieratically on the brink of the bench of the speeding cosmetological car as if it were a birthing stool, and I, a well-soothed, aerial, i.e., tree-loving, epiphytic young bromeliad of a paramountly desirable person alive to the open air (la vie *al fresco*) of the present tense, am taking in the very oar (from the Proto-Germanic airō) or mast or something, ma recherché Stresemann 929 perhaps, I'm bound to, like a temple-robbing stork (*Ciconia yerisoa* Gmel., 1789) astride his tool, Aeaean *vāhana* (mount) from where flows the acrid, hot, moan-inducing Lethe, αἰδοῖα rose, silky slippery squishy newly glabrous and born again with its sea-head olitories (Norlian wire weed [*Syringodium*

norliana], Asian aquamarine tape-grass [*Heliodore asiate*], rainbow sea nymph [*Halodoea irisete*], etc.) drifting in the ariose haole tide, nibbled at and munched on by the first-person dual exclusive competing with the first-person dual inclusive for Mama Soréa's hypertrophied areolate οἰσπότη while that curvy siren of the salon juggles the epic words to make stories out of (for that is the literal meaning of ἰδέορῆσαλεότια) I've been forced to farce my nether mess, adorned and abused, debauched and depilated, with, and fall back patulous upon, lean swooning against, use as sacro-lumbar support in the absence of any of the aforementioned pronouns in any of the modern languages I (meaning we) am and/or are privy to, and thus load my (our) αἰδοι heroes' tale with echoes from Homer and Vyāsa and the Prose Edda's Snorri that most likely clutter more than they clarify, ruffle more than refine, muddle more than despumate and it seems as if this randy trio of stygian dugongs (Soréa mère, son cousin clinicien, goggle-organed moi) disengages the placenta of the printed page from that inflamed triad of caliginous manatees (N. Loria, O. A. Yersin, Y. I. Sorea) and we all give collective birth from our mutually brutalised yonis to an anthropoid fourth-person inclusive in the form of the prawn-eyed merpup trailing its buoyant umbilicus through the torpid synovial effluvium of our vile adyton's porismatic solution and smearing its musky silvery vernix caseosa all over the glistening tangled undersea-hairdo-étoilé besotted sextet of us, but then, the polished phrase (*izyáschnoy Wendung*) belies a paltry (*wenige*) world (*Welt*).

SUSURRANT INSINUATIONS from beyond the page, although but a few varas dal este arrinconado lado judging by le mode amorti del reto mimado, intimate that the intimate mnemonoclastic act de la palabra ensayística enabling me to accrete elaborate textual *meat* or modifiés *plagiats* that trace a celeritous brouillon du mot moiré d’allégresse à éclat créé en tâtonnant avec mon adroit memory les ambages amphisbénienness du tangible, en chatouillant with my écarlate cédille the ganglionic aments of the actual comme, en le Bergson que l’on lit, un sphex ammophile qui “sympathise” avec sa proie de chenille à fin de la tétaniser avec le fluide cyprine de son dard, n’est qu’en “réalité” un écarté calembour, une momentanée baliverne escrita lisamente para distraerme from the discomfiting “fact” that I’m, according to the ready-made slur, *amnésique*. Allow me the amused luxury to admire modestly in the medusal *miroir* of modern rationality [NDLR: Should this be “*modern* rationality”?] l’affront condamné, miné d’avance par la simplicité d’une même qui erre, stagne, rôde à mi-motte dans le maillot vert emprunté à sa sœur so that, like a rotor-maimed mermaid too mauled, stunned, lacérée, catastrophée sur la plage de la Isla Miranda to be surprised at la misère recalée, cataleptique, of her own sad, emulsified fate, she could play the ammophilous marine traveler nel tiempo mal siguiente who’s most unpleasantly stopping there, stranded on that grim island walled in by white sand and green surf because the ferry plying between Bahía Miranda’s muelle embreado y mullido and Porto Vecho’s opulent pol-

ished immaculate harbor calls but every four, five, or, now they tell me what my sister Lamia slyly did not — *seven* weeks! That same quaedam slut Lamia slotted me a space, grâce à l'ecténie de la sodalité des flamines de cette déesse aux maints mains d'orgies vestigiaux qu'on appelle *Medusa lemuria*, in the "Arathu Marine Miranda Island Nature Estancia," a corrugated-tin-roofed, rickety-and-rotten-wood-walled crucigrama hinchado of windowless, officeless, baño-less, closet-like cells in a slum, desolate and despoiled despite being in a supposedly "protected" and "undeveloped" Eemian zone of the island far removed from the main bayside village I think I've already mentioned. Did I mention nature? There's the skeleton of a characiform dorado in the denuded crown of a tree under which the exposed, stationary, goose-fleshed guetteuse de visions, porte-plume de nacre et calepin broché in hand, is wont to trace a *Celeus* sp. of dispassionate woodpecker as it soberly stalks up each blasted branch, probing and tapping the spiky mottled bark, berimed with alum, desiccated salmuerado jabillo or deciduous medlar, I'm not sure, in search of beetle larvae. Vers midi one or two exemplaires d'une espèce of pez similar to that of our totemic dendrophilous *Salminus milagrosis* is caught, along with a few barnacle-encrusted, hermit-crab-inhabited bottles and other discarded trivialities, by a coarse retiarius and then cooked avec ses viscères et ses yeux et ses actinopterygian lepidotrichia and its Weberian apparatus in the cordate leaves of the endemic neemom (*Gnemon mellitostachyum* Rumph.) by the rustic proprietors of a dim tearoom that reminds me of the one my mother née Momiji used to something or other in or with and served vers quatorze heures with the luscious fruits of that same honey-cobbed liane (possibly the only *nonhuman* gynoecia with any flavor on that mühsam île). A side-dish featuring a salad of the ubiquitous insular stonecrop, *Sedum lasiocarpum*, completes the prandial picture, and our young traveler completes the hallowed cycles of human time by retreating twice or thrice daily or more to an unfrequented rather than secluded littoral spot and there she squats, écarte caleçon, tricot, traje, camiseta und so weiter and bares terraqueously her rosy-lipped gash and her red-tipped mammalian erectile plexi and her tender inflamed sphincteric nubbin to the elements to allow the morbidly demulcent (mo-dem) ration of semi-digested nourishment to coil and slough and sputter out of her and onto a liminal ribbon between weed and tide, between dismal garbage and the

phantasmal sinister stares of exophthalmic ghost crabs (*Ocypode* sp.) eager to scuttle out of their sandy burrows and glut themselves on that oily mortal's migajones and then elle se nettoie dans the frigid sea that owes its bright aquamarine coloration less to the dull cloud-veiled sun than to the abundant copper-ammonia salts dissolved in it. "I am la sirena verde y anamnestic," I think as I perform my anchoritic ablutions, "che terrea semillas y, en laissant cette trace calée dans la crétacée arène, piensa, 'Do crabs have minds?'" In the evening, as a sort of hiatus sacralis interposing itself between the day's allotment of foveate ambles and the eternal caecal éternuements of fieldwork, I stop into the dim tea-room para mendigar algo a merendar, papaya sprinkled with almíbar and the bitter sand-like seeds of *Trachyspermum ammi*, per ejemplo, y, en momento cierto, j'incite a provisional roommate disposé(e) à satisfaire his or her curiosity anent the true nature of my recently nutated or pupated or mutated or lunated dual σμερδαλέα to join me in my dilapidated labyrinth sin luz y sin agua and patiently teach me, not for the first time, and not for the last, algunas palabras of the local baragouin en me flétrissant le berlingue pendant qu'il pleut jusqu'à another sunless shadowless gray-green dawn.

§ 42 | Isla M

I SLAM ISLA MIRANDA in a translexical tantrum so *oiseux* (cf. my riposte à l'oie hardie to a gloomy villainous camarilla's murmurous allegation that I'm amnesiac!) that I was afraid my sister Lamia, who was, pendant mi Odisea ratée ilhotamente, embarked upon her own Odisea liée à orthophrénie in Mastersheen at that city's main mental institution, the soi-disant l'AMI en M, might suffer a malignant tintamarre on reading it avant our tense, shame-racked reunion sur les remparts de notre pays natal. Dot dot dot. And so at last both of us were again on native soil, and I, ignoring the seamen's ribald mockery ("V'là, l'hermosu ritornatu!") in the open-air tea shed, Ὀϊλεὸς ὁ Οἰβοῖκος (named after the dear deported, perhaps departed, petrasmic oenophile who used to dandle, diddle, coddle, and, in the local lingua franca, gamahuche the pupa of my puberty avec sa langue ennuyeuse, Oileos), marched into the kitchen, exchanged the expected terse, sham endearments with my mother who was surprised, no doubt, at the emaciated apparition of one who had survived presque, in her jargon, *san* (three) meses en aquella isla mangelmerdique, and I asked, my voice quivering with shame, "S'est rentré Lamia aussi?" She responded with one finger lowered, one raised, to Ea, Helios (Water, Sun), respectively, and I dropped my bags, tramped up the stairs to the apartment, and shouted, "Sept mars!" Lamia, the hateful tramp, seated on the windowsill, perched like a lecherous venal simious pet lemurian voraciously on her slim anthropoid hips with her milt-snarled tart's perineum volumetrically posed for maximal perversion,

utterly shameless, and looking for all the world like the boring *veshyastree* sheman (venomous tribadic virago), dishonest harem servant she really is, was reading — my letter?! How could that be, since the only mail ship leaving the island was precisamente lo mismo that had brought timorous me to it seven weeks earlier, and the same stern hetero-lexical philippic, sans stamp, recogida dans mon fourre-tout downstairs, had traveled with me on that same ship back to Porto Vecho? “Quoi?” “Nous sommes le sept mars, and I should have been back here mi-février. Je t’ai pas vu, Sib, en Isla Miranda! J’ai pas su où t’étais! J’ai pas su t’implorer à venir me sauver. Trop inlouable que t’étais et l’es!” “Tant pis. Je viens d’arriver questa mattina même, and, in fatto, I was just reading your — what? No exuberant bisous or timid kiss, even? Viens à moi, slut!” I wanted to knuckle-slap her across her Averroist mouth with an open fist rather than sully my immaculate mug avec les anthères mycordermiques of her joues saupoudrées de fard, but I complied with the cheeky rules of sibling hypocrisy. “That’s better. Here. You write, ‘the men aim to seem rash enticers, while the women imagine themselves to be the meanest Sherazades (*sic*)’ — mean? The *ressemblance* to those lovely creatures *you* paint with such hate, m’en ressouvien pas, moi. As for the men —” While she reminisces about the men’s arses (firm, tous orgueilleux) and the women’s sheer attractiveness in general, I remember misventuring across the slimy mirage of that island’s lower littoral, where the lutulent matrix of leeches and lampreys, as well as the tenacious larvae of a curious estuarine species of glow beetle, *Lampyrus ideorhesaleotia*, and most probably the bisexual bursae of an as yet undescribed variety of dracunculiastic gastropod, coat one’s laniant waders with a luciferous gunk, I remember misventuring athwart and à travers the mesmeric chimère of that isle’s malarious clime that curdles the guileless visitor’s lungs with a chronic moniliasis, corrupts the liver with a mephitic fascioliasis, and stipples the pubes with a rubious trombiculiasis in pursuit of some sort of rhizomatous illumination which my ideal θείο, Sorea Est, ran mesh-emulsion analyses of in his work on that topic the terraqueous indagation of which had convinced me I might glean from the meristoderm of *Laminaria tumorosi* and I saw that she was sitting there with her strumpet arms crossed, utterly impassive, like a zoopraxiscopic simulacrum of a dissipated devotee of the most virulent form of lesbianism ever inflicted on the paripotent sex and I spat mercu-

rially out a truly malicious and mellifluous *mésalliance* of mots rouillés, “Je t’aime pas! Je te maudis! Je te condamne, impudique imbécile!” I also hate smart epiphanies that clarify *la trame*’s prolepsis as much as I’d hate an arangetram spoilsport qui osait délier a hoedown from its sacré asile roadie hot hash’s entremetteur, but that is strictly *entre nous*. “But I love *you*, sis. And they, they too, all your friends, whether in Master-sheen or on Isla Miranda, they too adore isolate hierodules comme toi! Désolée! Haïras-moi si tu devras, *sis*, mais —” “You say qu’ils m’aiment? Qu’ils m’adorent? You call ‘adore’ the lies I aoristically endured; ‘love,’ the sottovoce scurrilities their aeolo-daemonolatry entailed? And do you really think I’m too rustic, too *usmriti*, to catch the jist of all the calumnious canards they, and everyone else, and most especially you, have been rongéant, mangeant, moulinant, entamant, immolant, massacrant mes penchants, ma vocation et même ma nature avec?! Que mes αἰδοῖα, sere tholes of retrograde *hétéro*-liaison, reek of leprose death, aioli effluvia?! Che sto muoriendo aux plus vils trous, moi!? That I’m amnesic?!” “No sé en tant qu’eux. Ma io? Sto murmurando che tu mori soppratutto tes souvenirs? Io? Sto rumiando tu morosidad? I don’t think so, sis! As for them, soit rumor, soit umor *sui moto* i mostruoso tuo miro. (Rumor maybe, but more likely just boisterous humor inspired by your marvelous looks.) Et tu penses (or should I say *vous*?) ch’io morsi tuo romito uso? Rimuto. Sorto, mi sù. (And you think [ou dois-je dire, *usted*?] that I infringed on your solitary praxis? I’m changing [the subject.] I’m outta here, sis.)” And she wagged her dandinating pearls-in-sable *miche* of a curvaceous kraal out through the door (ostium) and slammed the door (valva, battant, Türblatt) shut behind her, leaving me foundering on the umbrage of the upstairs reef, out-foxed, out-vixened, out-alopexed even by her mendacious obstinance, the taut membranes of my nerves and of my kelp-stained letter (both the finest specimens of the trimmest parchemin âme, atma, esprit, Geist oder Seele puissent se lester avec) vibrating dans les airs malsains et mélancoliques del romito suolo of “home” (miasmes, patrie, Heimat, Sperre).

“WE HAVE DONE MEMORABLY well,” says M. Asher Steen in Marten Hesse’s *Steen’s Harem*, “with la masse d’enfants rampées, mômes assouplies, gosses de trous, mioches de talio aerio, catins athées, merdeuses cocottes, timorous pétasses, boisterous racoleuses, pram-testing grues, mean terse shrewd fripouilles, sirènes of the most southwestern shameless sort, ribald loose hetaireia, boucanières de lotia, haoma, stepfather’s semen, and other metaphysiological embrocations as well as toutes les autres espèces de *gamine mauvaise* making up our modest harem, sending them out into the world after a unique course of indoctrination and training as practical as it is theoretical, and as ideological as it is practical, so that, husbanding in their very bosoms, as it were, the ancient *connaissances* of the qadištu, the traditional *savoir-foutre* of the hierodule, and the relevant *valeurs* of the devadasi, they are able to assess and manage any situation which that venerable cynic, life, may throw at them.” Did I mention that my mom, née Momiji, sent me and my sister Lamia there for those very reasons? “In days past,” adds Petra Smersampt, “before patriarchy colonized our omnivorously emotive gynognosy, mocking what it found frivolous, insulting what it found useless, claiming that what it found useful were its own discoveries, and reducing the adept of Kāma to the inept harlot of Babylon, la prêtresse d’Inana à une concubine dégradée, solitaire, honnie, our ancient secret praxis reliait adorées houris into a rhizomatous miroitement of consecrated tribades, une masse solidaire, théo-æsthésodique, of sacred

sapphists, and so, in the face of cette calomnie masculine with which timorous men aim to curtail our riotous meretricious mirth with marital remorse, shame-enthralled purdah, and all the other fear-yoked, fractious, moralistic constraints and procédés fissipares of their paranoid alaisé heterotopian phallocracy, we are embarked on a lait  , os  , hierodulean project of recovery and recreation, an eklaktismatic exercise of rediscovery and reinvention, a kedeshavian adventure in the reconstructive overcoming of such *schismes particuliers* that will make proverbial *him* amenable to le s  s  me assemblant d'exub  rances disparates which, via le noyau int  grant d'ondoyantes noc  s (par exemple, our favorite man's threesome's merest enhancement with, say, some ancillary tractatrices, some supplementary paratilthrae, should charm the senses' summa immensely, to say the least), results in les fruits omophagiques du spasme translingual of our footloose, ideal, hetairotopian pornocracy here in Mastersheen." Did I mention that my mom, n  e Momiji, evidently intending for us to develop into accommodatingly commentitious trombaristas, had my sister Lamia and I interned in ladite Ms. Petra's masterclass in ladite riparian ville appal  che? "Our fancy preteen sham servile saltatrices," continues Dr. I  so   Al  o  thia, "constitute, in fact, the region's youngest harem ensemble, une v  ritable (what with each girl herself a veritable Callirrho  !) sodalit   a  rienne d'*  dap  putitas* (little nautch maids) truly well-versed in le mo  te, os  , ail   d'*dharm  * de la th  orie    soif la plus sensuelle, l'*artha* de soie oienne of sexual praxis, and the crafty *k  ma*   minent, *k  ma* essentiel, *k  ma* perstrictif, *k  ma* resth  n  sique des arts empathiques et charnels, des arts eidol  oha  ens et onirog  nes, des arts, eh, m  nestrandiques et carnavalesques dont un, par exemple, concerns the use of the aphrodisiacal decoction of the emetic nut of the modest marsh neemom (*Gnemon mellitostachyum* Rumph.) qui est, parmi the rhizomatous, rimose masse vein  e du sart empest   (malodorous laver, putrid sea-wrack) sur les rivages of the Mastersheen river, le seul fruit comestible that one finds there, according to Est's *Condamn   immerg  * and lest you think I've divastigated into some irrelevant topic with no bearing on the subject in hand, let me just round off this remark with the remark that, when dosed assiduously so as to harness the emetic properties of the nut of this same nondescript liana whose leaves may be tossed into a pungent salad, whose pulpy fruits are sweet and milky, whose bark provides an anti-helminthic brew, instead of making one

vomir à pleine gorge, this potent pute's potion, this ecstatic trollop's elixir, this sultry sapphist's philtre gives one the insatiable desire the bulk of beasts and boys, the mass of men and manatees, the nouvelle vague of working waifs and women aim for: to foutre à plein corps métaphrastique!" And my mom, née Momiji, was not wrong for, as I think I've mentioned elsewhere, l'art lascif de fouteur has much in common with l'art plumitif d'auteur.

§ 44 | Man he's terse

YOU HAVE TO BE A BLOOD-bespattered artist enmeshed in moot ire, mad and seething with l'éclat acéré of cringing bootlick's shame and mute muni's resentment, a terse shemale serrando his or her amused little share of crapaud's melancholy with uneven run-on sentences so dismally timed or amorphously turned that not even un rédacteur virtuose puisse y aroint les bévues et aclarer the bombast-prone memoirist's unholy wreckage of plagios suministrados por unread snorers — you have to be the mnemonoclastic matoir-demon among the puny wholesome burineur-ventriloques who populate their texts with renegade slum roads, rencontres a receta celosa (a mislaid fedora reappears in a child's bedroom and all hell breaks loose!), clapboard rental shacks, green tea with cardamom, rote dialogue (“¿Qué pasó ya, erizo?” “Je me suis égaré y oisivement.” “¿Ahora sois y erais otrora?” “Yes, I roam, I admit, meō, rogō — est-ce que la fois y are comme l'ancre au fond bourbeux? est-ce que les noces aux *hreysi aorgan* (huttes fangeuses) du Bois y éraflent comme les ronces les parties douces d'une sylphide qui parfois y réagit comme la proie à sybarite?” “¡No sé ya, rintoso!”), and other homespun similar indices of what's mislabeled by the epigones of Samuel D. D'Laumes, Y. I. Sorea, and O. A. Yersin, for instance, as “real cetacean prose” — oh, how you have to get down on your wasted withered knees in the didactic ditch among the weeds and the bookworms and the orthoclase mud Lutèce is all too rimed, amoncelé with even, and let them poke and prod and tease you, forbid them nothing, those editors and redactors and

proofreaders and art directors and script-girls and type-monkeys and printer's-devils and scribes and columnists and hangers-on of Hester Esman's *The Meaner Side*, and you have to swallow your tears with their super-discerning haters' semen and smear into your erythematous parchment the hyponome embolus of hot clitalytical venom embrocating every commissure of text no matter how desperately tender, every con-texture of quill-scat no matter how ineffably slender, and show that here is a yoni, truly, or a seigneur's subtle lingam — both at once, in fact, there in their *ouvroir* ès y'a-qu'à where *cité Manshertse* debouches, as they say, into Spot-Mime Road in district *numéro neuf de la ciudad*, in the flaming *doppelgeschlechtig Doppelgestalt* of yourself, a creature qui crée à lacets obliques en incisant the red cheeks of the magic mountain of literature with infinitely sinuous, numinously fucate, voluptuously pilfered *exempla de l'aimé mot d'or* whether unconscious or not — “Do you, our smoking hot hirudinean ink-pup, suffer the *monthly wound*?” “I'm Dame Otorrhagia, même, on the days of my earthly menses!” “Do you, our downy limbed androgynous text-kitten, experience *la pollution nocturne vénérienne*?” “I dream tomographically!” “Man, this glowing, stacked he-bitch is terse when it gets all distant and lordotic and juts its drizzly snatch in the air so yclept!” “Minus mirandum est!” — before they'll even deign to recognize the fantastic power of your promiscuous pen!

§ 45 | Minus

WAS IT SIMPLY BECAUSE they wanted to test the process by which Cicero (*De natura deorum*, II, xiii) théorisa l'idée oaristysienne wherein *le smash éternel* burly multa externa pummel the court of tender ceteris naturis with is subsumed par *la fouterie universelle* with which curvy synoptical autem naturam embraces and imbibes omnis naturas that they were so eager to scry vulturously the somatic nudibranchiate entelechy (SNE) of my jammy jāmi jam and there descry vulvar roseate eidola — Hi! — my peculiar loins, my satyr-nymph enchantments (SNE), might portend, and — oh, you churlish, squeamish, prudish men! — see trabecular inordinacy in action? In addition to the usual noircisseurs the offices of Esta Hermsen's *The Meaner Side* literally pullulate with at all hours (simian opportunists qui ont pris mon ousia dans leurs pattes, la faisant soupir à moins), there was in attendance the following quartet of conciliar notables: Thérèse Mans, du Syndicat National d'Éditeurs (SNE), conveyed, with one hand, her gentillesse aux ensembles mis à vus, crying indulgent tears enmeshed with regal irony and sneaped, with the other, a snipe at my terminus a quo, "Comme Sélavy scrutant la rose dilatée, hoirie des noces sylvestres où satyres aimaient ravir putes, monelles (larves importunes), nymphes, sylphes, ondines, ménades, corybantes, et même, à force des choses, l'un l'autre, il me semble que j'ai vu y scritto — ce mot, véritable caillou transalpin, m'étrille dans la bouche avec plus de piment que son raillé homologue gallois — l'envers asthéné, moiré de la haie ostensible enserrant l'ensorcelant calice érec-

tile.” Asdrat’ Ii’eholee’o (la Sibylla Espasmódica herself!), of the Sáanii Nádleeh E’el’iinii (SNE), an organ known to initiated Texicans and experienced New Lexicans as la Sororidad Niépceana de Epícenos (SNE), could not resist sneaking a parsimonious peek at my terminus ad quem and snickering, “¿Pero de dónde mana la orina? ¿Acá o allá? Oteo el hada — reís indiscretamente, porqué? — y tampoco no puedo ver ni pulsar metódicamente *le site* oleario de hartarse o venir pulmonadamente. ¿Dónde está?” Marten Hesse, von der Sämtliche Niederschriftlicher Entassements (SNE), removed his pince-nez to better consider my terminus ante quem, then remounted them to sneer snobbishly through those yeux postiches, “Aber warum dann dieser Geheimschmuck wir von die dass Ente hermetische uns eigentlich entblößt mit unseren themastischen (sic) Blicken von traumspielerischen Geschlechtsteils Raupenvormächten verschlungen haben?” And Dr. Iésoé Aléothia, representing the Sodality of Norlian Experimentalists (SNE) as well as the Socraticists of Norlian Extraction (SNE), was heard to remark with his familiar ondoyant radotage anent my terminus post quem between snotty bouts of grandiloquent parenthetical sneezing, “Was that a yoni, larger than life, with a long clitoris’ head (eoaesthesiogenic eidos étiré — aloha!) or a lingam with a headier ostiole beneath? Mons cincto juvi, mulcens junctivo micando. Minus velato perrecondito est.”

§ 46 | Shacks

AND THERE SHE STOOD, ἑταίρι, a helmsmaiden of the spring that was or is fated to be with the coarsely punkish cowl of her teal hoodie raised to reveal a curvy, sloped, smart-sheened forehead; œil à stimuler la concupiscence; aureolate hoisted aiguillette binding dark hair; nez d’Oran; lips, sanguine. She had one vernal hand on the tiller, guiding us home (οἰκὰ-ὁδηγέω), the other pointing with an invisible godemiché (your standard Cyprian ὄλισθος) back across the sea to the drab island of my tineaisolated hierodule’s travels and the primitive shacks where, instead of a bedroom, there was a fesse-rent hammock slung between two termite-rongés étais à rhodiée longueur (en vain, bien sûr); instead of a parlor in a salon riant, a chickpea-aioli-shot reed mat on an earthen mess; instead of a kitchen, an open-air old-time fire pit; instead of an outhouse, a prelapsarian lower littoral zone; and instead of a weathered wooden door nailed to rusty hinges in a rotting doorframe to stymie the uninvited gaze and presence of strangers, nothing — there she stood, ἱέρεια larvaire de l’aube (larval priestess of dawn), with a chubby freak urchin’s polysarcous paw on the ruddy rudder (πηδάλιον), guiding us home (νεόμεθα), the other pointing with a notional phallus (your sturdy Sassenach’s ecumenical iron dildo) back across the Mastersheen to the shacks sur l’autre grève the overall-clad Appalachians seemed always to be fixing and never finishing, swarming over rickety ladders in their threadbare overalls, making so much racket that you wondered why so many others kept moving in to build their own neighboring perchoir, their own rival

nook, aidés par les pansus indigènes sans trêve — there she stood, ἐλεαίρει habilement (suavely compatendo), with one indulgent sirenian pinna on the helm (τιμόνι), guiding us safely home, we hoped (οὐκέτι νοστίμω εἰμέν), and the other pointing with a noumenal *harikata* (張形, your déguisé(e) Dilmunite's galimatias de *qaḏīb iṣṭinā 'iyy*) back across la mare du Bois to the mare's-nest hecatomb of shacks ou plutôt caravanes de l'abattage où d'ailleurs the Flemish alehouse stood with its commanding vista of unveiled hetairas oomphing and thumping and skirling and crooning and strutting while sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers, seamen, soldiers, hussars, corsairs, in mufti or in drag, se débauchaient and even les manchots rolled cigarettes, even les borgnes ogled les serveuses, even the scurvy *okiao* (inconsiderate haole oinkers) des rives de l'Ohio désaltéraient leur soif with gueuze and lambic and lager and mead and assouvissaient leur faim en plongeant leurs dents into fresh meat ensartado et frites maison beneath the fairy lights and the falling autumn leaves and the aurora-washed aerolite ionosphere — and across the brook ailleurs to n'importe où and the shacks partout she, my anamnèse's therapization encarnada (thanks to that variety of akašic *hypnose* Luria or James or Durkheim spoke of) même, pointed back to my natal sod, eerie hoidenhood of yore and, with one gracile, adorée, hot, saimirian fist, absolved me of my patulous incassate sins, the prompt or belatedly blossoming Aïda rosée, heliotropical οἰάκο-νόμος (which “would, so to speak, appear as the future [*erschien gleichsam als Zukunft*]”), and, with the other, deftly coaxed me to shoot l'idée à réaliser dans la théorie d'asile aoriste by means of noria-like gouts of deliciously lentous instants tirés de mon antre, meshes of oleose οἰδία, lathery moments rhythmically cranked up and out of me and into the cirrhose eidola, retiarian mnesoclasms, sheer net de l'oubli atteint by both Aether's means and by Gaia's, to wit, plunging the oar-like nib of my recherché Stresemann 929 into the complaisant sea of marginalia and interlinearia of the promiscuous text — the “sandpatterns (*Sandmuster*) of thoughts' doom (*Verhängnis von Gedanken*)” — existence liberally contextures herself with while other neotenous gynandromorphic polytropic paranympths, proletarian locos tenentes, harem swains, assorted ostiariae, helots, civilian rogators, savvy scurriers, copybook aide-mémoires such as Herma T. Nesse's *The Meaner Side*, and even simple steersmen headed, with other tricks, to other shacks.

§ 47 | ON

ALLIED TO THE NORMAL ontogeny (ontogénèse normale, ON) gonadique que l’embryon of subjects such as I undergo, i.e., the heteroousian ramification which leads the *on* (öv) of the primordial *yūn* (齋) to develop into neither one nor the other but rather *both* the *ousia* (οὐσία) of *yīn* (陰) and the *on* (öv) of *yáng* (陽), there is a hormonal component recurring throughout the inexorable Malthusian *ravissement* of that entity called the “life” (*iiná*, *yōliztli*, *jīvana*) of ditto leading to some curious, let us call them, for lack of a better term, *emotional expressions of behavior* (Verhaltensausdrucksrührungen) which impel one to oser des ébats de l’écriture so esoteric that the congregation scanning mes bonds d’*ariose teorie* and Cixousian rhapsody s’effondre while literally gasping for breath. From the patient’s, that is, my perspective, it is as if one were to use, I suppose, *teonanácatl* to take a swooning oneiro(r)opian sursaut to the most magnificent Tiwanaku, the most grandiose Teotihuacán listed in the Oneironosticon of one’s, that is, my noumenal ontology (ontologie nouménale, ON) , and skim effortlessly over endless pages of impossible books, floccose white-caps of practically uncharted oceans, ruins of ancient doomed cities too eroded to make out clearly, and just as I’m about to stab my tritone fountain pen en una ensalada de peyote o especie de *Opuntia*, sunray *Coreopsis* or something else as good, I suppose, to eat as it is to dream, here comes rote Eos wiping her banausian rag (for it is *that time of the month*) against the early morning’s windowpane through the scarlet-streaked glass of which can be seen, by those

teōpixqueh (star-gazing executioners) who care to look more closely, the bleak little figure of me, vomiting the thanatousian remains of an all-purpose téoulier which yes, now that I examine more profoundly the cenote esofágico of acetose offal in front of me, I do recall having been served such a varietal during the Amathusian rabâchage I engaged in on the corner of Blue Alley and Paradise Lane, I think, sometime between now, that is, this moment of crimson rumination, and that less onerous one in which I see a nodal icon of myself, like double-spaced pica on laid bond illuminated by a quartzose-et-orgone lampe de bureau, rinsed and fully arrayed with my *onus literāriī*, slipping my shapely jambes into my onyx knee-boots' eel-skin pipes avant qu'on descend de my lair, unsure, at first, whether to see our local noologist for the nonce, ou escalader le côte osé to déjeuner tout de suite at the Peruvian-Russian café là où Clink-and-Court Avenue se font mano encrucijada with five other streets: Parousian Road, Pullet Lane, Myrrh Trail, Niru's Alley (also called Mulled Alley), and Rua Sin Hombres.

§ 48 | Oteose

AU FUR ET À MESURE qu'on osait ôter l'exigeant amnios à l'aidée rhétorique of my encomium's orotundities, la masse vineuse di tumorosa emesi (bloated upchuck looking more like the rancid pepita-choked residue of a vermilion-farced ash gourd an obese astologer stamped on than anything that could possibly have brewed within my *iucunditatis commotio*'s rumen) of my roral psychorrhoea liaised rheotactically with the almost estival heat that flowed from the moist, rouge, cloud-scumbled apple of the rising sun, and I sat back on my cloven bottom, spare thighs tucked atop a lithe mass of numb shank, and became conscious of the pungent loi toisée adhérent à les more sublime parts of my freshly shucked *lochia loquentia* (the exposed extemporaneous primordia of my fortified florilegium's root-system, or perhaps just un glabre oiselet raide à horripiler, fallen from my botched symposium's torose nest) bidding me tear into, soit rum, soit ail, or heed eastern enthrallments, at least, and there, on the ardent terrasse matinale of some Spartan buvette (le cabaret flamand had been abolished, I noticed, by the vindictive weight, apparently, of what it, or its jolies rudes serveuses, had refused me avant l'aube), dose my ontalgia with an infusion of the prescribed nostrum. As I strained and shifted this way and that, pivoting on mes fesses like a sedulous *o-shaku* (御酌) reliably doling out tea and innocent innuendos all the while plucking, with unrivaled confidence, a shamisen on her lap, and then standing, to round up mi esparcida impedimenta — bent nibs, blunted bodkins, detumescent sextants, glossaires vermoulus, agendas

trempés de rosée, the hamster-pawed cage-litter my free copy de l'énorme os pâteux d'une certaine *revue bilingue et méchante* had morphed into, and my autumnal teaseled *haori*, Oichi-style, as well as my crimson *kosode*, etherial, aiguilleté, both having been *ôtés* in the convulsive heat of noctographical divastigation — I could feel a surreptitious morphological *goteo* of, at first belabored tingling, then the sweet heat of shameless life *conjurada por el escamoteo del sistema circulatorio*, return to *mes genoux, mes mollets, mes pieds*, which in their core, I knew, were healthy enough, no matter how tortured they appeared on the surface and all of a sudden that mysterious dendriform being opposite, outlined against the aromatic rimose flanks del árbol tetrástico in whose transplanted shade among cespitose tendrils of random esparto and exotic teosinte and your purple-shot copper's favorite host, common oseille (*Rumex acetosa*), it seems j'avais sorgué mes stiff osselets, pitched my impromptu camper's *tupiq*, and distending the gimiendo haze beneath the ramose plane festooned with curveting pods and chenilles reliées (*haoi'd*) to a branch above, there coalesced out of the timorous pterygotous mirage of an amanecer sin ron a delicious glowing otiose creature as pert, mortal, and ostensibly anthropoid as I, who seemed intent, not just on prolonging, however briefly, the bosky rencontre with an interrogative aperçu or two, but on establishing, possibly, a more secure foundation of sociophysiological praxis.

§ 49 | Nirusa

THERE I WAS, LIKE SOME shameless eremotherioid chimère de catin sauvage, on that argus-eyed plage on that île odorisée à l'ail et l'urine erecting my sumptuous tramp's empire of cibi cancri (j'y unis transe gnoséologique au purin synastringue), pursuing my dysenteric deadbeat's emprise in the alfresco-feigned ignorance de cette volupté de Thaïs étiolée rodant tout autour de moi! As for where, and when, and how, *they* did their business, those indigenous mortises so condign to the invasive tenon, ripe young korai come alive on the polished lewd surfaces of painted oinochoe, oiled hetairas à l'allure ineffable de métissées pucelles hailing from Shiraz or Connaught, Samarkand or Tashkent, Paramaribo or Tiruchirappalli, I was never able to find out, for no matter how far afield, nor at what hour of the day or night, I prowled about the island and tried to involve myself (ample proof — as if such were even needed! — that, contra certain sly poachers' unkind invective, I am not, and have never been, some *khilakṣetram* species of meek, shy, unsocial pervert who simpers mateless, *nihil implicata sine* their ideas, aloof in the leer-ing shadows) dans leurs ébats prémonitoires, I discovered no inédito aseō hilare, no open-air theatre where those ἔαρ-ιδέαι loquaciously squatted en masse, no mur, ostiole, ou broussaille à l'autre côté duquel, à travers duquel, ou dans laquelle the timorous incontinent androgyne puisse y s'éclipser matériellement. Allow me to hoe l'aoriste idéaliste de ces mémoires factices en sillonnant et soulignant que while it seems the Flouzi-aniens have no place to go, and the Gallofranks no need to go, the Mi-

randians have neither! In fact, I owe this marvelous ability to put myself through the intimate mnemonoclastic paces de la palabra ensayística y comparativa — pendant qu'à l'autre côté of the rattan door of the discreet hoolie d'aisances rencontré par hasard aux environs de Château Methuen in Owlstain the party rages; mientras del otro lado del muro tosido into the aural equivalent d'une vitrine lumineuse the didactic débauche proceeds from homiletical caress to exegetical climax; pendant que les mendigots de découverts pamphlets, quêteurs of champart's écriteaux, tapeurs de tracts à remplissages, distributeurs d'astigmatas prospectus, et crieurs d'affiches part-maintenant try the handle of the door, try to force it open, shake it violently, and then slip un chiffon sous the doorcrack of the cloaca on the landing; pendant que les poules piaulent, les coursières gloussent, les ballons se cassent, la curandera guérisse son patient à la cantonade, and someone who's never there when I finally flush and open continues to bang on the door throughout the entire procedure aux chiottes del sótano del café — to the perhaps paradoxical fact that I was fated from my pisse-raie'd, earliest Oohkotokian nymphancy to be a poor camper, staidly refusing to bare to the arcadian masses of wheatgrass and heather and other eremophyte moth-eaten selvages (*Sunira erusina*, Guenée's beautiful bedraggled erubescant cutworm itou se trouve là!) fronting the castrensial parages of our most indomite bivouac in the seaside hills the autogamous trio de mes αἰδοῖα, three louche dichotomous Orithyian loci raptores (Attention! Les espèces de Chalcidoidea tétrastique *Ceraninus menes* [Walker, 1840] sont susceptibles d'abuser the larvae of heterodichogamous ortiga-loving thrips!), while my mother stood over me, trying to pry open the gates of excretion with le sésame de son cri, “¡No te hieles, atado! ¡Orina! (Stop being such a timorous prig, and pee!) Tu y branles, Dionysos (her pet smart-alecky name for me), ou quoi?” et pendant que les detrusor motis vont entamer splanchniquement the heat of their distension throughout the retentive volume of my parvula soma, la visceral Odisea rote, hierva, y alumbre mes astuces d'enfant enabling me to transform vesicular anguish into a blossoming source of bioluminescence with which I could and still can read more acutely the text of consciousness, make out more clearly the prospective images futurity me ha preñado with jusqu'au moment où, grâce à la transe brought about by *supra*, j'enfante un chef-d'œuvre from every orifice. And then, in order to survive the promiscu-

ous *omritsva* (annular Gomorrah) of the shared latrine of the boarding school above the city in the foothills of the Tiros Mountains where I was just another croqueuse de crottes rampantes, turfeuse de pissat prématuré, pétasse de pets marécageux focused on pleasing, like all the other eager inmates, our stimolo pedagogico, Dr. Avilano Bimkov (il y bande sur tous les élèves indifféremment pourvu qu'ils brayent d'outrageant oint sur le daybed in his office), I was further forced to accept my fate and muster and refine the act of willed forgetting, of dissociative attention so essential to harnessing, and then venting, the usual physiological rush of *disiecti membra puellae* et voilà, ça m'revient, la proustienne valse impure, tronquée d'hendécasyllabes we used to chant as we squatted en masse dans les ("Ça pue!") latrines morveuses:

La puta brinde retos al putero
Sin trabe de rendirte putas brotes

which, of course, are intimately *atados* to les τέχνη sigillaria, a theme, if I'm not mistaken, explicitly explored by certain authors, for instance, in addition to the aforesaid Proust, Valène, Miriam or Steven, purloiners of the tales of Irusan, el ailuro-basileon of whose exploits the ancient Celtic scalds did sing, and others come to mind, such as, per esempio, Raynaud Roszelli, an Illyrio-Druze anastrophic autore d'azur synalliages néologiques, des phrases qui déroulent like finespun zari alloys redolent of Syrian zarde ou llanca del sur-royal, deslizando en los fábulos y, dirán, realizándolos.

§ 50 | Ideorhesaleotia

AVANT MY AMUSING SESSION with Dr. N. Soréa, it seems that, avec l'aide du strabismal doorcrack (schielende Türspalt) of Taylor's "and real material worthiness beyond the heights of the most perfect ideas," for some days I reobjectified Murray's œillade flaubertienne anent the "ideational function of the image making processes" and, à la Leiris's inspired "est littéraire quiconque aime penser une plume à la main," never unyoked l'écartée calèche of my mot essayant from the Yahoo steeds of eidetic realia bent on driving it into the ranks of those unkempt scribouillards exaltés and scholarly who, unafraid of smirching their favorite belle-lettrist's most debonair mot d'émoi with their own acaroid mot émbellissant, deposit the rope-veined scat of their loose ideas in the clean wide margins of a hardbound tome — think of a medusal doodle pondu entre deux alinéas d'un livre de son père par le Dumas fils, the cuneiform *mitodae* (みとだえ, 見跡絶え 'vision-pauses,' 'idea-ruins') Perec a éclaté les parages d'un Verne avec, the airy sophism Ariel incised between spells in Prospero's grimoire to damn his usurpers with, the textual curlicues with which Sterne unveiled the Rabelaisian rubric at play in Burton's *Anatomy* — so that, heedless of the shuffling shortsightedness *les argus rinascosti* employ to mask, scheme, and disguise the feigned embarrassment they use to admire mon gribouillis macaronique with, and oblivious to the opprobrious envy causing them to scrape their cast-iron chairs over the cobbles and jar my working elbows with their own coudes maladroits so as to get a better look at, afin de les délacer et

éclaircir, the spurtled imbrications my hermaphroditic assets imply, sandwiched as they are between the lusty onychophoran of tasks chosen freely and the prurient pogonophoran of tasks choked down regardless, là où la reprise y aoristiquement reprend l'aorasia dialectique of Kierkegaard's neo-romantic theory wherein remembrance and repetition are merely retrograde or snaillike (as in spiral) reiterations of each other, as well as unruffled by the silent dreamy fidgeting with which they sink their faux innocent harpocratic bottoms upon my knee as they bend over to study l'imberbe côte osée of a Tetrastic sirenian freshly wounded by Samuel D. D'Laumes in order to demonstrate to his fellow tide hoolies Y. I. Sorea and O. A. Yersin the beast's diaphoretic potentials as I run a Sirinian tentacle of inky aphorisms along its glabrous flank, not only did I osé ôter les mots d'autres auteurs and insinuate them into my own work's comely Kuhnly *womb* in such a way that, while differently sired, they yet remain as close in blood as, for instance, my dismal sis Lamia and Erato-dreamt moi, or, for that matter, l'en regard Soréa nonnain and Soréa rossard dessous, mais j'ai aussi osé ôter les eccéités d'autres vies in the manner of those who write Latin with their left hand and Greek with their right, or vice-versa, tracing, that is, the singular ephemera of others' fates into the mundane margins of my masquerader's ontogeny while, with the other, copying into the elastic interlineals de mes propres heures la trace lacée de tout ça, or vice-versa, such that (Leiris again) "ce qui devait jouer surtout en moi, c'est" — did I write *avant*? I meant *mientras*, during, *pendant*! — "une espèce de raidissement contre la poussée du temps vif et incroyablement voluptueux d'être foutu en foutant, comme voulait jurer Sade rondement en tant que l'âme du substrat, mode, moignon primordial du réel, or living whatnot common to both pleasure and pain," as Est interprets that libertine's lubricious ode to the torturer's random delights and the prisoner's *arduum penitorum*, "masqué sous la douceur d'un élan sphinctérique en direction du passé ainsi du futur comme si, tout compte fait, I'm afraid that in the complexities of Ariadne's orrery charting the arcs, secants, tangents, and divine momenta of my epicyclic divastigation del atardecer sobre la playa de la Isla Miranda au point du mal esbroufe de l'escale ratée cruellement sous un arbre in the deceitful dawn (ἠώς δολία) of the Lutesian wilds I've lost track of where exactly Leiris's toothy guillemets come to the oily soiled sidereal mudsling of Rimbaud's melodiously

melancholy “fade amas d’étoiles ratées” and my own flare deliriously open into the gamahuched compendium, irrumated assemblage, fellated constellation of rhetorical constructs and sound-thought correspondences and socratized translexicalia with which l’ancien guérisseur ainsi que l’esthéticienne m’avaient pris(e), intercalé(e) et arcbouté(e), dans le sens d’un refuge invaginaire où plaintivement se terrer dans mon cul binaire tel que j’en fait dans le ou la monoquelquechoseétourdie d’eux devant la montée de l’orgasme et, finalement, la petite mort d’amie ou d’amant qui nous conduit au fait que j’ai en plus osé ôter les enseignes de ma propre mémoire, switching them around so that the hieroglyphics of hate, the syllabary of shame, the ideograms of guilt, the abjad of fear, the alphabet of embarrassment, and the abugida of disgust get all jumbled together into an indecipherable tripaille de souvenirs which yet remains accessible, however, by means of l’étroite fenêtre cæcale of the mnemonoclastical fistula de l’écriture même, la plume d’aspiratrice with which we felch the sweet musky marrow of schizomythia out through the bitter mango-steen-like husk of dream and trauma to which we cling like a simian “hero involved with elemental problems of survival,” pour reprendre encore un mot moiré d’Albert Murray, “rather than with social issues as such,” a squirming, squealing infant, that is, greedily gripping the black-amoor-dim teats of its hippopotamid morena mama, then squirt out the iridescent spunk into the nudibranchiate bacchanal of textwork proper, weaving our own tentacular lymph into le phénomène mythique of Tessa Roe’s randy misunderstanding of Rimbaud’s lemma, “Le Poète se fai[san]t voyant par un long, immense et raisonné dérèglement de tous les sens [et] toute parole étant idée, le temps d’un langage universel viendra,” suministrado por Shklovsky’s ἐπὶ-ᾠοιδή (supersong, затрудненной формы) of solid ἑορτή (saturnalian amusement, острашения) in which you will have seen me subjectively funneling my heady idol’s adroit moment of objective inertia into mon hyponome empirique as the former most spiritually reclined in his seat of positive renunciation tandis que sa cousine concrète lacea los dos y, *Aerides*-like, écarte la césure de son morne vénusien vers, siphoning my own silky sutra into the undulant anémone médullaire qui y osera fleurir while all the while son impudique *minus habentes* d’un môme enhardit nos ébats textuels with its milky-downy hullabaloo of exquisite oral inquisitiveness all over our backs, shoulders, bosoms, chests, biceps, thighs,

fingers, toes, and even the otherwise unoccupied flesh sacks (*bursa inguinālis*) of our *membrōrum sed ālārū*.



“l’étroite fenêtre cæcale of the mnemonoclastical fistula de l’écriture”

IL Y A UNE CERTAINE théorie du temps arbalétrique wherein cause imparts effect in the same spirit as time assumes the alluring form of a bewraied aerolite shot from the cataphatic crossbow of that riotous, monumental ἀρχή of this, our winsomest paradise of diaphanous eidola, ohia trees in bloom, rustic gravel paths, pavonine pahoehoe, sidereal iotas, and sudorous mitosis called, rather raffishly in my opinion, The Big Bang. What that theory omits routinely in passing, however, is that, to give birth to this, our psychorrhoea-hoised reality, some other, some, shall we say, *tenebrious mother reality* had to already have been gravid with it! Now, lest licens ars tempt us to paint what would be an otherwise strictly functional *teoría de ileso hábito* with the more inchoate, headier oils of, say, some disrobed, primiparous, moithering au pair who, with her silky hooded sesame bared and flaring, howls, à la Petra Smerstamp, in a most outspoken and sensuous manner as the cosmic calf crowns into the amniotic apotheosis of its own omnifarious motility, we should bear in mind that lesser prudes than even Dr. Iésoé Aléothia will quite likely be moved, not just to dilute our emphatic royal pigments with accusations of gratuitous moral turpitude, but to immerse our multicolored canvas in the solvent of their sanctimonious mortification, and thus erase its very existence before we've even had a chance to either test or refute it. And so we are compelled to turn our backs comme cette bru tragiquement fourvoyée du temps archaïque and take a more apophatic approach along the lines of une théorie d'asile aoriste, which is not, as we have seen,

simply une théorie de soi alambiqué(e), but is also, of necessity, and perhaps paradoxically for that very reason, une theorie iso-adélatique (from At. ἄδελος, unseen, obscure, unknown) tending, like the curly-wigged clown with his *čangaryā* (κιθάρα; konghou, 箏篋) and his cornet à poire, towards that acrose, etherial, aidotic abyss between the ineffably sublime and the mutely farcical. Furthermore, while my conjectural ziggurat's empirical development may swerve and sway in the catch-as-catch-can of horn and harp, crural dampness and the fist to the forehead and other extortious omens of deep thought, at least there is comfort in knowing that I shall forego gloating over the adolescent backsides of black holes, or ineptly handwaving anent the neutron-freckled ramparts (erythematous embers) of dwarf stars, nor do I wish to embark on that euphoria of speculation which likens cosmogeny to the apoptotic release of viral particles and, for instance, dark matter to the galactolytic husks, pyrolenaeen synapses, Loki-churned catastrophrenic *skylo-sautrikāni* (skin-webs), and decomposed seraphic sun-yolks of myriad calamitous moribund universes. At the risk of both format (present textual arrangements) and contentment (future textual relations) — the two adept arms (even when they're tied behind our backs!) of the enlightened satrap's métier ailé d'éthos oaristique — I shall limit myself to publishing, at my own expense et sans peer review, dans l'œuvre ouverte of these inédites pages oculaires, a few of the varieties of my various instars' temporal propensities (ὀργαὶ καίρῳ), to wit: the timorous, vaporious, adiaphorous time of ecumenical nephalism, paternalistic abstinence, and intemulent prurience; the arborous, rumorous, fulgorous, adenophorous time of phallocratic socratization, irrumative lingamajig, algolagnic frottage en masse, and agapathetic fellated stupration; the clamorous, glamorous, androphorous time of cynegetic misogyny justified by the relevant nympholeptic venereal ethos, idioalgic dogma of the scortatory credo, and other assorted orthodox articles of the pueripornopaedaphrodisiac faith; the vigorous, bibulous, ichorous, stuporous, polyplacophorous time of androgynous panurgicalia, epicenesthetic leks, hermaphrodotie échangeisme, partouzêtres à la queue leu leu, dipsomaniacal ochlophilia, and ultratroilistic dichogame's rapture; the luscious, languorous, amorous, luxurious, tremulous, alacritous, gonophorous time of the Olisbophanerozoic Era in Ancient Kunilingustan où tu te trempas dans la rivière Yoniputra avec la Dame Gamahuche et la Princesse Godemiché; the ran-

corous, traitorous, rhynchophorous time of rutting Athenian stags, hateful Messalinian bitches in heat, atheromatous Romish bulls in musth, and athetotic œstrous Miocene apes; all followed by the porous, grumous, amorphous, spodophorous time of loose tidal *rhaiée* (ῥαίηε, besprinkled seawrack, beshatted spindrift), enclosed cloacal squatting, bosky roral extravasations, and comfortless incontinence in sleazy public stalls.

§ 52 | Asset

LET US VIEW THE AMPHIBIOUS mortal beast as it bathes, view the beast rempêtrée dans la baignoire sabot in the attached kitchenette of its Chicken Street flat's méprisable pièce unique où elle, la bête assouplie, s'enfouit, mors aux dents, masseters gone all kablooie, irate, head-splittingly desperate, after having satisfied, dans les chiottes (a lo sosiego se dice : aseó a los tostones) du palier, its and/or some other beast's basest, though not necessarily most natural, or least seemly, needs. In the antrum οἶος (lonely grotto) beneath the painted-plywood-walled-in water heater, through a haze of steam, protruding above the tub's tulip-white labium major, one swan-necked knee dabs into the magnanimous torrent while the other more acutely wedges itself beneath maidenly hips wedged into the tub like a heel into a shoe, a toe deliriously tucked under its, the automorphic beast's, squalid Histoire du Moi (story of its nether I's ooidal aetiology — like any self-respecting mammifère des sept mers attesté par mes textes déjà cités, our subject secretes its testae spermathecae between rectum and bladder, an aquatic adaptation causing the already exquisite potentialités de frisson to redound even more piquantly against the anococcygeal raphae de un trasero sorpresivamente semejante a lo de un gorrino que se sienta en la trucha sustentando del pitón) brewing beneath sa poitrine fléchie dont une tasse de thé à corne d'hostie aréolaire (a churl's *teta suntuosa*) is comfortably crushed against the animal's upright thigh, leaving the other free to be cupped and tweaked and otherwise mistreated per se with one soapy hand while the other hand

stabs a probing jet d'eau into the ambiguous creature's tender rose αἰδοῖα θήλεια, tandis qu'une autre, escarpée, stimulatrice, rusée — Petra's táliba, indeed! — borrowed from the winsomest paratiltia — solidaire, athée, obéissante, ton sosie attendant même! — waiting mutely in the wings, helps, with a well-oiled hetaira's œillade, to shape, tease, proslávit (Rus. прослáвить, overpraise slatternly), caresser et putear the leathery fictile mass of the geholte αἰδοῖ' ἀρσενικοί into an oroïde stela, a hieroglyph-veined menhir rising up with the appearance, from the perspective of our attending tractatrice's hippocampe stratifié, of a timorous tiny rosâtre *sláboye* (σλάβοε, delicately baby birdlike) moai, and from that of our self-d(eba/o)uching sybarite's εἰδωλεο-ἀμαρτία leering through the sexmask pristinely approaching the tumescent rim's apex skirting and skimming and skewering the exquisite ascent's essence of molester's aether, a brazen brick-red dolmen, and, what with the Rhodial toe easing into les οὐδέτεροι à sale hoirie, there is produced a mad preterite mess of an odd past-master-like sensation of the *déjà-foutu*, similar to the proctalgia a soiled heterosexual might experience when the special sex tramp's kiss's fondly lingering quintessence ceases to linger so fondly following an exotic encounter with the *baculum ostiorum* d'un agouti, morse, ours, timonier, ou n'importe quelle autre sacrée peste sino que se tiene a mano. As Est writes, "same sex sanctions (fessées en masse d'hommes étalés rogatoirement) are perceived as penal praxis (punition) only by chaste seamen (mignons), while (tandis que) your yeastier sea dogs (marsouins plus roués) behave like missionaries at a feast (ruent comme des mathurins fêtards à qui on doit la découverte que la fenêtre des sens se ferait rétrécir (the window of one's subjacent senses ceases to effloresce) et le trou lubrique se rendrait plus blasé, soit saisi à séton sous l'influence d' (under the influence of) ésérine (alcaloïde ôté à hérissés fruits d'une plante dite d'Ordalie)."

§ 53 | Norlia

NORLIA, WHETHER BORN of schizomythic monads' erratic interactions in the Leibnizian plexus solaire y oscillant, ou éclore (airy goddess of ancient Veroia, sybaritic sibyl of textual torment!) des noyaux réitérables du chaos y réintégrant dans l'œuf lorenzien, is it possible that you, you Norlia, are that holy, wunderhübsches (despite the erythrocholy *Wundmal* (livid liminal vestige of the face-brander's offhand resorption of his own *genius malus* dans le *pars ora* d'enfants démunis) serrando your apsara's rondeurs) maiden's roral phasm inundating the Barbour-Venn effect whereby the shared components of the soi-disant "moments" juste avant our mutual spasm's universal dissolution lend them the sequential animus so beloved of entelechies everywhere (in the Dunne version, such apparent nystagmus intrusions are in reality the dispersed virions of "time" somehow unlysed (the ostensible process is never unveiled, only whuffed at) out of the muskier CNS hyaloplasm of your average Alinor's dream and then reuptook upon awakening by the supraliminal ganglia somewhere in the vicinity of Roland's erroneous fissure of hypnopompic qualia) so that, for one who reads, Norlia, une plume à la main ou les deux à la fois comme nous autres écrivassiers, you are the sexy salvatrix of my matinal psychomachy, now lurking, alas, near those sinister shacks of cyprian autochthony, *wulstige Lippen* provocatively pursed to quench my hopelessly rumless, xanthocholy *Wunsch*? Or are you merely the phony, *wulstlingische*, leuchocholy *Wunschkind* lurking in some underpopulated region of the Loran Highlands in the dank

Sahulia of my therapized *smara* against which a sphingid smear of busker's polka smacks shamelessly the allegretto palilalia of a growly hound-dog's bolus of *Sackpfeifenmusik*? the rebarbative chlorocholy *Wunschtraum*, in fact, of tellurian refoulement (the forcing function of Laver's Entropium compels, according to our model, each monad, spirit, voyelle cosmique, or universal ball-bearing to try lubricating itself with the gunky space oils, rheumy time solvent, Ur-paraffin of Leibniz's "assemblage de substances simples: y s'enduit laborieusement the combinatory suint de l'arborescence infinie des communications entr'eux," and consequently every slick slutty bearing rolls around wantonly rubbing against everything else in the universal trompe, so that the lumial present voraciously engorges itself on the cock-riven past (moule replet lui-même d'un avenir, donc, pipé, léché, baisé, gobé, gravide — so much for the homespun temporal "revisioning" Dunne "revealed" in his *Experiment!*) and everything, in bulk, conspires hyalescently with everything else (σύμπτωια πάντα, comme disait Hippocrate) such that the caco-chymy spunk, lochia serosa, bubbly vile potions, arduous prerenal vomitus, sympnoia chyle rusks, and lazy snail ordure of Venturi's Pleroma subsume, digest, transform, and dissolve the Barbour-Venn effect, thus implying that glitches such as the flyblown, moth-eaten, stillborn panic-void perfusing the hellebore-syringa flux on the field of my ardent scrivener's gay florilegium là où *le tyran du Bois* ravished my inner fairy's logolepsy, are less akin to signs or symptoms of that deceptively attractive fraud Lorenz, sly aïeul of chaos theory, inflicted on our perky spherical voûς, viz., Alinor's reading pendant ses vacances en Andorre sur un orage fictif dans un lieu urbain *götterlyrischly* caricatured as Norlia's "Ville Natale" (V. N., for short) constitutes the initial condition that leads to a deluge — briny, rotatory, sinister, grotty — in Beulah, but rather more like the auctorial sigils, traces, scars de cette "infinité de figures et de mouvements présents et passés qui entrent dans la cause efficiente de mon écriture présente," as Leibniz puts it, cette "infinité de petites inclinations et dispositions de mon âme, présentes et passées, qui entrent dans la cause finale" du stigmat — amygdaloid, rosy, inviolate, perfect — that sets off your own beauty, Norlia: amatorial scoria, glos-sarial sensoria, precarious aporia, glorious euphoria) conçu dans l'âme violée by the unholy *Wundausschneidung* performed by a cyanocholy *Wunderheiler* (le Dr. N. Soréa lui-même) whilst my unguarded body (the

battered castle gates (minus the iron girders, ornate woodcarvings, and intricate quillwork of the thick bifoliate doors which had been carefully unhoused from their hinges and stacked on the floor yonder (rasé butin mussé)) gaped strangely barren, sodden, forlorn, desarrapadas, y desarrugadas al mismo tiempo, les cerbères fidèles (chacun armé d'une nervurée plume à lame) de mes gobelins multipèdes et mes lutins multilabres (N. Loria, Y. I. Sorea, O. A. Yersin, et al.) having fled, and so une vague de fêtards de toute espèce was free to enter my habitually coy serail's most intimate textuality and pillage there its magasin mucilageux d'images multiples, d'émotions mûres, et de mots musicaux (le tout faisant un rêve nuptial et doux if left undisturbed but exploding in a semi-sunburst or quasi-nova of sadistic debauchery leaving behind a trou noir–nain blanc hybrid of adolescent angst too glumly troubled to even mutter “Bonjour” aux voisins mugissants dans l'escalier si tu me merdoyais, remerdoyais, reremerdoyais, und so weiter!)) was pinioned in his shack by that unforgivably adult psychopander's rotund *mégère* (the far from taciturn Soréa donna herself) and drugged by the factotomedium's infusion of some subaltern, venulous specimen of a melancholy *Wunderbeere* or unruly ordalian *szeder*?

AMONG THE PREPUBESCENT orphans I gamboled freely, and the polyglot dorm amies I roomed matter-of-factly, with in Petra Smerstamp's Appalachian surrogate of Hetairotopia to which my mother née Momiji, wanting to train us to become adorable little, *obi-robed maiko* (舞妓) in her tenebrious tea-stall in our vile Ville Natale, had sent me and my sis Lamia, were, si no temo dar miradas hacia la remota modificación del hado mi-trémoussant, mi-reposant que llegó a estar la miserable trama que se acaba por hallarme en esta sugada *apoteose* de cagado mito merdoso, to wit, the following: Tessa Roe, a dim tomboy who grew up to become monetarily successful as a “brilliant author” some men deem monumentally important and *of the moment*, but whom I deem monstrously nominal et qui ne sait employer que d'un plat mode ramoinndri d'écriture; Nirusa Suraní, native girl-child of Isla Miranda and my sis Lamia's future sweetheart, neither of whom, si no temo mentir, later ever deigned to aid me or meet me pendant my own séjour sanieux, krass, impetiginous en las ruinas de esta isla maldita (oddly enough, it seems that during our clitoromad time in Shatsbrook, my sis Lamia did not participate in our ébats espiègles at all, but took, rather, as a sort of paramour, a spent, reviled practitioner of the pederast's *métier*); Seoste Oenone, a maimed rotogravurist's assistant transformé en même factice par hoches hachées d'un oripeau de médicastre — once the remains of her gratuitously compromised glands had smoothly healed, I found her, si no me tardo miniar las migajas terribles de su ingle, to be a demure

hermaphrodite after my own image, pero me ha (o la he), cuando volví al oeste, olvidado; Harpo Paroha, thin-armed roommate, dimple-chinned advocate of extemporaneous triune romps à velo — with her in the middle moulinant les pédales and some comfortably seated sprite merrily swinging her sun-tanned legs behind and reveling in her newfound power to arouse men *experimentally*, inspirit masks *expectantly*, double-team skirts *expeditiously*, wink at smirks *expressively*, scream at risks *expertly*, and trim tasks *explicitly*, nous allions prendre les eaux, sore me en potence up front like a pert, nervous, impaled mascot (I often wonder, who was that slim-sacrumed stranger, that satin-pantied third-party who rode mit mächtiger *désinvolture* et avec qui he entrado moi-même ins Traumspiel vornehmen? Was she a mermaid too aphrodisiac, too dream-immersed in the arethusian return to her bepearled assets' (son lumineux Aktes' sprimacciato chaton, her limpid Edelstein's exakt prismatic bezel) source to see or hear distinctly enough to affix a name to or diminish to a more mnemogenic dimension? Or did she, like a hooded seal, simply elope with Salamis (vid. *infra*) to the nethermost sea of Poseidon's rerum omnium?); and Salamis Slimani, a wealthy burgher's daughter, drowned while wearing nothing but an (according to certain amarometidos reprovers) amulet inscribed, "Hora plasmi? Mare domito!" (You, boor, made time? I tamed *o mor!* (that is, la mer)), in our favorite refracted *étang creux*'s karst imperium of underwater clair-obscurity.

JE, L'AUTRE QUI S'ENFONCE dans les intervalles d'un rêve nuancé, lowly hunter of the uncensored rachidian tingle in the forest of sensory ἀεικίας and loiterer within the walls of Bedlam's inutterable despair — I, sayer of the refined rosary of heterolexical verseprose y labrador(a) renseigné(e), adept at cultivating the explicit vicissitudes and contrapuntal recursions of the somatosplanchnic field with such androgynous alacrity that my punctilious ministrations surely must have helped that lovely sallow Huÿnh boy sire an impishly unwonted sonnet in his jovial uncle's château in Gustavschuln, Wyo., where it seems I spent a gap year, soigneux et fécond, after graduating from Dr. Avílano Bimkov's élite lycée cum institute of "lovingful learning and touchful teaching" in the foothills of our natal dorp where I was a boarder, snugly buggered by all and sundry and with a view from our ivory tower of promiscuous plagiary's communal cloaca of the tumbledown freemartins' shacks out yonder, ārsa mǎgǎlia ubi scelerābāmus in multam noctem jusqu'au matin où nous avons radé, rabané et raccastillé dans le vieux port where my sister and my mother were serving a jejune nerve-tonic brewed from a mash of wara-wara palmfruit (*Astrocaryum vulgare*), bearberry (*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*), akaragāram (*Anacyclus pyrethrum*), and the violaceous derrumbe of *Psilocybe caerulescens* in a shack *sans lui*, and I hefted, by chance, the curved ivory handle of the thing, slid the tight calloused hollow of my plunging loosely open fist along the smooth flexible yet robust wyczulony whalebone (*Balaena tetrasticus*) and weep-

ing willow (*Salix sepulcralis* var. *Chrysocoma*) shaft of the *synaptic surveyor's aiguillon* some dockside preadolescent minusválido had just been unnerved with by Our Lady of the Shriek-Soled Chappals but I must admit that it was not any application of practical cruelty that attracted me (the child was neither subject to the psychophysical establishment's reductive ideas nor responsible for some speculative isomorphic mischief à la Morand, Sorel, Brasdor, Renan et al., and was simply the researcher's own ambiguous offspring, cowering at the sight of some newly acquired impedimenta) but rather an intimation that theory is an end in and of and for itself and not just a way serious corredoras noctívagas justify their mercenary tactics post hoc ergo propter hoc and I became, there and then, un(a) labrador(a) enseigné(e) of psychurgical praxis, an adept at cultivating the explicit vicissitudes and contrapuntal recursions of the somatosplanchnic field, a trespasser dans les intervalles d'un rêve nuancé, a loiterer within the walls of Bedlam's inutterable despair, a lowly hunter of the uncensored rachidian tingle in the forest of sensory ἀεικία until I left for Owlstain to become a reciter of the refined rosary of reiterative heterolexicalia, a plagiarist of repute and much-discussed divastigatrando of "The clitalytical role of lexical ecology in the recovery of the unconscious eidola of sociophysiological experience" which is precisely the title of the symposium you, my delicious nimbly thumbed textual delectus, may find incised with the golden arrosage bubbling up from my sacral plexus, mingling with the afferent flux of my pneumogastric nerve, unloosening the lavishly wound-up potentialities lurking in heart, lung, colon, jaw, and larynx, until, like a liquid osprey soaring over a deep broad sluggish bend of the Owlstain River then diving down to snatch a flashing snack of silvery cyprinid, it cracks, shears, and rends the chorion of my bookish basilisk's chasm and shoots shuddering out into the annotated margins of the avulsed pages of, say, 20 of the 300 or so tomes I've strewn throughout le dédale de mon studio and out onto the palier and into the toilet there and down the stairs and out onto the street and up over la Butte Mont-Marâtre and out into the wilds of western Lutèce where the steep cobbled and red brick streets — not merely their names, but the streets themselves — of Gustavschuln, Wyo., seem to slide, like thin muslin covering the glabrous body of my resacosa memoria's eye, over l'image du Dr. N. Soréa strutting about all bleu de Windsor and red of Naples like a lecherous lekking *Bucorvus abyssinicus* und

sa ronde ravisseuse with the ankle-biting-back-of-knee-nuzzling-toe-sucking bouncing bambino (*actus non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea*) and that red-headed vulture (*Sarcogyps calvus*) who wrote a story about a fiendishly wounded *enfant* wailing on the corner of Ronsard East Avenue and Renardo Street où je me souviens d'un scarlet slash of Vuykian azaleas (*Rhododendron* sp.) in a hedge of sublunar rose dog-hobble (*Leucothoa erysilunaris*) and Bulgarian lilac (*Ligustrina bulgaris* Yeobright, 1805) which this unruly Wohngegend's roral perspective cannot help but register as one of the many devious hints memory churlishly wounds le visage du moment vivant avec if we are not careful, viz., a quondam highborn's dear uncle's château's garden's *treillage* floridly mocks a plebeian horror read snidely by quelqu'autre joli(e) jeune *je* aux joues enjolivantes trailing its jus de jouissance up les enjeux en jeu of the polished, worn, voluptuously incurved marches, cut from solid blocks of limestone, of Menard's Road leading to the "little green gate" (*zielony wuhutka*, in the local palaver) of bristly crowfoot (*Ranunculus* sp.) where Erehwon Yulitsa becomes a dirt track clotted with scurvygrass (*Cochlearia officinalis*), then a footpath fringed with scarlet milkweed (*Asclepias curassavica*), then a hollow cul-de-sac impassably tangled with false brome (*Brachypodium sylvaticum*) and crumpled contraceptives ("Our Hero's Randy Rubbers") on that hillock overlooking the white wooden and gray tile pagodas of the Gerdoransvidbalskola whose high outer walls topped with multi-colored snarling shards of glass safely keep the inmates' cauchemars endormis and their *karmakāraka*'s scholarly tasks chastely isolated from the gross heaps of junk en désarroi in Ladrones Road where destitute locals come to trade or snipe for cash, skin, or skunkweed their meager possessions dont je me souviens d'avoir trouvé un Ernest-Psicharesque livre où j'ai lu (another of those derisive trucs d'avance!) que "le Bois de Boulogne fait jamais mort, même quand tout lupanar s'endort" or perhaps it was "au Bois de Boulogne tout va amortir, mais quand même il faudra en sortir" mais il se peut que j'y aie sordidement confondu une passe de passage avec un passé de passage or vice-versa.

§ 56 | Timorous

NOW AND THEN I'D BECOME enmeshed, pendant my foveate ambles à travers las ruinas de la Isla Miranda, in the cutaneous spectacle of a pale, freshly moulted, aphronectic tourist, with all her unmated moriorhaphic assets bared, not just expectantly standing in the stentorian surf and wanly waiting for the next available wave to crash into her, but blatantly, exultantly, cavorting there, actively entangling herself in the tidal tango, as if she were attempting to stanch the Tethyan flux with the seductive momentum, the flirtatious twitch and shiver of her footloose etiolated body while tantalizingly, with a spontaneous cephalic buck, tossing back her tangled, matted locks and simultaneously lifting a psychagogic arm to expose étourdimement un pétillant creux velouté d'aisselle, and she'd shake off the spume, our most incomparably exuberant Aphrodite Anadyomene, marmoreally mammariated, magnificently membraned, mysteriously metamorphosed out of some tellurian sanatorium passing itself off as an upscale resort or some Shenandoah prison boat posing as a luxury liner, and spread herself on a mat she'd previously unrolled for the occasion, and invite lecherous Helios and centaurian Surya to tan and scour, to mistreat and take advantage of her alabaster nephelosities — and all with perfect impunity as far as the unobservant autochthonous inhabitants were concerned, since they went about their daily round of antiquated social calls and concomitantly bootless chores and exorbitant rites of appeal to the storm *dea ōminōsa*, utterly unmindful of the glistening taboo dream timidly beckoning them to come and dip, if not their

superstitious heads in toto, at least the tips of their stupid noses in the pellucid play of this resplendent *girleen moment* of serene ommateal thaumatropy! And yet if I, a chaste, soberly garbed, hermaphroditic mermaid, took a book — merely took a book! — out of my fourretout, sat down en la playa and splayed it on my lap in order to — what, disembowel and devour it? irrumate and castrate it? no, merely to read it! — how they stopped whatever it was they were doing and aligned themselves — sans dire mot à moi, mind you! — at that impossibly intangible tangent to one's peripheral vision their atavistic custom (originally a way to appease the talismanic brutalism endemic to the insular feudalism of their traditional social institutions, I'd heard, but now more of a uniquely infuriating form of tourismolagnic torture) of decorous timidity compels them to assume and which I could never get used to and stood there, fanned out on both sides of me like two opprobrious ochlocratic wings sprouting from the shame-mooted ramifications of my collapsed scapulae, and stared, as if the act of public literacy was the most obscene, ommastrephidian, rusé, tripoté, asticoté, tarabiscoté, emberlificoté, osé, anomalistic *dévergondage* it were possible for an unreformed orphan to commit! And so just to be able to collect the whole indignant company of them into the more connected *Bildaufbau* of my foveal vision, I had to mime a rodeada zorra besieged by envidiosos cabrones who admire too mercilessly eso teórico esotérico de otro mimado moro de mi talante delirante by hastily standing and wheeling on my outraged heels comme un(e) énergumène mobile and try to face each of them in turn as I brandished, both literally and metaphorically, the offending object of my textual nominalism, my criminal cabalism, my sensual intellectualism, mon malmené mogilalisme, mon surmené modal-empirical (mod-em) *rationalisme*, but they'd all just disperse and slink away, saying nothing, ad paludem, moratio, morem, dationem, et assulâtîm. And so I'd slink off aussi, moi, âme tordue, moi, dame rotatrice, to Ye Olde Dim Tearoom, a room too dim, by the way, to read immor(t)al Rimbaud therein (à propos: quelque Roméo m'a dit récemment que the Gallo-franks "cherchent partout des preuves" — is not Rimbaud, thus, the clearest *preuve* que la langue du dit *poète* est en fait une langue d'enfant? I can barely speak it yet, mais déjà je suis poète socratique!), a room too dim, really, for any indigène momon to deem it incumbent upon him or her to lurk peripherally mum, and so much voluble intercourse was there to be full-frontally

granted one with any interlocutor whatsoever regardless of whether said *participant(e)* was an acquaintance aux cils postiches and well-schooled in the local baragouin or a rogue stranger crachotant des postillons de patois partout his or her recherches novatrices sur the modified Emersonian (mod-em) ratio obtaining between the centrifugal verpathesis and the centripetal clitathesis of the polyphasic flexion of my sociophysiological fluxions took him or her pendant son parcours timoré sotto, su, e nelle mie tumorosità tomentose e tormentose.

TANT DE FOIS TU ROMANCES la tua vita smarrita parmi trous odorants et creux résonants, et tant d'écarts tortus, moirés, désassortis, mouvants, et confus tu ecciti o appassioni to surmount with the oiakophoretic potential of your Stresemann 929 or to simultaneously perceive with the sudden okaiopomp of the Traumsein's eye both the Wialoahassee elt owl swiftly screeching through the factitious ormolu texture of dream and the oikoan facticity of an elm-shaded pond full of enormous Trionychid turtles on the landscaped grounds of that distant stone-and-stucco château à la tour moisie in Owlstain where the Tetrastic Assn. of Novelists is wont to hold its *ouvroir* moustachu chaque mois tu roules tes yeux lubriques as the waitress says "Okiao" and palms the nine Albionian groats que tu règles la consommation avec et elle sourit mortellement and trips off on her own gaspingly golden pair of laggard legs into the illusory distance of the spacious mortmain du Bois obscur (questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte, indeed!) and you're tempted to chase breathlessly after that seductive *grue* afin de l'attrapper dans la nasse de ton écriture but that would be to court misogyny as well as risk tumbling on the uneven cobbles, tearing the friable fabric of rumless matinal consciousness, and scraping the psychomachic knees of memory (a danger not unlike the incestuous mortise-and-tenon look Iapetus gave his sister Mnemosyne, an archetypal moment Proust omits mentioning in his magnum opus on the topic, by the way) mais en tant qu'associé(e) de l'Assn. of Tetrastic Novelists dois-tu romanesquement décrire sans émoi ou strideur the

ravissant Flaubertian book aimlessly, incessantly, delighting in the dew-moist, rough-and-tumble material of its own *Zusammenhängendsein* conceived un soir moutonné d'un automne ambré dans des fumoirs touffus, des futoirs mouillés, des abreuvoirs moutonnants, des dépotoirs mouchardés, et des fermoirs tout-puissants with which even la condesa de Alcoutim's robes snap securely shut? Vois-tu, romanzo mio, que tu as tant fait pour moi, stichomane jacassant the magical rhythm converting the tenuous syllables of intoned speech into the hard bricks of sensuous fact, strophiste fléchissant the supple patter of sinuous verse for reasons just stated, stéganographe glissant the ciphered mimicry of schizomythia through the cryptic doorcracks of the physical, stryge trémoussant en troussant the heretofore irremovable skirts of superstition, stagiaire gémissant en travestissant a pair of perverse pajamas while mugissant en obéissant the principal researcher's unspeakable adjustments to divastigational method, striqueuse tissant, sertissant, finissant, et flétrissant the frictional contrasts between the focal and faucal breaks of promiscuously textual intricacy, et même stampomaniaque à la Sainte-Beuve agonissant because the Novelists Assn. of Tetrastica prefer(s) the depressingly plotted potted skits and successful cottage exercises in narrative toothache of so-called "realism" to our playful heterolexical *frottage* athwart the heavy lap of literature we took iambic advantage of en bondissant our inner Lothario's tumor's copious mortar-and-pestle *jouissance*, my novel?

UP THROUGH THE END of our sociophysiological nymphage when we eclose, at age 19 or so, into whatever instar we later moult out of at 49 inclus, we sex-neutral *enfants terribles* of supernumerary entailments — gamines infernales et gamins néfastes, poupées bonardes et poupons à rébellion, gosses tenaces, cénesthésiques quoiqu'étant né(e) minus certain cherished essentials or plus other adored superfluities — a blurred mermaidenhead recalling ancient possibilities which, while perhaps more wanton, more anguished, were, and still are, significantly less bleak than the boring crumpled schism your modern day Nestorian insists on stuffing, to the exclusion of all others, the swimtrunks of the sneering majority with; a blushing mermanhood cloaking a startled, all-too-seldom observed and oh so sensitive ensheathement (an eminently kissable corporeal compartment which neither Silenus nor Venus spoke of; a suave neuroplectic exquisite pileus the edacious nymph Salmacis fused her pleated hymenophore to) from which nonpareil treasures peak, embarrassed, through the blue-blond stains of vernix caseosa — we satyr-nymph enjambments, we sylph-elf ensembles that so unnerve the stupid nosy elders (who, you'd think, would be used to such sights by now) that they either resort to the snowbound neonatal exposure and Oedipal infant sacrifice of yore or, as the more progressive hypocrites by far endorse, insist on hiring some corruptible incompetent schooled in the darner's office who, with a surgically "necessary" excision here, a sculpturally nuanced "enhancement" there, readorns, supposedly, a hypoplastic *bébé*

avec le barda merveilleux d'un(e) berdache de luxe, an aplastic pupa with the enchanted chrysalis of a transvestite shaman, a hyperplastic chimera with the apotropaic apparatus of an exotic eunuch, but who really succeeds only in pulling a slack formless boy's shirt over a naiad's taut shapely body (goons and pensioners, vilaines somatistes and nearby esculapes will cause certain *agacées scènes sentimentales* when they try pulling it off later), in cramming a priapic ephebe synartetically into a worn-out pair of old maid's sneakers (notre dégrossi ami s'envolera plus tard comme sosie niqué en étalon d'une satanée queen's isoiconic and podgy nonesuch) — we synallactic nephrostomous épïcènes sensés et accomplis who have been fortunate enough to sneak and slither and dodge and skirt the prude prurient gaze and above all textually censorious yet ever nuncupative estrapado of the patriarchal munis and clever nuncios and drear drones of sentimental squeamishness and have remained, thus, *intacta*, we have no other option, given the lack of any extant viable tradition — what, with Pan silent, the dryads dead, the nautch outlawed, and the maverick freemartin domesticated into the docile camp of your average intersexual? — to guide or constrain or inspire or encourage us, we have no other option but to embark (*dulcique animos novitate tenebo*) upon the serious novelistic encounter with the reality of the singular noumenal *epistēmē* (*ut quondam naturae iure novato ambiguus fuerit modo vir, modo femina*) of our somatic nudibranchiate entelechy (*sic ubi complexu coierunt membra tenaci, nec duo sunt et forma duplex, nec femina dici nec puer ut possit, neutrumque et utrumque videntur*), and then to draft the schizomythic narrative of our estrangement (*tantus dolor urit amantes*) thereof sometime before the never unineluctable sloughing out of the urochord snare of the previous stage transforms us (avant que le terminus nous transforme; vor der Entstehung stoßt uns durch die Neigenwandlung ab) into something else entirely.

AS MY UNMOORED MATINAL quest for rum led me back towards that barrio literario my Parisian self considers home, I trod a momentous yet overgrown path, l'allée du Violon-Dingue, in fact, as a little brown plaque attached with a rusty chain to one of the collapsed bramble-choked shacks remarked in passing, through the less well-trammeled parts of the bosky selvages, and I thought, "Sí, el yo es arisco. Tant pis que le *toi* se rayonne là où le Bois raye ses arbres. ¿Yo sería autre si j'y oserais narguer la mémoire, say, of that year I *sovrashchálo* (the equivalent of "seduced" in his lingo) the smoky tan Adonis? C'est toisé, rayé from these amplectic *toad-memoirs*," comme ich schleiche diese kauernde Erinnerungen (ces souvenirs accroupis) im duckendem Gedächtnis hocken, and yes, I roamed about on my rumless return expedition, recording, as I'm wont to do, my psycho- and sociophysiological reactions, in particular a magical, slippery, shimmering, fluttering feeling like when you launch your homemade τῆμωρο-ναυκλήριον upon the waters of revenge for the first time, and it actually skates over the surface, but without spinning out of control like a rudderless parisal or keelless kuphar, but is actually steerable like a Galway hooker or Norfolk wherry or Appalachian mackinaw or Croatian condoira or when the path, more of an animal track really, than that broad, moite, margouillisé horse path Emma trod oisivement avec son bien bâti même Rodolphe, ends in a screen of *Ocotea* and *Acacia* and sclerophyllous *Quercus*, and you can just make out, on the other side, the sun-splattered clearing where your

so-called acquaintances have pitched their stand-alone tents and erected their spartan lean-tos on the hilltop above what was a sanatorium in name (*vidbálskola*) only, by the way, more of a *karmakāra*’s school, really, whose inmates have gathered round to admire, mouths agape, a zoopraxiscopic spectacle où un homme tordait le cou d’une adroite môme pendant que la dite môme mordait la queue de l’homme (dit *a rovescio*) tandis qu’un autre homme rôdait le cul de mi madre otorgante qui adorait moments comme ça jusqu’à ce que sa môme dormait and you plunge into that intimidatorio membranoso spinoso steccato immoderato, that indomite ramosse kraal of the Mistress of Elision’s handiwork, and though thorns catch at flesh and cloth, you break through into a lucid clearing where Bois-l’Vent Lane butts up against La Place D’Antan in the city’s sixteenth arrondissement, and the sun sends its feu-de-joie rays directly down onto the glistening cobbles of Renunciants Road, and the eyes ariolatrically scanning me, I realize, do not belong to voyeuristic tourists ogling the robust outdoor activities of the ariose yakshis and ebriose yakshas of the forest, but are, rather, the *modī metra oculārēs* of the arctic stares of belabored laborers going to various points of proletarian valorisation, the dreadful glances of matitudinal coursiers going in and out of Le Marché D’Antan in search of consumerist realisation, and the cynical *winks sachants of embourgeoisés* merchants standing on the seouls of their petit-bourgeois shacks of mercantile distribution: Au Tarabiscuit, boulanger pâtissier; Le Choisi, bistrot (“anciennement La Favorite”); Yi Soréa, traiteur d’Asie Royale; L’Île des Signes, brasserie (its charming waitresses transformed atomistically into their bearded brothers, alas); Des Raisins aux Abris, légumiste; Mme Dao, rôti-sœur (sic); Soriya et Amoret, modistes; I. S. Moriétodam, doctor ès Aiyar (a hospitable-looking chap in besicles, churidar pants, and kurta); Hôtel Bis du Bois, hôtel bar café tabac (despite the imposing mention of Amiot Domer, aubergiste propriétaire, the most promising endroit, it seemed, pour satisfaire des besoins naturels); and the enigmatic Garnissagesx, Vie.

NOW JUST WHO, THIS INQUIRING scribe demands après que je me suis installé (seated myself — à propos of which, it seems that I feel most attuned with and to the singular plurality of my omnifarious nature precisely at that moment when, after some bigoted virago has roughly romanced me amidst the ancient misty ferns and manhandled me to the damp turf, I witness, anticipate even, the cheery foreshortening of her uncouth concupiscence as it grates into the long-drawn backlit disapproving scowl of boorish disgust (it is precisely such stout, abrasive types, interestingly enough, who seem the most repelled and the least intrigued when brought face-to-pallium with the Medusa's nest of *Siphonaria cookiana* my foreshore estates teem with at low tide and nose-to-radula with the Echnidna's sacellum of *Cookia sulcata* my ditto at high)) à une petite table de fer forgé on the cobbled terrace du bistrot Île des Signes (IS) to which I'd been lured by l'odeur des fumants mazagrans ("steaming tumblers of coffee," as Snodgras took *aisance poétique* with in his trans-symbolist rendering) beneath the lime trees of La Piazza D'Yesteryear in this royalist bastion *sise* entre Le Bois de Boulogne and Paris proper, just who, this inquisitive scribouillard reiterates, is this sus-dite "Mistress of Elisions" I so παράπροσδοκάοιμι (had not been expecting)? Why, none other than Notre Sagefemme de Teratokia, Our Wise Mother Realia herself! As for my own maieutic self, it seems that, when I'm participating, for instance, in really a rather innocent rostral-caudal contortion with une appétissante créature mugissante,

it seems that le for intérieur de mon versatile stupre idéal, as it were, becomes stippled with the five-o'clock shadow of a virile, paternalistic, robustly heterosexual author trying to coax his recalcitrant daughter into performing an act the good old-fashioned jouissance of which elle n'a pas encore goûté le fruit de la connaissance of in some impoverished dystopia where sin and sanction are not eruginous metaphors unearthed by guileless archaeologists in Old Cahokia or Ancient Arkansas but actual shiny mental manacles forged and kept in well-oiled trim by a cruel, perverse society that fails to recognize (and treat) pride, dignity, authenticity, justice, and other superstitions as the symptoms of moral disease that they are, and instead lauds (and cultivates) them as — get this! — “virtues” and where great sleepless artists with a wholesome if passing itch for incest and propinquant *relations savoureuses* find themselves perfidiously deprived, not just of the means to slake leur soif éblouissante, but of any liberty to act de bonne foi whatsoever, so that what had been but a benign Geschlechtsdruck metastasizes into an insidious, supreme Gesamtjuckreiz leaving behind but an inconsequential shell of self. Now, I do believe, for instance, that it would be as difficult for that hotbed of crass naturalism, the Appalachian Society of Serious Novelists (ASSN), to accept the premise, viz. that the self is most self-assuredly itself when sensately intertwined with a multiplicity of other I's and that such I's are best divastigated by means of the altarianly sumptuous schizomythic narrative (ASSN) I first began to probe the immeasurable σωρείτοτοκία of at the Institute of Sociophysiology in Owlstain, of the pluripotent book I augur by merely existing as it would be for the hirsute Sicilians serving as stand-ins for the voluptuous waitresses and buxom barmaids and seductive instrumentalists and irresistible songstresses who evidently only work the night shift in this place to imagine that the polymorphous *touriste indigent(e)* they treat with such condescension is none other than a distinguished sociophysiological divastigator or -trix and not the poor incompanionable scrivener or -esse of an abominably shameful superchería novelistica (ASSN) they no doubt judge me to be committing as they look aîné- or even aïeul-like over my shoulders as, nonpareil, inimitable, and as irrepressibly stylish as the cymophanous allure of the viridian-and-onyx wing patterns of *Trogonoptera brookiana* my Stresemann 929 inevitably summons to the mind of the invertebrate stoichiologist, I plunge my rook airily into my challenger's back rank,

“Un crème et deux croissants, s’il vous plaît. Et (pourquoi pas un troisième, after the two I’d already *bu* au bar de l’hotel?) un petit calva.” “Kiooa kooai kiao?” the cretin fumbles for a clumsy, and ultimately futile, Bourdonnassian variation of defence, thus encouraging me to develop, en passant, my pawns, “Ca-fé au lait. Deux croi-ssants. Pe-tit verr-e de cal-va-dos.” “Koaio koiao kaioo?” he coarsely attempts a belated Evans sacrifice. “No, no, no! You can’t castle now! Don’t you realize you’re in check? Cappuccino,” I hook aisément, aigûment, voire aigrement my knight into either of the two squares the shambling imbecile was aiming for. “Uno, due,” and with my pregnant hands I crook, I anneal, I expostulate an interdimensional spectre of the desired object, and make orally as if to brook iatraliptically its saisissante écrouissance. “O, oia! K-ka, oi o!” he concedes sans en avoir vraiment compris, il me semble, and turns to shout at the barman, “Un crème, un! Et un p’tit calva pour l’travelo!” and then exits the bistrot, scuffling across the iridescent cobbles of Renunciant’s Road to enter Au Tarabiscuit, boulanger pâtissier, from which he is soon seen emerging, rebroussant chemin un sac salissant à la main, investissant encore le bistrot avec son garde-fou abrutissant, disparaissant derrière moi, ensuite réapparaissant devant ma table y hérissant “un gauchissant compromis” (to quote a well-known Montparnassan) de café crème refroidissant, un rafraîchissant verre d’alcool guérissant, et un ramollissant sac rancissant aux viennoiseries ressortissantes.

§ 61 | Masse

CHAQUE FOIS VILE, mansuette, rosée et malséante que je me satisfais (“touch myself,” as a more mundane monster might put it), I’m always surprised by the disparate bare mass “morphologique des aspects formidablement démoniaques du phénomène multiforme,” as Est writes, “qui pullule sur-le-champ dans le paroxysme menotté, partagé entre” Tessa, Nirusa, Harpo, and, yes, See, too, though the vision I have of the latter is more like a carved wooden icon of a plumose teōtl filched from an umbrose teōcalli than the slick hot sesame of a live winsome salivating orphan empoigné dans the cloistered closet œuvré par et œilletonné avec le *mnémonoclastical crystal*, so to eelspearingly, so to speak, speak, of my *extase lumineuse* since it entails projecting myself du passé imaginaire to a lissom avenir neither of us will ever share sauf dans cette parvulose teōāhuiyaliztli “qui ne prolifère dans l’organisme que d’une poignée de minutes” (S. Est, “Ooecial loading by lophophorate bryozoans in arsurate association with the “green” ommatophores of Limneometrid snails parasitized by *Cladophora* sp. of algae in the Shatsbrook River is associated with increased incidence of clitoromania among inmates of La Tour du Pont, Appalachia,” *J. Tetr. Litt. Stud.*, n. s., Vol. 23, No. 11, November 1980). To put the foregoing into its proper cultural context, it was around the time when nettlesome menorrhea first began to mark our linens with its siderochrome omens and the fair sun, according to a pharonoiacal heliolatrist from Beulah, Porto Arturo, Cañada Verde, or thereabouts, I think, was in Ursa Minor going down on Major, that Est, a substantial

homme en force de l'âge already, came to our little colony to put our *répertoire pandémonique* sous la loupe de sa *science de l'observation*, which limited itself to recording ceremonies involving but two, three, or four adepts at once, jamais notre groupe autonome en masse, for reasons, I believe, owing less to *le cose teoriche* (clitalytical ephorality, altarian subjectivity, Lucas tests, orgone membranes, group constraints, and so on) and more to the panaesthetic chaos qui l'aurait assommé en l'ébranlant if he had let himself do more than just hermetically dangle on the sidelines of our playground of taboo, estéril y seguro como Menelao mirando por hacia abajo as his avant-garde of hermaphroditic limnatids impaled sa "belle Hélène momie" (a reference to Goethe's protopost-moderniste *repart* d'esmero sobre algunos temas iliadísticos) with the cryptomnetic memes, or cryptomnemes, for short, of his "new metaphorical phenomenology" which turns out to be nothing more nor less than a sort of "fetishized" schizomythology avant la lettre, à rebours, et contre son gré grison même as it turns out, since what notre pessimiste pederast regarded as his own original contribution was actually a symptom of cryptomnesia stemming from an adolescent reading of S. E. Spitmarkx's late work, *Das Wachstum als Schwung und Schwund*, in particular the footnotes referring the reader back to the maverick ex-rapist's Mussvorschrift of deliktssam Expressionismus, *Die Welt als Schwimmen und Schweben*, as well as his proto-senimalist sex-park Meisterstück, *Luftig-pfeilschriftige Abbildungen*, the latter, of course, being una cosa I love as, sminchionando con ambos arms resplendent, me dejo yo mismo a sembrar y mamar sobre sus páginas móviles. Intending to release small slugs and large snails, numbered and weighed, he had imprisoned in his "home away from home" en masse, we marched one night to the apartment he had rented near *la mairie* in downtown Shatsbrook, but found the door disconcertedly locked. Descending the stairs, we fell upon the nightshirted concierge who, looking for all the world like the dreamiest, pertest, besottedest bride trying to dig her way out of sleep with a most desperate erminette or noria unspooling, tin can by tin can, des pétards tirés émétiqument d'yawns, gave us the key at last and, yawning, said, "Me stairs de perte." To which slim Sabine fragte, "Was?" and crass Isabel minced, "Huh?" and exquisite Slimane shiváyet, "Usnira?" and marvelous, mellifluous, muciferous, mordacious Milena bisbisó, "No sé te opinar." He, yawned, repeated, "Me stirs." Into which bourgeois Mabel

insinuated, “Lies, man, sibylline lies!” and nubile Sima snarled, “Porahā?” and heartless Albine mit, “Que tu brides tes sanglots!” and honest-to-goodness I balmily reiterated sempstressily, “Qu’est-ce que vous voulez dire, meussieudame?” while Tessa, Nirusa, Harpo, and, yes, See, too, comme en accord préalable, missingly remained mum. He, yawned, repeated, “Mister’s, (yawn) mister’s *départé-e (sic)*.” C’est-à-dire, Est s’apprêtait déjà à foutre le camp back to whatever monde cryptomnémétique il est parvenu from. We did manage, however, to release most of his *collection* caracollante, limacienne, gastrolâtre, sémésologique, mignarde et spermatisée.

WHAT I WANTED HELP with when I paid a therapanderroscopic call on sad errant Dr. N. Soréa, that thaumaturgical quack who failed utterly to realize that the elaborate ambivalent (A) *mixtura* (mixture) of empathy and enmity, gluttony and agony, avarice and rancor, yearning and loathing, elation and regret, love and fury I feel when I think of S are droning automata of Eros randomly piercing — like acanthic darners orbiting their entranced prey, watching and probing it, cunningly leading it on with their hypnotic hover-and-dart flight before pouncing on it with primal but far from primitive mandibulae (M), excruciatingly complex maxillae (M), formidable labia, and an exhilaratingly fierce horrible hypopharynx (anche mi piace pensare rondini di temi (RT) che volano gridando in cerchio per i tetti d’una fabbrica abbandonata (abandoned sarrusophone factory) and then all too quickly funnel down the chimney while in the afueras rondan ratones d’arrabal, cabrones, ardillas d’erróneo, y zorros de rango por veredas ronceras d’ornitología) — the undulating membrane, sordid and sore, retrorse and ravaged, of memory (M), and not an extravagant farrago of nematomantic thread nor *stigmata venēfica velomantōrum* inflicted on me by S; are rondled qualia pulled hot from the combinatorial crucible (K) of experience, and not a diabolical enchantment by a jilted or ransom-demanding ex-lover — what I wanted help with when I went to Dr. N. Soréa for “treatment” could be thought of more like an inquiry into the relation of form (F) and force (F); in my particular example, par exemple, an examination of the mor-

phological interpenetration of the “illogical” patterning of dream perception and the “logical” arrangement of waking haecceity. Might the former, I wondered, be akin to the “breaking up (Zerfall) and recombining (Rekombination), or mutation (M, oder Verwandlung, V), of the frothy elemental quanta of an alveolar network (alveolär Netz, N)” of the latter, to borrow a concept from our favorite ontonatologist (1859), or, on the other hand, more like a “deformation (Verformung, V), or variation (Veränderung, V), of the proportional diagram (Proportionalitätsdiagramm)” of it (*ibid.*)? Could we extract a theoretical law relating the oneirophane (the experience of what we commonly call “dream,” D) to the agrypnophane (blunt plural “realia,” R)? I think we can. Alinor’s dream reads Norlia, not for the onomantic reason drunken Dr. N. Soréa dredged up from the image that he, le “Voyant Célèbre,” extorted from introrse, randy, intoxicated me (and all the while I couldn’t help but yearn dorsoventrally for Pedro’s narial undersea Dornbiegeversuch of my *verendōrum fimbriātōrum*!), but because R randomly rinserrano D’s phenomenal emblemata and noumenal perceptual organs, or D reorders an anagram of R (I use “or,” “and,” Riemannianly). And by extrapolating from that apparently trifling rule, one might be led to think that there might be quite a bit more to it than the faintly poetic notion (not unlike that rather impotent thought handed down by one Dr. Sartori of “emotion recollected in tranquility”) that D ensnared R or R nosed an ear sordidamente into D; that there might, in fact, be a kind of reticulated homological imbrication (call it J) of mind, gravity, light, duration, and the geometric articulation thereof in any creative act (K), whether of R or D, a homology revealed by, if you allow me to employ my own enjoyably petite *affaire littéraire* comme paradigme, viz., the compact fertile permutational power of putting a fluid golden electric nib in contact with the solid gridded velvety vellum of an index card in order to invent or fabulate or merely enhance a narrative (N) which, at the very moment of writing (W) it, becomes arrondi and arrosé by and with (par und avec, von et mit) the virulent *hyphae reālibus dēnarrō* throughout toute my œuvre (or work, W), in fact, but which I may briefly epitomize here in a purer group algebraic form (GAF.1, below) by, por ejemplo, reiterating the conceit of being afloat on a lake or pond or river of revenge, but which actually — for far be it for me to harbor any ill-will toward S or need to inflict on her the tit-for-tat pain of negative reciprocity! — was an order

given by and within the brain of another lunatic on another continent in another book or world or pleroma (perdona, Sr. V, for my admittedly potentially tricky appropriation of your limpid, delicate, and methodologically far-from-mundane — sorry! — idea) entirely but which happened to infect (J) my *métaphore d'ars narrativa* at the very moment, comme je l'ai dit tout à l'heure, of writing (W) it, the totality of which we can clarify and generalize with the groping axiomatic formula (GAF.1, below), to wit:

$$\begin{aligned} &\cong J(W) \text{ }_{\text{ov}}\int^M M\{M \wedge M \dots\} \in K(W) \propto \{F \wedge F\}(K(N)) & \text{(GAF.1)} \\ &\rightarrow \int^N \{\sim D \vee \sim R\}(A\{R \vee N\}) \approx \{S \wedge R\} \notin I \end{aligned}$$

In other words, near the homological imbrication (J) of the work (W), the darner's orectic oral venery (OV) involving mandibulae (M), maxillae (M), etc., endures random mutations (M) in the memory (M) during the creative act (K) of writing (W) owing to the form (F) and force (F) of the combinatorial crucible (K) of narrative (N), thereby becoming vulnerable to infection (J) by the network (N) of an insane D or R (cauchemar ou irréalité, “cet atelier irrémédiablement plein de *traumata* où tel charmant libertin t'a ravit d'abord en te découvrant la chimérique tromperie de l'imaginaire” [Proust]) of the ambivalent (A) mixtūra's R or N, depending on whatever S and R resolve to do together, aber ohne ich.

HIER, AS YOU WELL KNOW, meine liebe Sachskizze, en passant back and forth zugpflichtig-like between the Parnassus of parsimonious *śāstras*, jardins de poètes ainsi que nénuphars, ascètes encensés censés tenaces, sereins, voilà, *smart*, and the Cythera of Dr. Najasistrásthñy Soréa’s (so that’s what the “N” stands for!) tentacular hussies and taboo Nirusa’s pimps, yo sigo un rato un tanto indeterminado en la dissociative chrysalis of altarian consciousness während ein orphik Schashaufen des bons vivants tried to sink chasseuses barbillons into the pons asinorum of the nubile mons veneris of my imaginal disc’s shakti pendant que the fastidious Anansi (*Argyros aeinauta*) of my allusive animus underwent a violent quassation that was not at all your standard-issue dipsomaniac’s “shakes” but more of a colorful epileptic’s Kashi of metamorphosis as it refracted itself through the Gaussian curvature of the meniscus of memory in order to burst through into the psychomachic lochia rubra of my matinal anima (the awkward roral Nanshe of which had tentatively inquired of the aubergiste, “¿Tiene ron?” “Mais oui! Special ron! Ici we call it pastis de Marseille, calvados de Normandie, armagnac de Gascogne, marc provençal de la distillerie du Bois des Dames, muscadet de Nantes, vinum clarum de Bordeaux, et chinon de Chinon. Was willen Sie trinken, meussieudame?” “Euh, un calva-d-dos.” “Un double calva it is!”) slick with the vernix caseosa I *ryakushita* from an Assyrian odalisk’s châssis vélique de l’écriture the brisk schauspielirisch Skansion of which parece tan fragante with the echoes of some other psychotic’s

shakuhachi Musik's schaurige Melodie which I suspect the Mistress of Elisions herself had been playing, offstage, when ayer I somnambulated à travers the phaneroglossal Humbaba of the narcissus pond of perception and into the conceptual cul-de-sac's Kashyapa turtles (*Trionychid* spp.), *kúchka s skázkoy* (Pushkin's fabled frabjous heap) of entropic (S) *kshafim* (incantations), as well as the debris of assorted wants timidly or easily surrendered to (au petit asile, in my case, au fond de l'Hôtel Bis du Bois), and specialist magazines too foxed and jaundiced and damp and friable to be read that neither the Appalachian Soc. of Serial Novelists (ASSN) nor the Asinist Novelists of Tetrastica (ANT), preferring, as they do, for instance, Maupassant to Maupertuis, Houellebecq to Wilbeck, Renard to Menard, Flannery to Anatolin, Galsworthy to Glendinning, Benengeli to Alcofribas, could be bothered to even query the passionate *development* que j'avais clitalysé à roidissement, mind you, by anastomosing the textually promiscuous *situations* rencontrées synesthésiquement pendant my haptofoveate *ambles* to the sociophysiological *crises* atteintes et réalisées par des *noyaux* tant schizomythiques que translexiques pour y nantir susdites flâneries, situations, développements et crises with a novel's simiously simulative *puissance* and of which I believe les dits ASSNANTS, y niant surseoir leur scepticisme de critiques littéraires, would truly put their ass in it by deeming mon travail en déphasages rassemblés autour d'un bilan, messieurs, hissant hardiment au comble de la joie y rassasiant nothing more than, I quote, "a fantail *saisissement* of a crapulent printer's devil's *fantasia* of a *superchérie romanesque*," but which I, by the way, can parse — yo, insisto, puedo cazar y hacerla, coger y crearla, agarrar y (eso incide a Eris y Oizys en la trama cuyo título provisional podría ser algo como "En París yo era autre" o tal vez "El yo sería autre en París") escribirla al mismo tiempo — as easily as I can dunk my second *croissant au beurre* into mon crème and take its coffee-loaded tumescent tip into my mouth tandis que j'unscrew the onyx prepuce of my Stresemann 929, and, gently bouching la fente du calepin avec le dit capuchon rhétorique, hold the smooth-veined tubular body of the unsheathed priapic beast over the exposed infernal maw du flacon d'encre (le couvercle duquel je l'avais déjà dévissé) and unscrew its caudal knob to let the dregs of atramentous life drain back to their swart source before plunging the concupiscent *cuspis aurea* in humidum *lacum fuscum* and tightening the caudal knob to

ensure that the thin sly snug darling of my bibulous Phryne sucks à loisir the delicious cuttlefish's sultry gland-ink to her lacuna's stuttering cétoine queen's satiety before withdrawing the viridian goddess's gold-tipped godemichet to loosely sacrifice three drops of the precious inspisate *nīlarasa* (resinous vampira's chyle, spunk of lubricious lesbians mis en bouteille à la propriété) before perfecting the satisfying suctorial twist and heft of brimming repose with a finishing coup de tire-jus à la *mentulume* (old-fashioned *triolisme*) and then swallowing while the Sicilian Cerberus barks Schattenstimmen to the undercover Cassandras, dissembling Messalinas, and Electras incognitae who, each like an androgynous, gay, keenly éprise Ishtar handsomely garbed in a waiter's jersey playing "seek this butch apsara's gender if you dare!" and posing as "his" chœur de bistrot, respond in unison, "Y a soirée ce soir, hein, y a soirée!," referring to the preternaturally warm autumn evening the ditto morning seemed already, no doubt, to be a harbinger of.

WITH HARPO, NIRUSA, TESSA, and, yes, See, too, dancing a tessera-meric round of mental metaphors autour de moi, I quietly ordered that a fresh *tasse* de café, along with a second *amphoraccita* of fiery apple brandy, be delivered to my table, a table, by the way, parallélépipédique and ample enough to accommodate the harlequin sardanapalesque spread of my *delectuum textoriorum*, but not too seemingly *grande* as to arouse envy or hatred among the distracted strangers taking in the anomalous matinal heat on the terrasse, tilleul-umbered, de la Place du Passé — that rustic foursome, for example, unhappily plighted to one of the hollow spherical réclame-containing tables du bistrot d'en face, there where Bois à Runrún Lane commences its sun-flecked cascade d'égouts that drain suppuratively down to the unclean Seine, secretly wishing to play scopa, nursing a rectangular hope of *ristiseiska*, or barely quelling a burning desire for the double-flanked pas de quatre of euchre, for all I know, but whose croyances récréatives I risibly terrassées par l'impression that my cherished *tabulare thurilegi* would be just a trifle too *serré(e)* (artius, narrow, tight) for their eight-fisted ébats. And so, with a second mazagran and a fourth calvados in the upper left quadrant of my working space, some three inches from the *principio verso* of my *verborum manuscriptorum*, and decorously surrounded by the adiaphoristic splendor of my araphorostic quatuor of adorable ideaphoric orphans, I was free to give free rein to the trained animals of my own personal playground (*upakrīḍā*) of taboo. Their profiles, I think, I've already limned

— my beloved tomboys d’antan : tall, thin Harpo; healthy, pretty, and unexpectedly rough Nirusa; hairy, plump Tessa; and, yes, indecorously affianced See, too — with the sfumato’d fusain of memory, the sanguine rougeâtre of the schizomythic *Anprangerund* thereof — need I remind you that our most supreme fictionists — Kenzaburo Oe, Sterne, Pushkin, Asurbanipal, Horapollo, Hyrgonaphor, Harpocrates, Sei Shonagon, Flaubert (author of picayune romans à tiroirs), Proust, Cohen, Thalia, Erato (if thou wert a poet), or Arethusa (a Nereid) — never missed a chance to press their own hot sweaty cheeks against those of their story, staining each page of it with an indelible imprint of their own faces? My own *procédé*, however, presses at least as far, if not further, for with the pulsating thecaphore of my Stresemann 929 I am able to pierce the camouflaged sphragidas (for only nous autres écrivassiers trained in the clitalytical arts are able to perceive them) within the glyphs themselves, and flick them open one by one and, with microscopic taps of the malleiform tip of my slender organ of *penetralia textis*, palpate my way down through the tubular heat of the tight tunnel some hapless nymphalid or unwary siricid has bored before me and in the flagrant depths of each of those fistular insulae, into each thurls noxiously the oophoralgic ardor of my own gravid aculeus, the neo-cestromaniacal venom of my own neologismatical ovipositor, so that there ripens a cryptic oocyst of reticular sinuosity, a koinobiontic beast of promiscuous textuality that will hatch in the feverish darkness, and with its parasitic taproot, seek out the peculiar heat, saumâtre y grau, earthy und unctuous, and insert itself into the setose orifice, sensually parted, of the cringing papoose runt, hatchling — “O, hi!” — raté, foutu, frotté, ou haï, même, à l’avance, and work its way down into the virginal lumen and grow there, munching hemolymph to its quivering young wormhood’s content but making sure always to keep its young host’s hot heart beating, for it needs warmth as much as nourishment, and then comes the mad hour, after, say, a month of this cannibalistic concubinage, when each of the hot little maggots of myself has sucked all the juice and pulp out of the core of the parvulophagine prey and has grown large enough to mingle its features with that of ditto and from the vertex of its head there sprouts a giant egg tooth which it uses to pip through the wan shell of the decrepit primipare précoce and mount up through the tunnel like an extromissive bolt or bullet so that all over the bark of the page there’s the rapid-fire pop pop pop of myriad

comedos bursting like tiny supernovas of ink in the white hot sky when “nadir approaches zenith and out of the (*aus dem*) — *Blicken?* *Blicke?* *Blick?* — crawl the new gods (*Ödnis*),” since from each of those supernovae homuncular phosphenes (“*Menschleinheit der Blätter*”) eclose, étoiles noires d’une étoffe frétilante et filamenteuse and which, even to the naked eye (“*sogar der Blick daumt menschliche Silben im luftigem Rauche*”), *mit mir in Ursache getreten!* And there they go, scuttling off, the little *Blatthornkäfer* (horny *rusainlichken*, coquettish cockchaferettes), to where the Fates swoon, the Centaurs interbreed, the Fauns irrumate, the Titans urinate, and Varuṇa’s iridescent sirens (apropos: the red heat’s rage that rased her formerly glabrous glabella, I realise theodostically in retrospect, and compelled her to storm off into the wilds of the Bois, *Rathi désolée* (*vyāhata*), as it were, was because she had been expecting me to tear off *her* skirt and, to put the matter as ῥῆδιως as the déliré occursus demanded, “take” *her* first, for instance, avant qu’elle *ne me prît(e)* ensuite, and yet I — naive, pretentious, otiose — had relied on impressing her *first* (fake trouvé mot, alas!) with my translexical prowess) sing dans mon chaleureux studio in Chicken Street, because Pedro — hard, hot, macropneumonic Pedro — has sounded *mein Ursatz* thoroughly, and has returned to his work or his wife ou des tournées otobuccales entre soiffards au café and I am alone, surchott-haussé(e), so to speak, dans la mare de mon matelas hoot-churned into a hot halo-encrusted dreamtime où jusqu’au crépuscule (that no horntail grub (*Siricidae* sp.) will ever emerge into, since I, slender gay auteur hylarchique, have intromitted my sleek, hammer-tipped organ of *penetralia textis* into each and every one of them) I dream of my rathe guru, yawl-bound and ravished, en route to her future husband across the Arathu Sea.

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Nice, Paris, Philadelphia, Vancouver,
1996–2017.*

Chevillage

“L’ensemble des chevilles d’un ouvrage” (E. Littré, *Dictionnaire de la langue française*); “le chevillage se fait généralement à la mécanique, mais il se fait aussi à la main” (*Journal officiel*); “un nombre variable de mots jouant un rôle de second plan, soit qu’ils répondent à un besoin (...) de précautions oratoires ou d’attendus circonstanciés, soit qu’ils figurent de simples chevilles dues à mes exigences pour ce qui touche au rythme (...) des formations parasitaires qui prolifèrent dans tout ce que j’écris” (M. Leiris, *Biffures*).

Digits following | indicate section (§), rather than page (p.), numbers.

aabandh, *ābandh* bind | 40

Acanthaeschna wairebaa, the acanthic
darker of coastal Tetrastica | 62

ἄεικία (*aeikia*) outrage, injury | 55

Aerides, genus of fox-brush or cat’s-tail
orchids | 50

αἰγυῖλος (*aegialos*) seashore | 29

alligators, lurking | 3

Aléothia, Dr. Iésoé, experimental alienist
at the Appalachian Mental Institution in
Shatsbrook (q.v.), socraticist of Norlian
extraction (SNE) in *Steen’s Harem*
(q.v.) | 43, 45, 51

AMI en M, l’, the Appalachian Mental
Institution in Mastersheen (q.v.) | 16,
27, 32, 42

AMI in S, the Appalachian Mental
Institution in Shatsbrook (q.v.) | 9, 22

amṛta ambrosia | 8

Anacyclus pyrethrum, akaragāram | 55

Anglarès, Médoire, chercheur armoricain,
decalcomaniacal bestialist, author of
Inter alia, *Les lamantins de la mer*
Médoise (Le Mans, Éditions du Pays de
la Loire, 1973), and *Traité des*
maladies écrivassières (ditto, 1987) | 2,
5, 13, 24, 26

Angliche, *Nouveau Lexique de l’*, anonym-
ous textual delectus printed, sine
diem, in Bruges by la Maison Belge des
Idiomes de la Cordillère Tétrastique | 1

Antheraea paphia, wild silk moth | 12

ᾠοιδός (*aoidós*) singer, minstrel, bard,
enchanter | 16

Apis spp., honeybees | 2

Arctostaphylos uva-ursi, bearberry | 55

Argyros aeinauta, the aquatic Anansi
spider | 63

Arrhenotriton freto Lacépède, 1804, the
Torre Strait manly manatee | 23, 43

- Asclepias curassavica*, scarlet milkweed | 55
 asile aoriste, théorie d' | 27, 35, 46, 51
Asio dorupes L., the golden-eared rock owl | 18
asmṛti [*usmṛiti*] forgetful, forgetting, amnesic, amnesia, amnesic | 42
Astrocaryum vulgare, wara-wara, cumare, chontilla | 55
 Bailey, P. M., Appalachian vaudevillian | 4
Balaena tetrasticus, the Arathu Sea right whale | 55
 Banville, J.-T., Hiberno-Lutetical mnéso-clast; his *Sea*, his *Time Out of Joint* | 35
 Bayle, P., frilly byways of his *Dictionnaire historique et critique* | 2
bélèga (белега) langes bourrés | 20, 24
 Bénatrou, Maisel, écrivain numidio-romain dont les plagiats, soit intentionnels, soit involontaires, dudit *op. cit.* sont clitalysés | 8, 15
 Bergson, H., see in particular his *Évolution créatrice*, Paris, Alcan, 1909, pp. 188–189; see also the relevant passages sur la douleur in *Matière et mémoire* (Paris, 1939) | 18, 41
 Berta, tendron villonien whom Dame Reality (q.v.) has ostensibly cobbled together from *Hebe y Láquesis* by Robert Trober (q.v.), “The Holy Wound” by Marten Hesse (q.v.), and *La Berma* by Bergotte | 22, 32
 Bimkov, Dr. Avilano, headmaster of TBS (q.v.) | 49, 55
 Blas de Roblès, J.-M., author of *L'Île du Point Nêmo*, Paris, Zulma, 2014 | 6
Bombus spp., bumblebees | 2
 Borret, island in the Torreb Straits (also, Sea), site of Robert Trober's *Hebe y Láquesis*, as well as, perhaps, his *My Nine Dampest Lays Innately Spasmed* | 22, 23
Brachypodium sylvaticum, false brome | 55
Bucorvus abyssinicus, ground hornbill | 55
Camassia leichtlinii, the western quamash, or wild hyacinth | 16
Campanula glomerata L., hermaphroditic Eurasian perennial herbaceous plant, called *ängstoppklocka*, *byaskvaller*, *campanilla*, clustered bellflower, *csomós harangvirág*, Dane's blood, *dzwonek skupiony*, *ganteline*, *kolokolchik skuchenny*, *peurankello*, *toppklocka*, *Zäpfleinkraut*, etc. | 2
Celeus sp., piciform woodpecker | 41
Ceranisis menes Walker, 1840, Tetrastichine Chalcidoid wasp that parasitizes thrips larvae | 49
Cerastium glomeratum Thuill., 1799, cosmopolitan weed | 5
Chlorogalum leichtlinii, see *Camassia leichtlinii*.
chúvstvenný (чувственный) sensual | 13
Ciconia yerisoa Gmel., 1789, the temple-robbing stork | 40
Clusia alba Jacq., 1760, the dawn-blossoming gutifera blanca | 29
Cochlearia officinalis, scurvygrass | 55
Cookia sulcata Gmelin, 1791, a turbinid sea snail | 60
Cypraea tigris, tiger cowrie | 39
Dactylis glomerata L., or cock's-foot, an Old World bunchgrass | 2
Dalbergia glomerata Hemsley, 1878, species of New Mexican rosewood, known as *granadillo rojo* | 2, 4, 16, 48
Dama dama L., fallow deer | 18
Datisca glomerata C. Presl, androdioecious perennial herb of the southwestern Tetrastics, known as Durango root to certain transplanted Appalachiks who harvest its long bitter serrate leaves, its tubular flowers, and its hollow roots and stems for use in purgative, emetic, emmenagogical, abortifacient, cathartic, psychotropic, toxic, and other more or less X-ic preparations involved in sociosomatic ritual and goetic praxis | 2, 27

- Datura stramonium* L., mnemonoclastic nightshade | 4, 8
- De Mestrie, Edouard Onfray (Saint-Malo, 1802–Saint-Petersbourg, 1861), tidal entontomatologist, authority on the terraqueous Histeroidea | 23
- Dewaels, Cléora, juvénile journaliste belge, fifth of Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.) | 26
- dhātupneumatōs* spiritual exudate of ap-sarosatyriasis or *excreta gaudibunda* of gandharvonymphomania, often expressed during *Gruppensādhanatva* (q.v.) | 31
- D'Laumes, Samuel D. (Beulah, 1862–Owlstain, 1928), littoralist, docent, ladies' man, spy; author of various works on lamantins, manatees, dugongs, mermaids, naiads, hetairas, etc., their physiology, natural history, etc.; see also the river in Flouziana apparently named after the beloved "tide hoolie" (or possibly a relative) as the Appalachiks of the New Owen City district of Owlstain were wont to call him | 26, 27, 30, 31, 44, 50
- Doe, Robert, author of *Inmates' Endplays* and other penal acts | 12, 19
- δόλιος κύκλος (*dólios kýklos*) snare | 2
- drutavilambita* fast, slow; fast, slow; fast, slow... | 13
- Dugong gondwanalandis* Lacépède, 1804, the Gondwanaland dugong | 21, 22
- Dugong hengduangis* D'Laumes, 1897, hermetic paedomorphic sirenian | 30
- Dunne, Y. W., author of *À la recherche du temps foutu* [*An Experiment with Time*], a study in oneirochronogeny | 35, 53
- e* (絵) picture, painting | 17
- Edo, Jidai no* (江戸, 時代の) Edo Period (1603–1868), also known as *Jidai no Tokugawa* (時代の徳川) | 17
- ἐαρί (*eiari*) ruddy, succulent, fresh, vernal; ἔαρ-ιδέαι (*ear-idéai*) fresh, vernal succulent forms or images | 46, 49
- ἐῖται ἡλεοί (*heítai ēleói*) encamp insantly destitute of sense | 16
- Elisions, Mistress of, see Realia.
- Ἠώς (*Ēōs*), see Uşas.
- Erehwon en Wye, lacustrine dorp of North Appalachia | 32
- Erronea pallida*, pale cowrie | 39
- Eryngium gallinaceum* L., hen's eryngo, panicaut de poule | 36
- Esman, H., see *The Meaner Side*.
- Est, Sorea, Tetrastic sociophysiological of Pannonian extraction, his work (e.g., *Le Condamné immergé*, *J. Tetr. Litt. Stud.*, *Inter alia*) explores the biological substrates of naval penal practices including that of the subjective experiencers of ditto as well as the objective marine, littoral, and social ecological contexts thereof | 11, 12, 22, 25, 38, 42, 43, 50, 52, 61
- Etrobr, Bror-te, see Robert Trober.
- Far Gimmals, also known as les îles Jumelles or the Twin Isles, a pair of islands dead-centered in the Arathu Sea (q.v.), stronghold of the Huerta-Fukari (q.v.), refuge of speedy lamantins (q.v.) and spindly manatees (q.v.) | 9, 15, 21
- Flaubert, Paul G., écrivassier de province settled in Atuona, Hiva Oa, author of picayune *romans à tiroirs* (RT) put out there by Haole University Press of Western Polynesia | 35, 36, 50, 57, 59, 63, 64
- Gerdoransvidal, Intrussyan suburb of Gertrude, Wyo., also known as Gustavschuln (q.v.) | 39, 55
- gláha* gamble, wager | 3
- Glomerella cingulata*, teleomorphic avatar of *Colletotrichum gloeosporioides*, a Sordariomycete causing bitter rot in apples | 2
- Glomeris marginata* Villers, 1789, the European pill millipede | 2
- glomusha* (гломуша) extract of *Datura stramonium* L. | 4

Gnemon mellitostachyum Rumph., 1749, the common marsh neemom, a liana found in littoral, riverine, and estuarine forests of the southeastern Tetrastics and western Appalachia where it is valued for its edible fruits and leaves as well as its seeds, called “noix de noces” due to their erotogenic and emetic properties | 41, 43

Gruppensāadhanatva, collectiva beatitudo (*sāadhanatva, dairokuten* 第六天) often accompanied by *excreta gaudibunda* (*dhātupneumata*, q.v.) | 31

Gustavschuln, Intrussyan suburb of Gertrude, Wyo., also known as Gerdoransvidal (q.v.) | 39, 55

haibun (俳文) earthy mix of prose and verse | 17

Haliaeetus cataegistrus Gmelin, 1788, the maelstrom glede, Austronesian pygargue, typhoon harpy, tempest erne of the South Pacific | 3

Halodoea irisete, rainbow sea nymph | 40

harikata (張形) your *déguisé(e)*
Dilmunite’s galimatias *de qaḏīb*
iṣṭinā ‘iyy | 46

Heliodore asiatic, tape-grass | 40

Hemsley, Guillaume Bodkin, naturalist | 2, 4

Hermesen, E., see *The Meaner Side*.

Hesse, Marten, Appalachian sculler, scullion, ornithologist, and swimmer, originally from Erewhon on Wye, formerly resident in Paris, now an author in Masse-Herten; quotes from his *Steen’s Harem* (first published serially in *The Meaner Side*), extracts from his “Holy Wound” | 16, 32, 43, 45

Hubert, H., itinerant Appalachik *littérateur* whose “Confessions of a White Widowed Male” have served as *la matrice textuelle* from which the author has *reniflé, voire humé, comme un chien Saint-Hubert* and plundered as many words to make a story out of

(ιδεορήσάλεότια, q.v.) as possible; see also V. SIRIN | *passim*

Huysmans, J.-K., author of *Les sœurs Vatarde* (1879), *À rebours* (1884), *Là-bas* (1891), etc. | 18

ιδεορήσάλεότια (*idéorhêsaleóitia*) the agglomeration (ἀλεότης) of words (ρήσις) into forms (ιδέα), e.g., words to make a story out of as well as a species of *Lampyris* glow beetle endemic to Isla Miranda (q.v.) | 16, 28, 40, 42, 50

ILE, Institute of Lexical Ecology, 11 Prospero Place Road, Château Methuen, Owlstain, FZ 23632 (*isocphys.org/ile*) | 6, 7, 15, 49

IPSI, Institute for Paperism and Senimalistic Invaginations, Barrio Tixpu, Agua Prieta; Institute of Psycho-Sociological Investigations, Barrio Ilena of the same city; Investigators of Parasitism and Symbiosis International, 11, rue Ernest Psichari, Paris | 6, 7, 9, 10

Irusan, the blunt-snouted, rapacious, panting, determined, jagged-eared, broad-breasted, prominent-jointed, sharp and smooth-clawed, split-nosed, sharp and rough-toothed, thick-snouted, nimble, powerful, deep-flanked, terror-striking, angry, extremely vindictive, quick, purring, and glare-eyed “King of the Cats,” according to *The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Academy* | 49

Isla Miranda, see Miranda Island.

ISOCPHYS, Institute of Sociophysiology, 11 Prospero Place Road, Château Methuen, Owlstain, FZ 23632 (*isocphys.org*) | 7, 60

Jarry, A., author of *Le roman d’un déserteur*, *Faustroll*, and so on | 18

jīvana life | 47

JTLS, *J. Tetr. Litt. Stud.*, *Journal of Tetrastitic Littoral Studies*, quotes from | 10, 61

khilakṣetram uncultivated field, wasteland, terrain vague | 49

kshafīm (כְּשָׁפִים) incantations | 63

kṣuvat churning | 14

- kúchka s skázkoy* (кúчка с скáзкой) Pushkin's fabled "frabjous heap" | 63
- Kuhn, T. S. (1922–1996), shifty paradigmaticist of incommensurabilia; see also A. B. Kuhn (1880–1963), protoschizomythologist, and F. F. A. Kuhn (1812–1881), ditto | 50
- Lacerta ececheirii* L., truce lizard | 31
- lamantin, Aleutian (*Halitherium aleutis* Kaup., 1838) | 22 (?), 40
- lamantin, Medean Sea (*Thalassodamalis medea* Lacépède, 1804) | 5, 13, 22 (?), 24, 26
- lamantin, Salween (*Lentiaenium salweenis* Fitzinger, 1842) | 22 (?), 30
- lamantin, speedy (*Trichecus rapidus* D'Laumes, 1893) diadromous sirenian tending to overwinter in the Far Gimmals and calve in the rivers of Flouzi-ana and Wyoming | 9, 21, 22 (?), 26, 27
- lamantin, unidentified sp. | 22
- Lambert, Lampert, see Robert Trober.
- Lamia, our author's sister | 10, 27, 31, 41, 42, 43, 50, 54, 55
- Laminaria tumorosi* L., species of seaweed | 42
- Lampides nestanya* Strick., 1840, a Nestanian Blue or cerulean lycaenid | 18
- Lampyrus ideorhesaleotia* L., curious estuarine species of glow beetle | 42
- Lansquartre, J.-G., Harnröhrenschwellenphänomenolog from the Windegg waywodeship of the Republica Helvetiorum, author of *Le méat et l'urètre: Psychanalyse de la miction* (Weesen, Harnschmidt, 1937) | 28
- Larousse, Grand*, creeping crepusculum of said dictionnaire | 2
- Laver, Purnišotem, her "Entropium" | 53
- Law, See, first of Robert Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.), model of Berta in that author's *Hebe y Láquesis*; our author's mentor at IPSI (q.v.) in Barrio Ilena, Agua Prieta; see also Lee See | 6, 9, 15, 22, 25, 26, 30, 35, 55, 61, 64
- Le Bey, S., Cuman ichthyologist and author of *Lutogenesis, or The Muddy Margins of Life* (1922); his eel | 30
- Leiris, Pallas, wags on both sides of the Arthu Sea (q.v.) claim that this author of erotic satire is the model of the author's M. S. Litarn (q.v.), yet anyone who has read either, and all who have read both, would sneer at such a slur | 50
- Le Lionnais, F., amateur du disparate | 3
- Lepidium trifolium* L., trefoil pepperweed, berro trébol | 10
- Letrinquier, Erin T., dite La Petite Rentière, fourth of Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.) | 26
- Leucothoa erysilunaris*, sublunary rose dog-hobble | 55
- Ligustrina bulgaris* Yeobright, 1805, Bulgarian lilac | 55
- Litarn, M. S. (aliases include, but are not limited to, Litarn-Stracklind, Litarn-Spraxmit, Litarn-Spackman, etc.), smart linguist and nonerand of the International Meeting of Schizomythologists and Sociophysicologists (IMSSOC), currently interned at either the Appalachian Mental Institution in Shatsbrook, Appal. (q.v.), or the Reformist Academy and Institution of Devotion in Dirna, Wyoming, or both and often mistaken for the author | *not in text*.
- Littré*, chemins brumeux of said dictionnaire | 2
- Llerasia fuliginea*, an aster | 13
- Loki, the ruddy Rudra of the North | 39, 51
- Loria, N., Tetrastic tide hoolie from Neocaesarea | 40, 53
- Lyrastrix okiao* Andreu, the Wialoahassee elt owl | 28, 57
- Lysimachia coronata* D'Laumes, Texahatchie tiaraed loosestrife | 27
- manatee, caliginous (*Hydrodamalis caliginosa* Loria, Sorea, Yersin, 1904? 1912? 1929?) | 40
- manatee, hermaphroditic, see Sherman's siren.

- manatee, Mandé (*Trichechus senegalensis* Link, 1795) | 40
- manatee, Medean Sea (*Thalattosiren medea* Gervais, 1847) | 5, 22 (?)
- manatee, Mekong (*Trichechus mekongis* Müller, 1776) | 30
- manatee, Siberian or Amur River (*Potodamalis siberiis* Kropotkin, 1865) | 40
- manatee, spindly (*Hydrodamalis gracilis* D'Laumes, 1893) diadromous sirenian tending to calve in bays of the Far Gimmals and overwinter in estuaries, rivers, and lakes of northeastern New Lexica and southwestern Wyoming | 21, 22 (?), 26, 27
- manatee, unidentified sp. | 22, 43
- Manse, E., see *The Meaner Side*.
- Mastersheen, Appalachian river dividing the town of Mastersheen (q.v.) from Shatsbrook (q.v.) | 16, 27, 32, 42, 43, 46
- Meaner Side, The*, revue bilingue put out at 11-bis, rue Mansart, Paris, 9^e, by Hester Esman, Esta Hermsen, Esther Manse and/or Herma T. Nesse whose ambition, according to the thick journal's colophon, "est d'entasser Hemingway's legacy of sere anthems of exile and sheer mean-streak envers les existentialistes même dans une seule masse thrénétique qui rase the menses of semen-haters everywhere, for, it is said, 'whom art enmeshes, Seshet enmarbles'" | 32, 36, 40, 44, 45, 46, 48
- Meisel, E., composer of scores for various zoopraxiscopic, eidolophoric, and agonic spectacles during the "silent" era, including those of Brecht, Eisenstein, usw.; his synthesis | 30
- Melville, Pierre, Ostrobothnian fiancé of a junior colleague of the author's at IPSI (q.v.) | 10
- Miranda, island of the so-called Tanoan Sea, actually the southwestern quadrant of the Arathu Sea | 41, 42, 49, 50, 54, 56
- mitodae* (みとだえ, 見跡絶え) vision-pauses, idea-ruins | 50
- Mnesarete shadei* Nab., 1902, damask damselfly | 27
- Montaigne, Miguel de, bordophilic sensualist avant la lettre | 14, 16
- Moon, Amrita de, exquisite pubescent seductress and second of Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.) | 26
- Morida temopsoredu* Le Bey, 1926; the lularious rasher eel endemic to the montane reaches of Lushui | 30
- Murray, A. O., sapphirine belle-lettrist, citations from his *Hero and the Blues* (1973), as well as his *Blue Devils of Nara* (1996) | 50
- nāga* snake, serpent demon, name of tribal people | 4
- nārika* aqueous, watery, spiritual | 21
- Naso, Publius Ovidius, Roman, orphan, exile; his *Metamorphoseon* | 58
- NDLR, note de la rédaction | 4
- Nesse, H. T., see *The Meaner Side*.
- newt, Appalachy (*Theriotriton appalachiensis* Müller, 1776) riparian sirenian of Appalachia | 40
- Nietzsche, Friar, theorist of sense and self | 20
- nīlarasa* blue-black ink | 63
- nirākula* limpidity, clearness | 21
- Nymphalis roussellii* Canterel, 1914, Rous-sel's nymph, a lace cerise jester | 31
- Ocypode* sp., ghost crabs | 41
- ὁδοιπλᾶνέω (*hodoiplanēō*) errer de côte et d'autre, s'égarer; ὁδοιπορέω (*hodoiporēō*) voyager; ὁδός (*hodós*) voie, route, chemin (*Bailly*) : hoiastic | 40
- Oenone, Seoste ("See"), a *ṣaṇḍha* (q.v.) in Steen's Harem (q.v.) | 54, 61, 64
- O'Ferrall, Trilby, "a very tall and fully developed young female" denizen of George du Maurier's memoir of mid-century Paris, *A Void, a Gap, a Blankness* (London, 1894) | 3, 7, 15, 21
- οἰᾶκο-νόμος (*oiāko-nómos*) helmsman | 28

- οἰσπότη (*oispótē*), “suint, graisse de la laine de brebis” (A. Bailly, *Dict. Grec-Fr.*, 1935) | 40
- Orchis laeta* Steinh., 1838, the *sālāmiciri*, or salep orchid | 67
- Orfanita, Anónima, anonymous orphan of Steen’s Harem (q.v.) | 54, 61, 64
- o-shaku* (御酌) dispensatrice of drinks | 48
- οὐσία τραυμάτῃκη (wounded *ousia*) | 29
- paludniy* (палудный) paludéen | 15
- Paroha, Harpo, maiko-in-the-making at Steen’s Harem (q.v.) | 54, 61, 64
- Pavlov, I., Poldevian *financier* and socio-physiological plagiarist | 4, 35
- Peronospora conglomerata* Fuckel, 1863, leaf-besmirching smut | 2
- Pfaffia glomerata*, plagirotropical herb of the Pantanal | 4
- “Plagiats intentionnels (PI) et plagiats involontaires (PI),” by D. I. Swopes, *Translexicalia* I, Année 0 | 6, 8, 15
- Podocarpus glomeratus*, drupe-bearing hardwood dioecious conifer, endemic to the Chinchaysuyo region where it is known as intimpa or romerillo | 1
- ponimúščiy* (понимуший) humble, humbling | 21
- prelokya devinām* universal lares | 13
- pribaútošniy* (прибаутошний) sketchily sportive, sportively sketched, glibly addictive | 21
- Proust, Marcel, fictile penman, mnésolâtre uraniste de Lutèce, his *Recherche* (1913–1927) being a source of allusory props (recollected roller-coasters, recalled altarieties, unforgettable tomes, eidetic seaside girls) for the author’s “mnemonoclastic project” (q.v.) | 3, 22, 26, 30, 35, 49, 57, 62, 64
- pruchaskalo* (пручаскало) conditioned | 4
- Psichari, Ernest, Lepastic author of adventure tales and imperialist propaganda (*Foveate ambles*, *Le désert d’érables*, *The resident pègre du café Personne*, *Les adieux d’armes*, and so on) | 6, 18, 55, 56
- Psilocybe caerulescens*, derrumbe mushroom | 55
- Pteretis tesseropteris* var. *estragonensis*, Flouzianian tarragon fern | 12
- Pushkin, Alexandre, Tsarist versifier, his Créole mother, his кучка с сказкой | 4, 12, 63, 64
- Ranunculus* sp., crowfoot | 33, 55
- Rao, B., penseur | 5
- rasséyanniý* (рассеянный) absent-minded | 23
- Rati Dlítelnaya ‘Goddess of Protracted Pleasure’ | 13
- realia, realidad, la déesse Réalité elle-même (Dame Reality herself) ainsi, ou plutôt, ou en tant que le dieu Réel (the Real) | 4, 5, 6, 14, 15, 16, 19, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29, 36, 41, 50, 51, 53, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63
- “realism,” see Realia.
- ῥῆδιως (*rhēdiōs*) easily | 64
- Rimbaud, Jean-Jacques, poète sarcastique, socraticiste de rue, frequent misspellings include Ribaud, Rimbault, Roubaud, Brao, Bourdieu, Baudelaire, etc. | 5, 37, 50, 56
- rjumuška* strong and muscular | 3
- Robert, Robert, see Robert Trober.
- Roe, Teresa (“Tessa”), third of Trober’s *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.), authoress of *A Splined Amnesty*, travel essay cum history of torture qua study of Stendhal’s “retorse aesthetics,” as well as a racy memoir of adolescence, *Amnesia Taliata* | 11, 12, 14, 17, 23, 25, 26, 30, 38, 50, 54, 61, 64
- Rumex acetosa*, sorrel | 48
- ryakushita* (掠した) to plunder, plundered | 63
- Salix sepulcralis* var. *Chrysocoma*, weeping willow | 55
- ṣaṇḍha* eunuch — not in text.
- sārārūpa* most excellent, beautifully formed | 13

Sarcogyps calvus, red-headed vulture | 55

Sartori, Penvelum, doctor scribendī, pen-name of William Wordsworth, experimental versifier of Old Albionia | 62

Sartre, Sœur Pauline Dorine, hermetic author(ess), possibly one of Trober's *Nine Dampest Lays* (q.v.), quotes from her/his *De la satisfaction de l'être satisfait* as well as *Le béat du grand néant béant* | 26, 33

Sas, Etores, anarchist ethnologist (AE); his *Mode amorti du cycle politique parmi les peuples de la région des Trois Fleuves parallèles* (Paris, L'Harmattan, 1993) | 25, 30, 38

Sayre, Zelda (1900–1984), écrivaine d'Appalâche du Sud, auteure de romans socio-scientifiques (RSS) | 13

sea-cow, Anyakyusyaland (*Rytiodus anyakyusius* Müller, 1776) | 27, 40

Sedum lasiocarpum, stonecrop | 41

See, Lee, See Law's older sister, Sunday (self-)portraitist currently based in Toeyl's Welle, Glarus, Helvetica | 9, 10, 12, 18, 19, 23, 25, 30, 31, 35

Shatsbrook, Appalachian river dividing the town of Shatsbrook (q.v.) from Mastersheen (q.v.) | 9, 22, 33, 54, 61

Shklovsky, V., Intrussyan critical literalist | 50

Siphonaria cookiana (Suter, 1909), a false limpet | 60

siren, papagayo, see Sherman's siren.

siren, Sherman's (*Ribotodon epicoenus* Sherman, 1920), epicene sirenian of coastal Wyoming known for its exuberant littoral leks; also known as hermaphroditic manatee and papagayo or teeming or gracile siren; see Herman S. Sherman, *Notes on the mating habits of the "mermaids" of Port Astri Bay*, Occasional Papers of the Wyoming Sirenological Society, N° 109, 1920 | 5, 7, 21, 22, 36, 39, 40, 43

siren, teeming, see Sherman's siren.

siren, Varuṇa's iridescent (*Ribotodon iridus* Varuṇa, n.d.) | 64

siren, Yangtze (*Ribotodon yangtzensis* Lacépède, 1804) | 30

Siricidae, family of horntail wasps | 64

Sirin, V. K., Tsarist exile and author of *Отчаяние* (*Otcháyanie*, "La Méprise," Paris, 1932), from which les exergues, Appalachified, of each of this SNE's pods have been lifted; later established in Shatsbrook under the nom de guerre Humbert Hubert, which see.

Skaði, the Norse Artemis | 39

skylo-sautrikāni skin-webs | 51

Slimani, Salamis, late inmate of Steen's Harem (q.v.) | 54

smara, *smarakarman*, *smara pramūḍha*, *smārta*, *smārtakarman*, *smṛti* — desire, el arte de amar, unconscious desire, memory, el arte de recordar, Mnemosyne, sexual love, not necessarily in that order | 2, 16, 27, 28, 35, 36, 53

σμερδαλέος (*smerdaléos*) terrible, effrayant | 41

Smerstampf, Ms. Petra, gynognostic sibyl of Hetairotopia in Shatsbrook (q.v.) and Mastersheen (q.v.) | 43, 51, 52, 54

SNE, Sáanii Nádleeh E'el'iinii (Sororidad Niépceana de Epícenos); Sämtliche Niederschriftlicher Entassements; Satty-Nymph Enchantments or Enjambments; select Stoats, native Nutria, endemic Eyra; Socraticists of Norlian Extraction; Schizomythic Nature de l'Épistémè ou de l'Expérience; Schizomythic Narrative of Exile (Entfremdung); Sodality of Norlian Experimentalists; Somatic Nudibranchiate Entelechy; Syndicat National d'Éditeurs | 35, 45, 58, *passim*.

Soréa, Mme Soraya, esthéticienne propriétaire, grosse nonnain, petite bourgeoise babillarde, mamelue maman méta-plasmique | 12, 17, 33, 35, 38, 40, 50, 53

Soréa, Dr. Najasistrastnīy, Nubo-Chaldean sorcerer and witch doctor of repute, quêteur de palier, péteur d'escalier | 34, 35, 40, 50, 53, 55, 62, 63

- Sorea, Yosef Ivanovich, Neocaesarean sirenologist | 40, 44, 50, 53
- Spitmarkx, Simon Emmanuel (Ruhr-Lültnar, 1798 – Ruhr-Lültnar, 1869), ontonatologist, proto-senimalist, lexical ecologist avant la lettre, anonymous author of *Die Welt als Schwimmen und Schweben* (1824), *Fahrt nach Fukariland* (1841), *Luftig-pfeilschriftige Abbildungen* (1848, reprinted the same year as *Lufttoxophiloschriftabbildung*), *Das Wachstum als Schwung und Schwund* (1859) | 1, 3, 5, 14, 16, 34, 35, 46, 61, 62, 64
- Steen's Harem, hetairotopian enclave of Appalachia | 16, 27, 43, 46, 54
- Stössel, G. (1867–1943), violin builder from Cologne; his short-necked lute with sympathetic strings, its eerie syn-copations | 30
- Stresemann 929, Pelikan — (b)lithe text-worker's tool; retiarian wordist's weapon; gold-nibbed Dichter's device; vermiculated écrivassier's instrument; recherché karmakāraka's karaṇa | 7, 15, 28, 40, 46, 57, 60, 63, 64
- Submarinero, Pedro L., literarily inveterate macropneumonic habitué of our author's fimbriate sublittoral | 18, 26, 33, 34, 38, 62, 64
- Sucettr 'She who is Manifold' | 13
- Sue, E., author of *Les mystères de Paris* | 18
- Śukra 'Resplendent One' (Venus) | 13
- Sunira erusina* Guenée, 1852, the beautiful bedraggled erubescens cutworm, a Noctuid | 49
- svoistvennĭy* (свойственный) peculiar | 15
- Syncarpia glomulifera* (Sm.) Nied., 1893, the Antipodean turpentine tree, its tangy, tingly, bead-like odor | 4
- Syringodium norliana*, Norlian wire weed | 40
- tantralekhakapramāda* promiscuous textual trouble | 15
- Tartis, Dr. Tysin, our author's uncle from Lyon(s) | 3
- Taxus wallichiana* L., the mellow yew | 30
- Taylor, J., convivial belle-lettrist of yore | 50
- TBS, Tiliar Boarding School, bisexual academy in Tixpu, alto barrio of Agua Prieta | 9, 29, 49, 55
- Terapus secretae* De Mestrie, 1844, a terraqueous histerid beetle | 23
- tesuri blqđnya* salacious handrail | 31
- TLex, *Translexicalia*, an organ of ISOCPHYS (q.v.) | 15
- TLS, *The London Suburbs*, see JTLS.
- Tolstoy, Ivan, podgy-bottomed Tsarist mirificist | 12
- Torreb, see Borret.
- Trachyspermum ammi*, ōmam, ajwain | 41
- Trebor, R., composer of syncopated *ars subtilior* | 18, 22, 23
- Trober, Robert, nom d'appoint of Bror-te Etrorb (q.v.), polymathic hebephile, sociophysicologist, translexicalist, of the Appalachian Mental Institution (ret'd.), heteronimiacal author of *My Nine Dampest Lays Innately Spasmed, Hebe y Láquesis*, und so weiter, alias Robert Robert, Hubert Humbert, Lampert Lambert, and so on | 9, 10, 12, 16, 19, 21, 22, 23, 54
- Trogonoptera brookiana* Wallace, 1855, Rajah Brooke's birdwing, a papilionid | 60
- Trionychid* spp. of Kashyapa turtles | 63
- ukiyo* (浮世) fleeting life, floating world | 17
- Ulmus adelissima* L., stately elms, Ulmen, olmos | 3, 24, 31
- Ulmus simplex* L., simple elms | 19
- upakrīḍā* playground | 64
- Urtica dioica* L., common nettle | 18
- Uṣas 'Dawn,' Ἠώς (Ēōs, Eos) | 5, 16, 47
- Van Gogh, Vincent, impasto'd imposter, oil-skinned maniac | 10
- Venturi, Premolas, his "Pleroma," including plagiaries thereof by so-called "reality" (q.v.) | 53, 62
- Verlaine. G.-P., poète maudit | 22

Verne, Jules, maritime historian whose works include *En avant le capitaine Nemo*, *Vingt mille ans du blanc de baleine*, und so weiter | 18, 41, 50

veśyastrī [veshyastree] venomous tribadic virago | 42

vidīrṇāsana culo lacero | 29

vidrásniy (выдрасный) otter-like | 21

visraka [wisraka] smelling of raw meat | 67

Vuykian azalea, variety of Dutch *Rhododendron* sp. | 55

vyāhata désolé(e) | 64

Weber, M., socio-ichthyologist, his apparatus | 41

Wedensky, Y. N., author of *Die Erregung, Hemmung und Narkose* (Bonn, 1904), also cited as Y. Wendensky, author of “Techniques pour assouplir anomalies uréthro-rénaux,” *J. Urol. Appal.*, 1912, vol. 8, and inventor of the Wendensky

Zugzwangsgerät, a sociophysiological device | 40

Welles, Otley, Teuto-Lexican (Ibero-Saxonic) author from South Texas whose works include the Ameisenroman, *Solle y Welte* (translexicated into Anglo-Appalachik as *An Experiment in Autobiography*) | 12, 16, 18, 30

West, M. J., Appalachian vaudevillian | 4

yáng (陽), yīn (陰), yūn (邨) ontogenetical processes and appendages | 47

Yersin, O. A., Flouzianian littoralist originally from Neocaesarea | 40, 44, 50, 53

Zeliony, G. P., also cited as Séleny, Seliony, Szeleny, Zéliony, Zeleny, Zélény, usw.; early divastigator of schizogeny, grandfather of sociophysiology, and inventor of the field’s dissociative *Wundausschneidungsprozess* | 4, 17, 35, 40

